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## WOMEN MUST WEEP

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ONE does not like to leave unanswered so remarkable a letter as yours — a letter perhaps unique in the history of human correspondence, since when before has an educated man asked a woman how, in her opinion, can war be prevented? Therefore let us now make the attempt, even if it is doomed to failure.

In the first place let us draw what all letters instinctively draw, a sketch of the person to whom the letter is addressed. Without someone warm and breathing on the other side of the page, letters are worthless. You, then, who ask the question are a little gray on the temples. You have reached the middle years of life not without effort, at the Bar; but on the whole your journey has been prosperous. There is nothing parched, mean, or dissatisfied in your expression. And without wishing to flatter you, your prosperity — wife, children, house — has been deserved. For the rest, you began your education at one of the great public schools and finished it at the University.

It is now that the first difficulty of communication between us appears. Let us rapidly indicate the reason. We both

come of what, in this transition age when, though birth is mixed, classes still remain fixed, it is convenient to call the educated class. When we meet in the flesh we speak with the same accent and can keep up a conversation without much difficulty about politics and people, war and peace, barbarism and civilization — all the questions, indeed, suggested by your letter. Moreover, we both earn our livings. But . . . those three dots mark a precipice, a gulf so deeply cut between us that I have been sitting on my side of it wondering whether it is any use to try to speak across it.

Here we are only concerned with the obvious fact when it comes to considering this important question — how we are to prevent war — that education makes a difference. Some knowledge of politics, of international relations, of economics, is obviously necessary in order to understand the causes which lead to war. Philosophy, even theology, might come in usefully. Now the uneducated you, as you will agree, the man with an untrained mind, could not possibly deal with such questions satisfactorily. War as the result of impersonal forces is thus

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beyond the grasp of the uneducated, the untrained mind. But war as the result of human nature is another thing. Had you not believed that human nature, the reasons, the emotions of the ordinary man and woman, lead to war, you would not have written asking for our help.

Happily there is one branch of education that comes under the heading 'unpaid-for education' — that understanding of human beings and their motives which, if the word is rid of its scientific associations, might be called psychology. But though many instincts are held more or less in common by both sexes, to fight has always been the man's habit, not the woman's. Education and practice have developed what may be a psychological difference into what may be a physical difference — a difference in glands, in hormones. However that may be, the fact is indisputable — scarcely a human being in the course of history has fallen to a woman's rifle; the vast majority of birds and beasts have been killed by you, not by us.

How, then, are we to understand your problem, and if we cannot, how can we answer your question, how to prevent war? The answer based upon our experience and our psychology — Why fight? — is not an answer that would be of the least use to you. Obviously there is for you some glory, some necessity, some satisfaction in fighting which we have never felt or enjoyed. Complete understanding could only be achieved by blood transfusion and memory transfusion — a miracle still beyond the reach of science. But we who live now have a substitute for blood transfusion and memory transfusion which must serve at a pinch. There is that marvelous, perpetually renewed, and as yet largely untapped aid to the understanding of human motives which is provided in our age by biography and autobiography and the daily paper. It is to biography, then, that we will turn first, quickly and briefly, in order to understand what war means to you.

First, this from a soldier's life: —

I have had the happiest possible life, and have always been working for war, and have now got into the biggest in the prime of life for a soldier. . . . Thank God, we are off in an hour. Such a magnificent regiment! Such men, such horses! Within ten days I hope Francis and I will be riding side by side straight at the Germans.

To that let us add this from an airman's life: —

We talked of the League of Nations and the prospects of peace and disarmament. On this subject he was not so much militarist as martial. The difficulty to which he could find no answer was that if permanent peace were ever achieved, the armies and navies ceased to exist, there would be no outlet for the manly qualities which fighting developed, and that human physique and human character would deteriorate.

Here, then, are three reasons which lead your sex to fight: war is a profession; a source of happiness and excitement; and it is also an outlet for manly qualities, without which men would deteriorate. But these feelings and opinions are by no means universally held by your sex; this is proved by the following extract from another biography, the life of a poet who was killed in the war — Wilfred Owen.

Already I have comprehended a light which never will filter into the dogma of any national church: namely, that one of Christ's essential commands was: Passivity at any price! Suffer dishonour and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill. . . . Thus you see how pure Christianity will not fit in with pure patriotism.

And among some notes for poems that he did not live to write are these: —

The unnaturalness of weapons . . . Inhumanity of war . . . The insupportability of war . . . Horrible beastliness of war . . . Foolishness of war.

From these quotations it is obvious that the same sex holds very different opinions about the same thing. But

also it is obvious, from to-day's newspaper, that, however many dissentients there are, the great majority of your sex are to-day in favor of war. They are of opinion that Wilfred Owen was wrong; that it is better to kill than to be killed. Yet, since biography shows that differences of opinion are many, it is plain that there must be some one reason which prevails in order to bring about this overpowering unanimity. Shall we call it, for the sake of brevity, 'patriotism'? But the educated man's sister — what does 'patriotism' mean to her? Has she the same reasons for being proud of England, for loving England, for defending England? Has she been 'greatly blessed' in England?

History and biography, when questioned upon these points, would seem to show that her position in the home of freedom has been distinctly different from her brother's; and psychology would seem to hint that history is not without its effect upon mind and body. Therefore her interpretation of the word 'patriotism' may well differ from his. And the difference may make it extremely difficult for her to understand his definition of patriotism and the duties it imposes. It seems plain that we think differently according as we are born differently; there is the soldier's and airman's point of view; a Wilfred Owen point of view; the patriot's point of view; and the point of view of an educated man's daughter. Even the clergy, who make morality their profession, give us divided counsel — in some circumstances it is right to fight; in no circumstances is it right to fight.

But besides these pictures of other people's lives and minds, these biographies and histories, there are also other pictures — pictures of actual facts, photographs. Photographs, of course, are not arguments addressed to the reason; they are simply statements of fact addressed to the eye. Let us see, then, whether when we look at the same photographs we feel the same things.

Here on the table before us are photographs. The Spanish Government sends them with patient pertinacity about twice a week! They are not pleasant photographs to look upon. They are photographs of dead bodies, for the most part. This morning's collection contains one that might be a man's body, or a woman's; it is so mutilated that it might, on the other hand, be the body of a pig. But those certainly are dead children, and that undoubtedly is the section of a house. A bomb has torn open the side; there is still a bird cage hanging in what was presumably the sitting room, but the rest of the house looks like nothing so much as a box of matches suspended in mid-air.

Those photographs are not an argument; they are simply a crude statement of fact addressed to the eye. But the eye is connected with the brain, the brain with the nervous system. That system sends its messages in a flash through every past memory and present feeling. When we look at those photographs some fusion takes place within us; however different the education, the traditions, may be behind us, still our sensations are the same. You, Sir, call them 'horror and disgust.' We also call them horror and disgust. And the same words rise to our lips. War, you say, is an abomination, a barbarity; war must be stopped at whatever cost. And we echo your words. War is an abomination, a barbarity; war must be stopped. For now at least we are looking at the same picture; we are seeing with you the same dead bodies, the same ruined houses.

That emotion, that very positive emotion, seems to demand something more positive than a name written on a sheet of paper, an hour spent listening to speeches, a check written for whatever sum we can afford — say one guinea. Some more energetic, some more active method of expressing our belief that war is barbarous, that war is inhuman, — that war, as Wilfred Owen put it, is insupportable, horrible, and beastly, —

seems to be required. But, rhetoric apart, what active method is open to us?

You, of course, could once more take up arms — in Spain, for example — in defense of peace. But that presumably is a method that you have rejected. At any rate that method is not open to us; both the Army and the Navy are closed to our sex. Nor, again, are we allowed to be members of the Stock Exchange. Thus we cannot use either the pressure of force or the pressure of money. We cannot preach sermons or negotiate treaties. Then again, although it is true that we can write articles or send letters to the press, the control of the press — the decision what to print and what not to print — is entirely in the hands of your sex. It is true that for the past twenty years we have been admitted to the Civil Service and to the Bar; but our position there is still very precarious and our authority of the slightest.

Not only are we incomparably weaker than the men of our own class; we are weaker than the women of the working class. If the working women of the country were to say, 'If you go to war, we will refuse to make munitions or to help in the production of goods,' the difficulty of war-making would be seriously increased. But if all the daughters of educated men were to down tools tomorrow, nothing essential either to the life or to the war-making of the community would be embarrassed. Our class is the weakest of all the classes in the state. We have no weapon with which to enforce our will — no weapons but an illusory 'indirect' influence, the hard-won vote, and one other. For some reason never satisfactorily explained, the right to vote, in itself by no means negligible, was mysteriously connected with another right of such immense value to the daughters of educated men that almost every word in the dictionary has been changed by it, including the word 'influence.' You will not think this statement exaggerated if we explain that it refers to the right to earn one's living.

## II

The educated man's daughter has now at her disposal an influence which is different from any influence that she has possessed before. It is not the influence which the great lady, the Siren, possesses; nor is it the influence which the educated man's daughter possessed when she had no vote; nor is it the influence which she possessed when she had a vote but was debarred from the right to earn her living. It differs because it is influence from which the charm element has been removed. It differs because it is an influence from which the money element has been removed. She need no longer use her charm to procure money from her father or brother. Since it is beyond the power of her family to punish her financially, she can express her own opinions. In place of the admirations and antipathies which were often unconsciously dictated by the need of money she can declare her genuine likes and dislikes. At last she is in possession of an influence that is disinterested. The question that has now to be discussed, therefore, is how can she use this new weapon to help you to prevent war?

Here again the sacred year 1919 comes to our help. Since that year put it into the power of educated men's daughters in England to earn their livings, they have at last some real influence upon education. They have money to subscribe to causes. Honorary Treasurers invoke their help. And when Honorary Treasurers invoke help, it stands to reason that they can be bargained with. To prove it here, opportunely, cheek by jowl with your letter is a letter from one such treasurer, asking for money with which to rebuild a women's college. This at once gives us the right to say to her, 'You shall only have our guinea if you will help this gentleman, whose letter also lies before us, to prevent war.' But what is the meaning of that statement — what terms shall we lay down? What kind of education shall we bargain for?



What sort of education will teach the young to hate war? What reason is there to think that a university education makes the educated against war?

Since she is asking for money, and since the giver of money is entitled to dictate terms, let us risk it and draft a letter to the Honorary Treasurer, laying down terms upon which she shall have our money to help her to rebuild her college. Here, then, is an attempt:—

‘Your letter, Madam, has been waiting some time without an answer. But certain doubts and questions have arisen. May we put them to you, ignorantly as an outsider must, but frankly as an outsider should when asked to contribute money? You say, then, that you are asking for one hundred thousand pounds with which to rebuild your college. Are you so harassed with the problem of drawing one hundred thousand pounds gracefully from an indifferent public that you can only think of bazaars and ices, of strawberries and cream?

‘Let us then inform you: we are spending three hundred millions annually upon the Army and Navy. For there is, according to a letter that lies cheek by jowl with your own, grave danger of war. How, then, can you seriously ask us to provide you with money with which to rebuild your college? What has your college done to stimulate great manufacturers to endow it? Have you taken a leading part in the invention of the implements of war? How far have your students succeeded in business as capitalists? How, then, can you expect very handsome bequests and donations to come your way?

‘Also consider these photographs: they are pictures of dead bodies and ruined houses. Surely in view of these questions and pictures you must consider very carefully, before you begin to rebuild your college, what is the aim of education; what kind of society, what kind of human being, it should seek to produce. At any rate I will only send you a guinea with which to rebuild your

college if you can satisfy me that you will use it to produce the kind of society, the kind of people, that will help to prevent war.

‘Let us, then, discuss as quickly as we can the sort of education that is needed. Now since history and biography — the only evidence available to an outsider — seem to prove that the old education of the colleges breeds neither a particular respect for liberty nor a particular hatred of war, it is clear that you must rebuild your college differently. It is young and poor; let it therefore take advantage of those qualities and be founded on poverty and youth. Obviously, then, it must be an experimental college, an adventurous college. Let it be built on lines of its own. Obviously it must be built, not of carved stone and stained glass, but of some cheap, easily combustible material which does not hoard dust and perpetuate traditions. Do not have chapels. Do not have museums and libraries with chained books and first editions under glass cases. Let the pictures and the books be new and always changing. Let it be decorated afresh by each generation with their own hands cheaply. The work of the living is cheap; often they will give it for the sake of being allowed to do it.

‘Next, what should be taught in the new college, the poor college? Not the arts of dominating other people; not the arts of ruling, of killing, of acquiring land and capital. They require too many overhead expenses: salaries and uniforms and ceremonies. The poor college must teach only the arts that can be taught cheaply and practised by poor people — such as medicine, mathematics, music, painting, and literature. It should teach the arts of human intercourse, the art of understanding other people’s lives and minds, and the little arts of talk, of dress, of cookery, that are allied with them.

‘The aim of the new college, the cheap college, should be not to segregate and specialize, but to combine. It should

explore the ways in which mind and body can be made to coöperate, discover what new combinations make good wholes in human life. The teachers should be drawn from the good livers as well as from the good thinkers. There would be no difficulty in attracting such teachers. For there would be none of the barriers of wealth and ceremony, of advertisement and competition, which now make the old and rich universities such uneasy dwelling places — cities of strife, cities where this is locked up and that is chained down, where nobody can walk freely or talk freely for fear of transgressing some chalk mark, of displeasing some dignitary.

‘If the college were poor it would have nothing to offer; competition would be abolished. Life would be open and easy. People who love learning for itself would gladly come there. Musicians, painters, writers, would teach there cheaply, because they would learn. What could be of greater help to a writer, for instance, than to discuss the art of writing with people who were not thinking of examinations or degrees or of what honor or profit they could make literature give them, but of the art itself?’

‘And so with the other arts and artists. They would come to the poor college because it would be a place where they could develop their own arts; where society was free, not parceled out into the miserable distinctions of rich and poor, of clever and stupid, but where all the different degrees and kinds of mind, body, and soul merit coöperation. Let us, then, found this new college, this poor college; in which learning is sought for itself; where advertisement is abolished and there are no degrees, and lectures are not given and sermons are not preached and the old poisoned vanities and parades which breed competition and jealousy . . .’

The letter broke off there. It was not from lack of things to say; it was because the face on the other side of the page — the face that a letter writer always sees

— appeared to be fixed, with a certain melancholy, upon a passage in an important book: ‘Head mistresses of schools therefore prefer a belettered staff, so that the students of Newnham and Girton were at a disadvantage in obtaining employment.’ The Honorary Treasurer of the Rebuilding Fund had her eyes fixed on that. ‘What is the use of thinking how a college can be different,’ she seemed to say, ‘when it must be a place where students are taught to obtain employment?’ ‘Dream your dreams,’ she seemed to add, turning rather wearily to the table which she was arranging for some festival, a bazaar presumably, ‘fire off your theories if it pleases you, but we have to face realities.’

That, then, was the ‘reality’ on which her eyes were fixed: students must be taught to earn their livings. And since that reality meant that she must rebuild her college on the same lines as the others, it followed that the college for the daughters of educated men must also make research produce practical results which will induce bequests and donations from rich men; it must accept degrees and colored hoods; it must accumulate great wealth; it must exclude other people from a share of its wealth; and therefore in five hundred years or so that college too must ask the same question that you, Sir, are asking now: ‘How in your opinion are we to prevent war?’

An undesirable result that seemed; why, then, subscribe a guinea to procure it?

That question, at any rate, was answered. No guinea of earned money should go to rebuilding the college on the old plan; just as certainly none could be spent upon building a college upon a new plan; therefore the guinea should be earmarked, ‘Rags. Petrol. Matches.’ And this note should be attached to it: ‘Take this guinea and with it burn the college to the ground. Set fire to the old hypocrisies. Let the light of the burning

building scare the nightingales and incarnadine the willows. And let the daughters of educated men dance round the fire and heap armful upon armful of dead leaves upon the flames. And let their mothers lean from the upper windows and cry, "Let it blaze! Let it blaze! For we have done with this 'education'!"

Such is the rather lame and depressing answer to our question whether we can ask the authorities of the colleges for the daughters of educated men to use their influence through education to prevent war. It appears that we can ask them to do nothing; they must follow the old road to the old end; our own influence as outsiders can only be of the most indirect sort. If we are asked to teach, we can examine very carefully into the aim of such teaching and refuse to teach any art or science that encourages war. Further, we can pour mild scorn upon chapels, upon degrees, and upon the value of examination. We can intimate that a prize poem can still have merit in spite of the fact that it has won a prize. If we are asked to lecture we can refuse to bolster up the vain and vicious system of lecturing by refusing to lecture. And of course, if we are offered honors and degrees for ourselves, we can refuse them — how, indeed, in view of the facts, could we possibly do otherwise?

But there is no blinking the fact that in the present state of things the most effective way in which we can help you through education to prevent war is to subscribe as generously as possible to the colleges for the daughters of educated men. For, to repeat, if those daughters are not going to be educated they are not going to earn their livings; if they are not going to earn their livings they are going once more to be restricted to the education of the private house; and if they are going to be restricted to the education of the private house they are going, once more, to exert all their influence, both consciously and unconsciously, in favor of war.

### III

Now that we have given one guinea towards rebuilding a college we must consider whether there is not more that we can do to help you to prevent war. Let me place before you another letter, a letter as genuine as your own, a letter that happens to lie beside it on the table.

It is a letter from another Honorary Treasurer, and it is again asking for money. 'Will you,' she writes, 'send a subscription to [a society to help the daughters of educated men to obtain employment in the professions] in order to help us to earn our livings? Failing money,' she goes on, 'any gift will be acceptable — books, fruit, or cast-off clothing that can be sold in a bazaar.' If she is as poor as this letter indicates, then the weapon of independent opinion upon which we have been counting to help you to prevent war is not, to put it mildly, a very powerful weapon. On the other hand, poverty has its advantages; for if she is poor, as poor as she pretends to be, then we can bargain with her as we bargained with her sister at Cambridge, and exercise the right of potential givers to impose terms.

We must rule out, as possible helpers, that large group to whom marriage is a profession, because it is an unpaid profession, and because the spiritual share of half the husband's salary is not, facts seem to show, an actual share. Therefore if he, as facts seem to show, is in favor of force, she too will be in favor of force. In the second place, facts seem to prove that the statement 'To earn £250 a year is quite an achievement even for a highly qualified woman with years of experience' is not an unmitigated lie, but a highly probable truth. Therefore the influence which the daughters of educated men have at present from their money-earning power cannot be rated very highly. Yet, since it has become more than ever obvious that it is to them we must look for help, for they alone can help us, it is to them we must appeal.

You will remember that we are using our psychological insight (for that is our only qualification) to decide what kind of qualities in human nature are likely to lead to war. And the facts disclosed above are of a kind to make us ask, before we write our check, whether, if we encourage the daughters of educated men to enter the professions, we shall not be encouraging the very qualities that we wish to prevent. Shall we not be doing our guinea's worth to ensure that in two or three centuries not only the educated men in the professions but the educated women in the professions will be asking — oh, of whom? as the poet says — the very question that you are asking now: How can we prevent war? Here, then, is another letter endeavoring to formulate terms to the Honorary Treasurer of a society for helping the daughters of educated men to enter the professions: —

'Madam, I have had a letter from a professional man asking us to help him to prevent war. Also the Spanish Government sends me almost weekly photographs of dead bodies and ruined houses. That is why I am haggling and bargaining over conditions.

'For the evidence of the letter and of the photographs, when combined with the facts with which history and biography provide us about the professions, seems to throw a certain light — a red light, shall we say — upon those same professions. You make money in them, it is true; but how far is money, in view of those facts, in itself a desirable possession?

'If extreme wealth is undesirable, and extreme poverty is undesirable, it is arguable that there is some mean between the two which is desirable. What, then, is that mean — how much money is needed to live on to-day? And how should that money be spent? What is the kind of life, the kind of human being, you propose to aim at if you succeed in extracting this guinea?

'Let us glance rapidly at the lives of professional men who have succeeded in

their professions. Here is an extract from the life of a great lawyer: "He went to his chambers about half-past nine. . . . He took briefs home with him . . . so that he was lucky if he got to bed about one or two o'clock in the morning." That explains why most successful barristers are hardly worth sitting next at dinner — they yawn so. Next, here is a quotation from a famous politician's speech: "Since 1914 I have never seen the pageant of the blossom from the first damson to the last apple — never once have I seen that in Worcestershire since 1914, and if that is not a sacrifice I do not know what is." A sacrifice indeed, and one that explains the perennial indifference of the government to art — why, cabinet ministers must be as blind as bats.

'Take the religious profession next. Here is a quotation from the life of a great bishop: "This is an awful mind and soul destroying life. I really do not know how to live it. The arrears of important work accumulate and crush." That bears out what so many people are saying now about the Church and the nation. Our bishops and deans seem to have no soul with which to preach and no mind with which to write. Listen to any sermon in any church, read the journalism of Dean Alington or Dean Inge in any newspaper.

'Take the doctor's profession next. "I have taken a good deal over £13,000 during the year, but this cannot possibly be maintained, and while it lasts it is slavery. What I feel most is being away from Eliza and the children so frequently on Sundays, and again at Christmas." That is the complaint of a great doctor; and his patient might well echo it, for what Harley Street specialist has time to understand the body, let alone the mind or both in combination, when he is a slave to thirteen thousand a year?

'But is the life of a professional writer any better? Here is a sample taken from the life of a highly successful journalist: "On another day at this time he wrote a

1600-word article on Nietzsche, a leader of equal length on the Railway Strike for the *Standard*, 600 words for the *Tribune*, and in the evening was at Shoe Lane." That explains, among other things, why the public reads its politics with cynicism, and authors read their reviews with foot rules — it is the advertisement that counts; praise or blame has ceased to have any meaning.

'These quotations prove nothing that can be checked and verified; they merely cause us to hold opinions. And those opinions cause us to doubt and criticize and question the value of professional life: not its cash value, — that is great, — but its spiritual, its moral, its intellectual value. They make us believe that if people are highly successful in their professions they lose their sight, their sense of proportion; they are prisoners in a cave, blind, crippled; they become so set on money-making, honor-getting, that they become competitive, possessive, jealous, combative, and thus, so far as our psychological knowledge is to be trusted, likely to be in favor of war.

'We, daughters of educated men, are between the devil and the deep sea. Behind us lies the patriarchal system, the private house, with its nullity, its immorality, its hypocrisy, its servility. Before us lies the public world, the professional system, with its possessiveness, its jealousy, its pugnacity, its greed. The one shuts us up like slaves in a harem; the other forces us to circle, like caterpillars head to tail, round and round the mulberry tree, the sacred tree, of property. It is a choice of evils.

'But another answer may be staring us in the face on the shelves of your own library, once more in the biographies. This time let us turn to the lives, not of men, but of women in the nineteenth century — to the lives of professional women. But there would seem to be a gap in your library, Madam. There are no lives of professional women in the nineteenth century.

'When Mary Kingsley says, "Being

allowed to learn German was all the paid-for education I ever had," she suggests that she had an unpaid-for education. What, then, was the nature of that "unpaid-for education" which, whether for good or for evil, has been ours for so many centuries? If we mass the lives of the obscure together behind four lives that were not obscure, but were so successful and distinguished that they were actually written, — the lives of Florence Nightingale, Miss Clough, Mary Kingsley, and Gertrude Bell, — it seems undeniable that they were all educated by the same teachers. And those teachers, biography indicates, obliquely and indirectly, but emphatically and indisputably none the less, were poverty, chastity, derision, and — but what word covers "lack of rights and privileges"? Shall we press the old word "freedom" once more into service? "Freedom from unreal loyalties," then, was the fourth of their teachers — that freedom from loyalty to old schools, old colleges, old churches, old countries, which all those women enjoyed, and which to a great extent we still enjoy.

'Which of the two educations, which of the two professions, the paid or the unpaid, is the better, we have not time now to consider. Thus biography, when asked the question we have put to it, — how can we enter the professions and yet remain civilized human beings, human beings who discourage war? — seems to reply: If you refuse to be separated from the four great teachers of the daughters of educated men, — poverty, chastity, derision, and freedom from unreal loyalties, — but combine them with some wealth, some knowledge, and some service to real loyalties, then you can enter the professions and escape the risks that make them undesirable.

'Such being the answer of the oracle, such are the conditions attached to this guinea. You shall have it, to recapitulate, on condition that you help all properly qualified people, of whatever sex, class, or color, to enter your profes-



sion; and further on condition that in the practice of your profession you refuse to be separated from poverty, chastity, derision, and freedom from unreal loyalties.

'By poverty is meant enough money to live on. That is, you must earn enough to be independent of any other human being and to buy that modicum of health, leisure, knowledge, and so on that is needed for the full development of body and mind. But no more. Not a penny more.

'By chastity is meant that when you have made enough to live on by your profession you must refuse to sell your brain for the sake of money. That is, you must cease to practise your profession; or practise it for the sake of research and experiment; or, if you are an artist, for the sake of the art; or give the knowledge acquired professionally to those who need it for nothing. But directly the mulberry tree begins to make you circle, break off. Pelt the tree with laughter.

'By derision — a bad word, but, as has been already remarked, the English language is much in need of new words — is meant that you must refuse all methods of advertising your merit, and hold that ridicule, obscurity, and censure are preferable, for psychological reasons, to fame and praise. Directly badges, orders, or degrees are offered you, fling them back in the giver's face.

'By freedom from unreal loyalties is meant that you must do all you can to rid yourself of pride of nationality in the first place; also of religious pride, college pride, school pride, family pride, sex pride, and those unreal loyalties that spring from them. Directly the seducers come with their seductions to bribe you into captivity, tear up the parchments, and refuse to fill up the forms.

'For if you agree to these terms, then you can join the professions and yet remain uncontaminated by them; you can rid them of their possessiveness, their

jealousy, their pugnacity, their greed. You can use them to have a mind and a will of your own. And you can use that mind and will to abolish the inhumanity, the beastliness, the horror, the folly of war. Take this guinea, then, and use it, not to burn the house down, but to make its windows blaze. And let the daughters of uneducated women dance round the new house, the poor house, the house that stands in a narrow street where omnibuses pass and the street hawkers cry their wares, and the voices of ships come in from the river, and let them sing, "We have done with war! We have done with tyranny!" And their mothers will laugh from their graves, "It was for this that we suffered obloquy and contempt! Light up the windows of the new house, daughters! Let them blaze!"

'Those, then, are the terms upon which I give you this guinea with which to help the daughters of uneducated women to enter the professions. It is a penny candle, no more, but may it help to set light to those photographs of dead bodies and ruined houses and ensure that no other generation shall be forced to see what we have seen.'

Such, Sir, was the letter finally sent to the Honorary Treasurer of the society for helping the daughters of educated men to enter the professions. Those are the conditions upon which she is to have her guinea. They have been framed, so far as possible, to ensure that she shall do all that is in her power to help you to prevent war. As you will see, it was necessary to answer her letter and the letter from the Honorary Treasurer of the college rebuilding fund and to send them both guineas before answering your letter, because unless they are helped, first to educate the daughters of educated men, and then to earn their livings in the professions, those daughters cannot possess an independent and disinterested influence with which to help you prevent war. The causes, it seems, are connected.

*(To be concluded)*

# JOURNEY OF TAPIOLA

BY ROBERT NATHAN

## I

TAPIOLA was a Yorkshire terrier. His body, which was about twelve inches long, and felt to the touch like a squab or a young bird, was covered with blue and silver hair; and he usually wore a little ribbon on top of his head. His eyes held a mournful and mysterious expression, despite the ribbon which gave him a drunken appearance.

Tapiola belonged to Mrs. Poppel, the wife of the publisher; and so he was well acquainted with the literary scene. On one occasion he heard the eminent critic, Mr. Stuart Orrin, remark, 'We have returned to the age of heroes; and we admire to-day only the man who is without pity or other sentimental considerations of that sort.'

Recognizing himself in this description, Tapiola experienced a feeling of pride, and determined to be worthy of Mrs. Poppel in so far as possible. For this reason, meeting the great Dane, Ch. Lance von Habich, on Fifth Avenue, he said to him, 'It is only your great size that makes you in any way remarkable.'

Ch. Lance von Habich did not reply, for he considered Tapiola beneath his notice.

Tapiola then considered giving Ch. Lance von Habich a good bite on the leg, but thought better of it, and went away and hid behind Mrs. Poppel.

He was unhappy because he realized that Yorkshire terriers were not popular, owing to the fact that they were small and did not seem quite real except to their owners. On the other hand, he

liked to say of large dogs that they were only good for herding sheep, or hunting wolves. He was proud of his wits, and often said that to be so small and to live so well was after all something of an accomplishment.

All the same, he secretly admired the wolfhounds and the Airedales, whom everybody liked to pat on the head. He wished to be loved — and to have sharp teeth which people would respect.

One day he heard his mistress say to her husband, the publisher, Alfred Poppel, 'It is almost impossible to have a popular success these days under a thousand pages.'

Tapiola had one great fault, which was that he always imagined that everybody was talking about him. It is true, he thought, that I am too small; and the ribbon in my hair does not make me look any bigger. And now even Mrs. Poppel admits that I cannot have a great popular success. Why is this? The reason is that little dogs like me have never caught the public fancy. What we need is a hero for everyone to admire. Suppose I were to kill a number of wolves which were about to eat Mrs. Poppel?

And he grew hot with fright and exultation at this thought.

'That's it!' he exclaimed. 'I should be very popular then.'

At this moment a moth, disturbed from its nap, flew past Tapiola's head like a bat or a demon. The little terrier closed his eyes in terror, and prepared for death. After a while he opened them

again, and smiled feebly at the sofa leg. Well, he thought, with a wolf it would at least be in the open.

And he reflected how much of his life was spent in such places as behind the sofa, where it was impossible to accomplish anything of an heroic nature. It is clear, he thought, that if I am going to provide the world with a hero I shall have to leave Mrs. Poppel, and go out into the world where it is possible to find something heroic to do. Only, Mrs. Poppel will never allow it.

Nevertheless, it was not long after this that an opportunity arose for him to leave Mrs. Poppel's house without being seen. Tapiola said good-bye to his possessions, which consisted of a rubber ball, a bone also made of rubber, and a wicker basket with a silk pillow and an eiderdown quilt. 'Good-bye,' he said to them, 'treasures of my youth, and little basket in which I have spent so many comfortable nights. When I return, it will be as someone who has accomplished something in this world.'

So saying, he disappeared out of the door, and around the corner of the service stairway.

On his way to the street, he stopped at the third floor to say good-bye to his friend the canary, who lived in a cage in Mrs. Sweeney's kitchen. When Dicky heard that Tapiola was going out to be a hero, he became very thoughtful and dejected. Presently he remarked, 'Tapiola, I am in the same fix as you. To call a singer a canary these days is to express nothing but disdain. I should like to show people that I, too, can be manly, even though I have not got the deepest tones of Nelson Eddy, or Mr. Tibbett.'

Tapiola replied, 'I am sure that you would have a great success, if only enough people could hear you.'

'Do you really think so?' asked Dicky anxiously.

'I am sure of it.'

'Then I will go with you,' exclaimed the canary. 'We will be heroes together.'

Tapiola was delighted to have his

friend for company, as he had been afraid that he might be a little lonesome. So he was more than willing to wait while the canary opened with his beak the door of his cage, and took a last peck at the piece of apple which hung between the bars. 'I do not know when I shall have an apple again,' he said, 'but I am ready to sacrifice everything for my art.'

'One thing, however, I must insist on,' he added, as he fluttered to the ground in front of Tapiola's nose. 'I do not want to be known as Dicky any more. Hereafter please call me Richard.'

Tapiola agreed to do so, and the two friends proceeded down the back stairs to the service entrance. There they hid, not without misgivings, in an empty ash can which someone had turned over on its side. 'It would be very distressing,' said Tapiola, 'if Mrs. Poppel came by at this point. Let us wait here until it grows dark, and then no one will see us as we leave.'

But Richard did not like the idea of waiting in an ash can. 'Would it not be better,' he suggested, 'to fly away now, while the pigeons are still wheeling in the skies?'

Tapiola reminded his friend that he could not fly.

At that moment the ash can was seized by a street cleaner, lifted high in the air, and emptied into a truck belonging to the department of sanitation and garbage removal. Tapiola and Richard found themselves among a lot of old bottles, and smothered in ashes. 'Are you hurt, Richard?' cried Tapiola when he had got his breath.

'No,' said Richard; 'I am surprised, that is all.' And he set to work to preen and ruffle his feathers, which gave off a shower of dust.

Seeing that his friend was unhurt, Tapiola let out a hollow groan. 'I think that I have broken a rib,' he said.

'Nonsense,' said Richard, 'don't even imagine such a thing. It is nothing but the shock, and the surprise.' To this Tapiola, after feeling himself all over

with his nose, was obliged to agree. 'Of course,' he said, 'if I had seen what was coming, I could have prepared for it, and even given somebody a good bite if necessary; but the trouble is, it always happens to me when I am not looking, or do not expect it.'

'You must learn to make the best of things,' Richard told him, 'and to expect the worst. Would you like me to sing for you? I feel that I should like to clear my throat. I could sing you the Shepherd's Lament, if you like.'

'No, thank you,' replied Tapiola, 'I do not feel up to it. Not that I am not grateful,' he added hastily, 'but I am afraid lest someone should hear you, and then we should both of us be sent back home again.'

He went on to tell his friend how the other day, on Fifth Avenue, he had gotten the better of the great Dane Ch. Lance von Habich. 'I told him a thing or two,' he said, 'and he had nothing to say; he shut up like a clam. Then I simply walked away. However, it was nothing. What I mean to do in future will put everything like that to shame.'

So saying, he clicked his teeth with a ferocious sound.

'As a matter of fact,' said Richard, 'when we get out into the country I am going to practise the Vagabonds' Song. Then they will know that I am a barytone, and not to be trifled with.' And he hummed to himself: 'Sons of toil and danger.'

Boasting in this way of what they intended to do, they passed the time while the truck jolted along in the direction of the river, where a barge was waiting to receive the ashes and tow them out to sea. Thus they found themselves presently dumped once again, in a shower of bottles and tin cans, and this time quite thoroughly buried. When they finally dug themselves up into the light, the barge was bobbing sluggishly along behind a tugboat, and the air was salty with brine. 'Well,' said Tapiola, sneezing, 'I did not expect anything like this

to happen to me when I left Mrs. Poppel. Where do you think we are, Richard?'

The canary looked around; but as he was too low to see anything he flew a little way up into the air to get a better view. When he came down he looked surprised and disconcerted. 'My friend,' he said in a grave voice, 'we are at sea; we are embarked upon an ocean voyage. At this moment we are passing a large lady holding a candle; she seems to be waiting for someone to come home, just as I have often seen Mrs. Sweeney waiting for Mr. Sweeney.'

'She did not look like Mrs. Poppel?' asked Tapiola anxiously.

'I do not think she was anyone we have ever met before,' said Richard. 'However, since we are apt to be here for quite some time, I think it would be a good plan to explore the ship, and have a look at our fellow passengers — that is, if there are any.'

The two friends picked their way across the ashes toward the bow. 'Let us,' said Tapiola, 'seek out the dining room first, because this sea air has given me a wonderful appetite.'

And with an exclamation of joy he hurled himself forward in order to seize in his teeth an old bone which he saw a few steps away. However, before he could reach it a young rat ran up and sat down on it. 'Yes?' said the rat, with an unpleasant expression. 'You wanted something?'

'Oh no,' said Tapiola hurriedly. 'Not at all. Pardon me.'

So saying, he turned to leave. Then he saw that the whole barge was full of rats of all ages and sizes, hurrying and scurrying, nosing about to see what they could find, and not hesitating to give each other fearful bites whenever there was a dispute about anything.

Suddenly an old gray rat stood up on his hind legs next to Tapiola, and exclaimed, 'Oh rats, my bowels, I am pained at my very heart. A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in this land. For from the least of them even

unto the greatest of them, everyone is given to covetousness. Behold, I will bring evil upon this people; the neighbor and his friend shall perish. We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble.'

Turning to Tapiola, he said sadly, 'They will not listen to me.'

He continued, 'Within an hour we shall all be dumped into the sea and drowned, but that does not keep them from killing one another for the sake of an old bone or some other morsel. I tell you, we are doomed. The carcasses of this people shall be meat for the fish of the sea; and none shall fray them away.'

And he added in a voice of despair, 'It will be somewhere off Staten Island.'

At these words Tapiola grew pale, and Richard uttered a croak of anguish. 'This is your fault, Tapiola,' he exclaimed. 'It was you who said, "Let us hide in the ash can." You will remember that I wished to fly away at once. Now we are to be drowned; and that is the end of our being heroes.'

Tapiola replied gently to the canary, 'You need not drown, or even be dumped into the sea, because you have wings and can fly away. Spread your wings, Richard, and save yourself; and do me the favor to tell Mrs. Poppel that at the last I was brave and resigned. She will find the rubber bone under the sofa. Good-bye, my friend; think of me sometimes, when you are near the water.'

And he turned his face away, and closed his eyes.

## II

When he opened them, a few minutes later, Richard was still there. 'What!' he exclaimed. 'Have n't you gone yet?'

Richard replied with emotion. 'Do you really think I would leave you? What do you take me for? No; we set out to be heroes together, and whatever happens, nothing shall separate us. Besides, there is no hurry; we are not yet off Staten Island, and it is still too far from land for me to attempt it.'

Tapiola thanked him with tears in his eyes. 'It is much better not to be drowned all alone,' he admitted, 'or in the company of strangers. What we need is a small boat, or raft; it would be easy, then, to push off by ourselves, and drift with the tide.'

'Is that all you want?' asked Richard. 'Look behind you.'

Tapiola turned, and saw a plank of wood about three feet long at each end of which was nailed a small log. 'That is just the thing,' he said. 'Help me to get it over.'

He set to work to drag it to the side of the barge, helped by Richard, who fluttered in front of him and told him where to go. It was hard work, but despair gave him strength, and before long the little raft stood poised like a seesaw above the water. Then Tapiola said, 'I will go out on it; and when my weight is over the water it will fall off into the sea.'

But as he started to walk out on the piece of wood the old gray rat ran up to him and cried, 'Take me with you.'

'By no means,' said Tapiola; and Richard added, 'No indeed.'

The rat did not stop to argue, but pushed his way out along the plank — with the result that in a minute the whole thing fell into the bay with a splash. Tapiola found himself under water, and, wild with fear, thrashed about as hard as he could.

This brought him to the surface again before he had time to drown, and with such force that he shot halfway up on to the raft, on which were seated already the old rat and Richard. 'Come, Tapiola,' said Richard, 'get on, and do not thrash about so or you will have us all in the water with you.'

Tapiola climbed on to the raft and sat down. Then he got up and shook himself, while the others hung on for dear life. After that he lay down again, feeling very uncomfortable. 'Could n't you have waited?' he said gloomily to the rat.



'Why?' asked the rat. 'Waiting never got me anything.'

The raft drifted idly in the tide, the waves slapped against it gently, and sea gulls with fierce, inquisitive cries flew down to find out if there was anything to eat. Far off behind them the city rose out of the sea mist like a dream, while ahead in the distance the ill-fated barge wallowed along toward Staten Island, bearing its load of doomed and covetous rats. Tapiola shivered, and buried his nose in his paws; he felt that an ocean life did not suit him. The wind was cold, and the water looked dark and dangerous; there was no place to hide; and he regretted with all his might having left the comfortable security of Mrs. Poppel's sofa.

As he lay there under the wide and open sky, a gull suddenly swooped down and sank his talons into Tapiola's fur. The attack was too sudden for the little dog; he let out a squeak, and at the same time felt himself being lifted into the air. Richard, deciding that all was lost, and overcome with horror, hid his head under his wing; but the old rat, whose aged and yellow teeth could not have gnawed even a banana, sprang up and with a ferocious expression fastened his jaws around the gull's leg. With a squawk the big white bird let go its prey, and Tapiola fell back on to the raft with a bump.

As soon as he had recovered his breath, he said to the rat, 'You alone have saved my life. While my friend, who is sworn to help me, did nothing, and put his head under his wing, you rushed forward and saved me from death. Thank you; it was a brave deed, and I shall not forget it.'

'It was nothing,' replied the rat modestly. 'Tit for tat. If it had not been for you and your raft, I should be at this moment at the bottom of the sea, along with Pharaoh's hosts, and the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah.'

He cleared his throat, made husky by emotion, and continued: 'But perhaps I

ought to introduce myself; for as we are likely to be companions upon this raft for some time, it will increase our pleasure in each other's company to know who we are.

'My name,' said the rat, 'is Jeremiah; it is characteristic of the older prophets to live through the disasters they foresaw. My parents dwelt in Saint Margaret's Cathedral, where I myself was born some time ago. Under the circumstances, you will not be surprised to hear that I evinced an interest in the services while I was still no bigger than a mouse, and decided to take orders at an early age. My career started auspiciously; and for a while I was in demand at all the better churches, where my good looks and powerful voice, plus a certain theatrical quality, endeared me to the congregations. However, one day I had a conversion, or rather an illumination. It was when I had been living at Saint Agatha's; and it was there, while I was in the midst of a sermon, that word was brought in that a large piece of cheese had been found under the chancel. At once there was a rush in that direction, led by myself; but all of a sudden a voice seemed to say in my ear, "Thou shalt not eat of it, for the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." I lost no time in repeating these words to the congregation, who refused to listen to me. I begged, I pleaded, I even threw myself beneath their feet, but all to no avail; they thought me mad, and even went so far as to say that I wanted the whole cheese for myself. Pushing me aside, they fell upon the food with cries of joy; and an hour later they were dead. It was then that I realized that the spirit of prophecy had entered my breast, and that I should never be the same again.

'My life since then has not been a happy one. I can say that my popularity vanished with my congregation, almost overnight. The truth is, I had become known as a croaker. It was said that I no longer told people what they wished to hear; and for that reason my

usefulness as a preacher was at an end. The fact that my prophecies invariably turned out as I predicted only served to aggravate the situation. I did my best to limit my sermons to the eternal verities, the Decalogue, and the life hereafter, but the spirit of prophecy would not let me alone; I foresaw everything, and everything for the worst. If a congregation wished to move to new quarters, I knew in advance that they would not find any wood shavings there; if they reviled in an ancient tenement, I knew that it would be torn down. As a result, they began to pull long faces whenever they saw me; I was reduced to preaching in cellars or in the streets, where even the sparrows made fun of me, while I watched, with indescribable anguish, my friends and relatives hastening down the road to their destruction. To-day I saw the barge tied at the wharf, and jumped on board, thinking to save at least one soul from the fate in store for it. The barge left before I could get to shore again, and I believed that my end had come. The rest you know.'

'I am sorry for you,' said Tapiola, 'because of all things in the world the most uncongenial is to have to tell people the truth about themselves. That is why,' he added with a dark look at Richard, 'I do not always say what I think, which is that some people are cowards, even if they can sing like Patti or Lotte Lehmann.'

At these words Richard ruffled his feathers, and assumed a truculent air. 'Look here,' he exclaimed. 'I am a barytone.'

'And I,' said Tapiola, 'am an Irish sheep dog.'

'So you are,' said Richard coldly, 'from your manners. It is only too bad that we have no sheep on board.'

'Gentlemen,' said Jeremiah anxiously.

'If we had,' said Tapiola, 'they would all be listening to your concert.'

'You are rocking the boat!' cried Jeremiah.

The two heroes sat down, while sparks

continued to flash from their eyes. 'We are at sea,' said Jeremiah, 'encompassed by the raging elements. This is no time for public quarrels. Put aside your differences, I beg you; submerge them in the common good.'

These words caused Tapiola to feel ashamed of himself. 'Very well,' he said. 'I will do as you wish.' And, turning toward his friend the canary, he exclaimed, 'Richard, accept my forgiveness.'

'Accept mine also,' said Richard. He added firmly, 'But please remember that I am a barytone.'

At that moment the raft grounded upon a sand bar; and, looking up, the voyagers saw that they had come to rest on the beach of what appeared to be an island. They scrambled overboard to shore and, crossing a narrow shelf of sand, discovered a road which led upward toward a village discernible in the distance.

As they proceeded up the road between the trees, Jeremiah remarked, 'Let us give thanks to God, who has brought us out of the land of the Egyptians into a country overflowing with milk and honey.'

This remark was the beginning of a discussion on the nature and purposes of God, in which all three of the companions joined.

Tapiola said that God was mainly notable for His heroic qualities. 'He has been present at all the great battles of history,' he declared, 'and usually on the winning side. One can imagine Him as being of great size, with flashing teeth, and a tail that sweeps the skies. Otherwise it is hard to account for the constant winds which pour across the earth from every direction. At the same time I imagine Him to be mild and beneficent, and covered with a coat of the softest fur.'

'That is out of the question,' said Richard. 'Since He lives on high, He must obviously have wings; and wings without feathers are by no means prac-

licable. As for a tail, He would certainly need one to ascend and descend; but it does not so much create the breezes as make use of them. When you speak of His size, who knows? I am inclined to agree with you that He is very large, probably as large as an eagle, but more musical.'

The rat joined in to remark that they had both overlooked God's most obvious attribute, which was wisdom. 'You say that He is large, and that He flies,' he declared, 'but that does not take into account the infinite subtlety of His creations. Nothing in this world is arrived at in a direct and straightforward manner; even a crumb of bread is the result of the most intricate relationships. And so small a thing as a snowflake is in reality a very complicated structure. The God who created the butterfly out of the cocoon has by no means a simple and limited intelligence. He is devious and clever; and I think He uses His tail to balance Himself when He wishes to sit up on His hind legs.'

'As for music, I have no ear myself for anything but a good squeak.'

'I believe,' said Richard unkindly, 'that your ancestors were not altogether unmindful of the flute.'

'That was in Germany,' replied Jeremiah, 'and besides, it was a fairy story. Actually what they followed was a wonderfully sweet odor, which the piper had sprinkled on his clothes. This has been established by Professor Heinrich von Eckenmeier of the University of Göttingen, and other learned authorities. There has been no odor like it in Germany since. Some scholars believe it to have been the fragrance of love.'

'Ah,' said Richard, 'love.' And without being aware of it he gave utterance to a low trill.

Jeremiah continued: 'If one is to accept this explanation, it proves that God took no part in the affair at Hamelin; for by no stretch of the imagination can one conceive of God as the God of love. Nevertheless, I recognize in the mas-

sacre of an entire innocent community traces of His heavenly style. Frankly, I do not know what to think.'

'Perhaps,' said Tapiola, 'He does not like rats.'

Jeremiah glanced at him in surprise. 'That would hardly be likely,' he said, 'seeing that He Himself is the Father of all rats.'

'Never!' cried Richard angrily. 'He is a canary. A bass canary,' he added.

'You are both of you mad,' exclaimed Tapiola. 'Everybody knows that God is a dog.'

Menaced on either side by Tapiola's teeth and Richard's beak, Jeremiah shrugged his shoulders. 'What does it matter?' he asked mildly. 'As long as we have a name for Him, He can be anything you like. It is only what is nameless that keeps me awake at night.'

'Well,' said Tapiola, 'it is still some time before it gets dark, so let us go on now, for I have a good appetite, and am anxious to get to a house where there is a kitchen or a pantry in which it would be possible to find something good to eat.'

'That is my idea exactly,' agreed Richard, 'but I should be satisfied with a stable.'

'I should like to be able to tell you that you would both find what you are looking for,' said Jeremiah gloomily, 'but the truth is that none of us will find anything at all.'

'No wonder you are unpopular,' cried Tapiola, 'if that is the way you talk.'

'A prophet is not without honor,' replied Jeremiah, 'save in his own country.'

Conversing in this agreeable fashion, they drew near the village, where the barking of a large dog caused Tapiola to hesitate and finally take up a position somewhat to the rear of the others. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'it would be wiser for us to linger here, and let Richard go on ahead to look around; he can fly, and no one will notice him.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Richard, 'so no one will notice me! I suppose they are ac-

customed to canaries flying around their heads.'

Jeremiah broke in to say that he would be the one to go ahead, and promised to return as soon as possible with the lay of the land and other information. 'I am very good at that sort of thing,' he said, 'for the life I have led has taught me to be quick and quiet. Sit here under this tree, and I will see what I can find.'

'I should like some chopped liver,' said Tapiola, but Jeremiah was already trotting toward the village, sniffing the air, and looking brisk and hopeful.

The two companions sat down under a tree, and, as people will, commenced to discuss the experiences they had been through. 'Do you know what is the worst thing of all?' declared Tapiola. 'It is to realize that one's education has been laid out along the wrong lines, and that all one knows is useless. For instance, I am very good in a small apartment; I have learned to play with a rubber ball, not to get stepped on, and to use a little square of newspaper twice a day. But when the sea gull took hold of me I realized that my education had not taught me what to do in such a case. It is surprise which renders us helpless. I can see that to be a hero you must expect to find enemies everywhere; and so after this I intend to be ready for anything.'

'I also,' said Richard, 'do not mean to be caught napping; when I sing, it will be under a thornbush, by myself.'

'Good,' said Tapiola; 'that is an excellent idea.'

'But what I want now,' he continued in a voice which he tried to make sound casual, 'is something to eat. The trouble with me is, being so small, my stomach sticks to my ribs very easily.'

'Well,' said Richard, 'for myself, I could easily catch a bug, I think, or perhaps a worm; but after all, we are in this thing together, and so I prefer to wait for Jeremiah to return with a slice of apple, or some seeds.'

'Ah,' said Tapiola with a sigh, 'I hope he brings me some chopped liver.'

'I think it very likely,' said Richard, 'for he is wonderful at that sort of thing.'

'Thank you,' said Tapiola, 'for waiting; I do not think I could bear to see you eat a worm just now.'

Jeremiah returned at this point, brushing some crumbs of cheese from his whiskers, and looking very doleful. 'My poor friends,' he exclaimed, 'it is as I thought; there is nothing there at all. I am not a prophet for nothing: the larder is bare.'

Tapiola gave a cry of anguish. 'What!' he shouted. 'Are we to starve within sight of plenty? Such a thing is unheard of in the world to-day. Are you sure that you did everything possible?'

'I did my best,' replied Jeremiah modestly. 'I went everywhere, and saw everything. It is a poor community, and strictly guarded. As a matter of fact, I was several times in danger of my life; and once a large gray cat came dashing at me, and I only escaped by the skin of my teeth.'

'Perhaps I should have gone myself,' said Tapiola thoughtfully. 'I get along very well with cats as a rule. There is something about me which excites their sympathy.'

'What!' exclaimed Jeremiah. 'Do you wish to live on pity?'

'Well, no,' said Tapiola. 'That is not the best thing for a hero, I suppose.'

He lay down, with his nose in his paws. The day was nearly done, it was beginning to grow dark, and the breeze of evening blew a cold breath upon him. A bat made a low, uncertain flight, to see what it was like; a dog howled sadly in the distance, and soft, rustling things went bump in the bushes. Tapiola closed his eyes; he was cold and hungry, and he was full of fright at the situation in which he found himself. He thought of his little basket at home, with its eiderdown quilt; he remembered the warm smell from the kitchen; and he pictured to himself other attractive places

where he had been happy and comfortable, such as behind the sofa, and in Mrs. Poppel's lap. He remembered how the lamps were lighted at about this time, and how they made everything seem festive and secure. Now I know, he thought, what it means to be alone in the wilderness. One should only try to be a hero during the daytime. What good will it do me to have had only the best intentions, if I am found in little pieces in the morning? Oh, my mistress, dear Mrs. P., if only I were back home with you again, I would never stir outside the door! I would always use the little squares of newspaper, and not make any trouble for anybody.

He also tried to comfort himself by remembering all the succulent dishes he had eaten in the past, the creamed spinach, the oatmeal and milk, the chopped liver, and even a knuckle bone as big as his head which he had enjoyed all one summer in the country. However, it was in vain.

He was silent, shivering to himself, when suddenly he heard at his side a voice which in his misery he had forgotten. It was Richard, who exclaimed in trembling tones, 'Tapiola, are you there?'

'My friend,' exclaimed Tapiola joyously, 'yes, I am here! I cannot see you, because it is too dark.'

'I know,' said Richard, trying to keep his bill from chattering; 'it is not at all the sort of comfortable obscurity I used to enjoy at home, under the blanket of my cage at night. There, at least, there was nothing to see; while here I am sure there are dreadful things to see, only I cannot see them.'

'It is true,' agreed Tapiola. 'My poor Richard. But I am glad to know that you are near by.'

'Alas,' said Richard. After a moment he continued more hopefully, 'Would you like me to sing for you? It is very comforting to have a bit of music now and then, in the midst of troubles.'

Tapiola assented eagerly; and, clear-

ing his throat, Richard began in a wavering manner 'The Shepherd's Lament.'

'You could not think of something gayer,' asked Tapiola after a while, 'or in a less wild and dismal mood? What I should like to hear is something of a tender nature, like "Sur le pont d'Avignon," which always reminds me of my childhood.'

Richard obligingly changed his tune to 'The Bells of St. Mary's'; and Tapiola, putting his nose down on his paws, fell quietly asleep next to Jeremiah, whom neither the singing nor the conversation which preceded it had caused to awaken from his slumbers.

### III

Tapiola woke up before the first rays of the sun had warmed the air, and, staggering to his feet between his sleeping friends, gave a sneeze which did not, however, disturb them. He was cramped with cold, and from being hungry; his stomach stuck, as he had said, to his ribs; and his legs would scarcely support him. In this unenviable state, occasionally sitting down as his hind quarters gave way, but at the same time greatly relieved to find himself still alive after the night, he made his way up a little hill toward a house which seemed still, like Richard and Jeremiah, to be sunk in slumber. The blue mist of early morning rose from the ground before him, and surrounded him with a mysterious silence.

What was his joy to discover on the back steps a dish of milk set out. But it was not set there for him; for as he approached in an eager but diffident way, with his tail between his legs, a large white cat rose from beneath the steps, and exclaimed, 'Well?'

Tapiola stood still. 'Excuse me,' he said. And as she continued to eye him with distrust, he added hurriedly, 'I was just out for a stroll. What a lovely morning it is! The climate here is very salubrious.'



At that moment his hind quarters gave way again, and he sat down with a bump. The cat looked him over not without sympathy. 'You are hungry,' she said. 'Is that not the truth?'

'It is,' said Tapiola, with a dry swallow.

'You should have said so,' remarked the cat, 'and not talked all that nonsense about the weather. Here, try this milk; it is watery stuff, but better than nothing.'

Tapiola gazed at her in astonishment. 'Do you mean me?' he asked. 'Are you really offering me your milk?'

'Why not?' she replied. 'I am sorry for you. You are so small you make me feel good. And that ribbon in your hair — it is irresistible. You are a dog, are n't you? Well, when I see a dog looking as you do, so small and pitiful, I am glad I am a cat. That is, after all, worth a little milk.'

'You are very kind,' murmured Tapiola, and, advancing to the dish, shyly dipped his nose in.

'If I were your mother,' said the cat, 'I would not let you out of my sight.'

'My mother,' said Tapiola, lifting his nose out of the milk and taking a breath, 'is dead. I have been cared for by Mrs. Poppel, the wife of the publisher.'

'I know nothing about her,' said the cat, 'but I am convinced that she is a careless woman.' And she gazed at Tapiola in a melting and motherly way which caused him to feel uneasy.

'I hope you will not misunderstand me,' he said uncomfortably. 'I am really quite sturdy; but you see me under the worst possible conditions. I have actually been all but drowned in the sea.'

'You are such a sweet little dog,' said the cat, and gave him a sudden caress with her tongue.

'Madame,' cried Tapiola, 'what are you doing?'

For answer, she rubbed herself against him with a voluptuous purr.

Tapiola was embarrassed; he was even a little frightened. He thought of his

glorious career; and his heart sank. What, he thought, am I to let myself be adopted for the sake of a dish of milk? And, showing his teeth, he uttered a low growl.

At once the cat gave him a hard slap with her paw, which knocked him head over heels. 'Do not growl at me,' she exclaimed.

And she added, 'If there is to be any biting in this affair, I will do it myself.'

She continued in gentler tones: 'Come; I like you; you arouse a feeling of motherliness in me. Be glad that I am of an affectionate nature, and that you are the object of those affections. With me you can live at least as well as with Mrs. Poppel; you can count on milk once or twice a day, and now and then some other tidbit. I will clean your ribbon for you, and you will look very handsome. You will have a great social success.'

And she went on to describe the advantages he would enjoy living with her.

Tapiola felt confused. It seemed to him that sirens were singing, and that he was in great danger; he felt himself being carried down into the depths. A feeling of weakness and compliance took hold of him, and he closed his eyes, experiencing a sense of voluptuous joy. But suddenly he remembered his duty, and gave himself a shake. This is the voice of evil, he thought; this is Circe, attempting to make a swine of me. Oh, my friends, Richard and Jeremiah, do not be afraid, I will not desert you.

And, backing away like a little crab, he suddenly turned, and fled as fast as he could down the hill the way he had come. The cat watched him go with regret, but with a shrug of her shoulders. 'Little fool,' she said, 'go, then, to your Mrs. Poppel. Probably you would not have suited me, anyway.'

She sat down, and, lifting a leg, gave herself over to the morning bath.

Tapiola arrived soon after at the foot of the hill among his friends. They were already awake, and ready to depart; and they stared in surprise at the

little dog who burst in upon them at top speed, with his tongue hanging out. 'Well, well,' said Jeremiah, 'I see that something has been chasing you.' And Richard added in a displeased voice, 'Coward.'

At the same time, they both got out of sight as fast as they could, in case whatever was chasing Tapiola should suddenly appear.

'You are mistaken,' said Tapiola, when he had got his breath back. 'I was not pursued and no one attacked me. I did not flee from an enemy; I fled from love.'

'Do not fool yourself,' said Jeremiah, coming out from under a stump where he had hidden himself, 'they are the same thing. When Salome, the daughter of Herod, saw John the Baptist for the first time, she felt an irresistible desire for him. Since he refused to entertain her proposals, she consoled herself with his head, which she caused to be severed from his body, and placed on a silver salver.'

These words caused Tapiola to shudder, and to look anxiously behind him. 'Let us go away from here,' he said.

'By all means,' agreed Jeremiah. 'But in what direction shall we go?'

'It makes no difference to me,' said Tapiola.

'Very well, then,' said Richard. 'In that case, let us go to Hollywood.'

And, puffing out the feathers of his breast, he added, 'Whom do I remind you of?'

When his friends confessed that they did not know, his face fell. 'Do you not think that I look a little like Mr. Eddy?' he asked.

'I do not know about that,' said Jeremiah, 'because I have never seen him. But now that you speak of it, I have seen a picture of Mendelssohn, and there is the same beaky look to the two of you.'

'Oh,' said Richard with disappointment, 'Mendelssohn. He was not a great singer; he was not at all like Mr. Eddy. Have you ever heard me sing the

melodies of Victor Herbert?' And without waiting for an answer he launched himself into the 'Italian Street Song' from *Naughty Marietta*.

'Tra, la, lalalalala . . .'

'That is not a very manly piece,' said Jeremiah. 'When I heard it on the stage, it was sung by a woman. However, it suits your voice very well.'

'I can also,' said Richard, 'sing it in a lower key. Perhaps that would give it more of a barytone effect. Still, after all, if I am going to Hollywood . . . perhaps it would be better if I were a soprano.'

'That is entirely up to you,' said Jeremiah.

'I will see,' said Richard, 'when I get there. It is largely a question of salary. Meanwhile, I shall continue to improve my chest tones.'

By this time the three companions had left the little grove in which they had spent the night, and, skirting the village, saw before them the open road. Tapiola ran forward a few steps to explore a bush by the wayside; after which he rejoined the others. They then engaged in the following discussion.

'It is hard for me to believe,' said Tapiola, 'that love and hatred are as closely related as you say. Of course I am not very big, but my heart is large, and I have been in love more than once. I experienced in each instance an emotion of indescribable tenderness, mingled with respect; with occasionally some sadness and loss of appetite. In my opinion love is a sort of medicine; it is a tonic which stimulates certain parts of the body at the expense of others.'

'Does not hatred do the same?' asked Jeremiah.

'I am talking about love,' said Tapiola.

He continued: 'It seems to me that the objects of my affections aroused in me from time to time a feeling of nobility, with the desire to jump about, and otherwise enjoy myself.'

'It is true,' said Richard. 'Sometimes

during the spring I have the same sensations as before a concert, a feeling of worry, with pressure like gas on the heart, fluttering of the breath, nervousness, and at the same time a desire to do something important. Then I am at my best as a singer, and often astonish my friends.'

'Love,' said Tapiola severely, 'is meant to be enjoyed in silence; although music, if low and agreeable, is sometimes a pleasant accompaniment. The influence of the seasons, the shy suggestions of the moon and stars, the warmth of summer and of our natures, often combine to bring about a ferment of the senses which I am very partial to.'

'You are both of you sentimentalists,' exclaimed Jeremiah, 'and what you have been describing is not so much love as anxiety. You, Richard, are satisfied with a loud high C; and Tapiola befuddles himself with dreams.'

'Pardon me,' said Richard; 'I reach an F in alt.'

'I, on the other hand,' continued Jeremiah, 'do not confuse love with either worry or conversion of a religious nature. It is just a business with me. I take it as it was meant to be taken; and it is soon over. It is a pleasure which should be regarded as such; but in addition it has this practical aspect: it fills the world with rats.'

'And do you never,' asked Tapiola, 'know the tender joy of nestling next to a warm and furry friend, surrounded by blissful odors, and the memory of joy?'

'I have no friends,' said Jeremiah simply, 'and as for odors, there is nothing in the world to compare with a fine ripe cheese.'

#### IV

The sun shone warm and pleasant, and the grass made a fresh odor in the air, sweetened by some flowers of the early season. A butterfly fluttered along before them, and Tapiola gazed at him with greatest pleasure. Exquisite crea-

ture, he thought, how simple life is for you; you have all that is needed to inspire respect and even love; for no one expects you to be anything but beautiful. You do not have to be a hero, and lie out at night on the cold, damp ground.

At the same time, he was obliged to admit that he felt very well after his experiences; the aches of the night before had already vanished from his bones. He trotted along, sniffing the balmy air, and every now and then stopping to look under a stone, to see what there was of interest. All at once he saw Richard dart forward, and seize the butterfly in his beak.

'In the midst of life,' said Jeremiah, 'we are in death. Nevertheless, our friend's meal will not agree with him, because he is not used to such a diet.'

And as a matter of fact, Richard soon complained of pains in his stomach. Tapiola consoled him with the following discourse:—

'Richard, my friend, it is your own greediness and the violence of your nature which are responsible for your stomach-ache. After all, you are an artist, and you ought not to try to swallow a butterfly with one snap of your beak. Have you no respect for beauty unless it is able to sing a scale? I have often heard it said at Mrs. Poppel's that only the writer is by nature generous and forbearing; the painter and the musician think only of themselves. As a result of this — which I now see to be the truth — you have a stomach-ache, and there is one less butterfly in the world. I am ashamed of you; but I think that if you would eat a little grass you would feel better.'

Richard hung his head with a very mortified expression, and presently brought the butterfly up again, after which he felt better, and exclaimed, 'It is such experiences as this, in which the artist touches the depths of anguish, which give to art its nobility and breadth.'

They continued on their way, enjoying the flowers and the sweet airs of morning, until they came presently to

where a large beetle was engaged in dragging himself with gouty difficulty across the path. His enormous jaws stuck out in front of his head; and he had an insolent and ferocious expression. Encased in armor stronger than steel, he expected his angry looks and his hard shell to defend him against attack. He was truly calculated to fill his enemies with terror, just to look at him; but for all that, they soon found out that he was not very intelligent. As Tapiola approached him, he turned in a ponderous manner, and waved his arms. 'Go back,' he said in a deep voice, 'audacious animal. Do not disturb me.'

Tapiola was taken aback at this remark, and felt frightened at the angry mien of the beetle, who stood boldly in the way, clicking his great jaws. He wished to retire, and make a detour; but as he stepped back he trod upon Richard, who had already taken up a comfortable position at the rear. 'What!' cried Richard. 'Are you afraid of this old fogey? Never mind, I am behind you. Let us show this apparition from the prehistoric past what sort of people we are. Give him a bite, Tapiola; for I am convinced that he cannot hurt us.'

'I do not know about that,' said Tapiola doubtfully. 'Did you see his jaws?'

'I do not care two cents about his jaws,' said Richard, hopping back a little further. 'The question is, are you a hero, or not?'

Encouraged by these words, Tapiola approached the beetle, and licking his lips, which had gone a little dry, remarked, 'Sir, I do not intend to allow my path to be disputed by any apparition from the prehistoric past, however formidable.'

'Go away,' said the beetle. 'As for the prehistoric past,' he added, 'I do not know what you are talking about. I am simply what my ancestors have made me, a tough and rugged individual. As for you, you are obviously something recent, and should be discouraged by all right-minded people.'

And he gave his jaws such a ferocious click that he fell over on his nose.

'What I want,' he said when he had got up again, 'is to go about my business without interference from outside elements. My business happens to be at the other side of this road. Very well; I got here first, so go away and do not bother me.'

'The road,' said Tapiola with dignity, 'is free. My business is at the far end of it. So allow me to pass, if you please.'

'The road,' replied the beetle heatedly, 'is not free. I am on it, so it is occupied. First come, first served; finders is keepers. You are a communist.'

'Very well,' said Tapiola. 'If that is the way you feel about it, then that is the way you feel about it.' And, preparing to do battle to the death, he said farewell to Richard and to Jeremiah. 'Good-bye, dear friends,' he exclaimed. 'Think of me in the long winter evenings; remember our adventures together, and in the spring, to keep my memory green, relate to your children the story of my life. Tell them that, though small, I was a hero.'

So saying, he advanced with a beating heart upon the beetle, who awaited his approach with an air of fortitude. When Tapiola had come to within an inch of his jaws, the beetle suddenly hurled himself forward and attempted to fasten them in Tapiola's nose. The little dog let out a cry of terror, and leaped into the air; and the beetle, pitching forward with nothing to stop him, fell over on to his back, where he lay helpless with his legs waving in every direction. Tapiola then declared, 'I have won a hard battle, with the help of God.'

The three companions continued on their way, full of joy and self-congratulation; while the beetle, left on his back, was soon discovered by a party of ants, and, still protesting that he did not intend to let himself be interfered with, was taken home by them in small pieces, where everyone shared alike in the enjoyment of this tough but succulent individual.

'Tapiola,' remarked Richard, 'there is no question about it, you are a hero.'

'Thank you,' said Tapiola modestly. 'Then perhaps I might go home — what do you think? — since I have accomplished what I set out to do.'

But Jeremiah remarked, 'Do not imagine that society will take any notice of your exploit. What is one beetle more or less in the world? In matters of this kind, it is only numbers that count, as it is written: Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands.'

'And David sang before the Lord,' declared Richard with satisfaction. 'At least, that is my impression. Correct me if I am wrong.'

'You are quite right,' said Jeremiah. 'But he did not sing any opera. He sang the Psalms, accompanying himself from time to time on the lute.'

'I do not care for the lute,' said Richard.

Tapiola, who felt that the conversation was getting too far away from his glorious victory over the beetle, took this occasion to remark, 'As a matter of fact, this beetle was a very dangerous fellow. Did you notice how he jumped at me? And those jaws . . . But I was ready for him; I leaped lightly to one side, and there he was, on his back. That sort of thing is not easy to do, however; it takes courage, let me tell you.'

'Well, all right,' said Richard. 'But just remember who was behind you. Without me, you would be back already where we slept last night.'

'What is the difference?' said Jeremiah. 'The main thing is that we are here, with sound skins, walking along in the fine sunlight. Now we must begin to think about breakfast, because that is what usually comes next at this hour of the day.'

Tapiola thought of the milk which he had been obliged to leave behind him on the porch steps, and remarked, 'I could do with a bite of something.'

'Very well,' said Jeremiah. 'Leave it to me. What we need is a plan; we must

use our heads a little. Other people have things to eat, so why not we? They must be made to share their delicacies with us, but by cunning rather than by force.'

'Yes,' said Tapiola. 'Still, of course, if you think we should use force . . .'

And he looked around with a fiery but modest air, as though to say, Here I am if I am needed.

'The plan I have in mind,' said Jeremiah, 'is simply this: to make use of what we have. And what have we? We have a singer. You, Tapiola, have already demonstrated your valor, but as yet Richard has done nothing of moment. What I say is, let him sing; and one of us will pass the hat.'

'So I have done nothing,' exclaimed Richard indignantly. 'And pray what have you done?'

'I have thought up this splendid plan,' replied Jeremiah. 'In addition, I am willing to be the one to pass the hat.'

'What hat?' asked Richard.

But it was impossible for the canary to remain angry very long at a plan which proposed to place him in such a favorable light. 'Well, all right,' he said at last, 'I will sing. I will fill the air with music, in exchange for a piece of apple, or some crumbs of bread. This is, after all, the destiny of every artist. It is even possible, of course, that someone from Hollywood may hear me; in which case you can take my word for it that by nightfall we shall be able to dine upon the best of everything.'

'Begin, then,' said Jeremiah, 'and do not talk so much.'

'Do you expect me to begin cold?' asked Richard. 'I must at least go *mi-mi-mi* a few times to warm my voice.'

'Very well,' said Jeremiah, 'warm it if you have to, but do not let us starve to death in the meanwhile.'

'Have no fear,' said Richard, 'I will make it up to you in the richest delicacies later on.'

And in fact he thereupon poured into



the air a fanfaronade of notes, a cascade of trills, scales, arpeggios, runs, and glissandos, pizzicati, and andante, *con anima* and *meno mosso*, which in no time at all brought all the birds in the vicinity flocking around him. 'What do you think it is?' asked a woodpecker. 'I do not know,' replied a wren, 'for I have never heard anything like it before.'

'I do not believe it is real,' remarked a catbird; to which a robin replied in doubtful tones, 'Still, after all, it has feathers.'

'Be careful,' said a crow. 'You will see—presently it will go off with a bang.'

At this moment a little red hen came scurrying up with her head held out like a race horse, to see what all the commotion was about. When she saw Richard, she stood still; her mouth fell open, and a look of bliss passed across her face. 'I do not care what it is,' she exclaimed. 'I love it.'

And, hastily picking up a small bug from the ground, she presented it to the singer in a shy and confused manner.

After this, Richard sang only for the little red hen, who gazed around her with a proud expression. As nothing further was forthcoming in the way of food, Tapiola grew restless, and gave Jeremiah some significant looks. 'So,' he said in a low voice, 'this was your plan, was it? What a splendid idea it is turning out to be! So far, we have received one bug, which Richard ate; but we have had to listen to a great deal of singing.'

Jeremiah replied, 'Is it my fault if music is not appreciated in this country?'

'We should have taken what we wanted by force,' said Tapiola boldly.

'Yes?' said Jeremiah. 'From who?'

'Whom,' said the little red hen.

With that she added in a breathless voice, 'I am a schoolteacher.'

Richard stopped singing; he cut off his song in the middle of a high B flat. 'A what?' he asked.

And he gazed at his friends in consternation.

'Then you are not connected with the stage?' he continued. 'You are not a successful actress, or even a wealthy enthusiast?'

'Alas, no,' replied the hen. 'I am only a schoolteacher. Nevertheless,' she added bravely, 'you have captured my heart.'

'That will be of interest only to my biographers,' said Richard. 'I will tell them about it.'

And with an indignant flirt of his tail he hopped down from his perch. 'Come,' he said to his friends, 'let us go away from here.'

But he did not forget to add, as he disappeared up the road, 'Thanks for the bug.'

The little red hen remained rooted to the spot. She felt that her heart was breaking; but at the same time she felt comforted because she was to be put in a biography.

Richard marched up the road in an angry and flustered manner. He would not have cared if his admirer had turned out to be a writer, or something else of not much importance; but the fact that she was only a schoolmistress mortified him. For he had seen, out of the corner of his eye, some real beauties in the audience, and he was obliged to admit that he had not made an overwhelming hit with them. However, after a while he began to feel better, and to see things in a happier light; and he comforted himself with the following reflections:—

'It is very fine to be an artist, but what is an artist without an audience? And who is in the audience, after all? Simple people, like schoolteachers and librarians. The singer who cannot win such hearts as these is not worth the trouble of listening to.'

He went on in a thoughtful manner: 'I am small, not too plump; and still reasonably young. In addition, I touch the common, everyday heart with my singing. That is something very few

people can do; I doubt if anyone has done it in quite such a big way since Jenny Lind. Perhaps it would be a good idea for me to concentrate on "Home, Sweet Home."

'One must consider the spirit of the times,' replied Tapiola seriously. 'What is the good of singing "Home, Sweet Home" in an age when people only like to travel around in trailers, and camp out overnight? No, Richard, art is either of its period or it is nothing. That is something I have heard the critic Stuart Orrin remark. It is true that I do not admire the singers of to-day, but then I have never been popular myself. I am old-fashioned; and to be old-fashioned is to be wrong. It is not for me to advise you, my friend; for you were born, as it were, with a song in your mouth; but I can tell you this, that if people prefer "To Hell with Burgundy," you will only embarrass them by singing "Home, Sweet Home."'

'That is true,' said Richard. 'Thank you, Tapiola, for reminding me of what I already know. It would be a mistake for me to try to imitate the great songbirds of the past, when the popular taste runs to something altogether different — something at once more common and more careless, like the times we live in.'

'Yes, yes,' said Jeremiah, 'but all this is not getting us anything to eat.'

He glanced gloomily at his companions; then suddenly sitting down on his haunches, he wrapped his paws around his nose. 'I have it!' he exclaimed. 'Dunce that I am, why did I not think of it before?'

He continued: 'I was mistaken when I imagined that people would pay to hear Richard sing. I should have known that what they really enjoy is a lecture on some cultural topic, such as literature, or travel. Thus they get an education while being entertained; and later have something to say to each other across the breakfast table.'

'Do not talk about the breakfast table,' said Tapiola with a groan.

'Well, then,' continued Jeremiah, 'why should we not provide them with an entertainment of this sort, since in the person of Tapiola we have both a traveler and a literary genius? At least, he has lived in literary circles; and while that does not necessarily make him a genius, still it gives him something to talk about.'

'I have never given a lecture in my life,' said Tapiola. 'I should not know how to begin.'

'You begin with "ladies and gentlemen,"' replied Jeremiah, 'and after that you wait and see.'

'What he means,' said Richard, 'is that after that you sit down again. I should like to hear Tapiola make a speech . . . well, that's a good one, I must say. What a foul idea!'

'Is that so?' said Tapiola. 'I have an idea that at least they would know what I was doing.'

While this spirited discussion was taking place between the two friends, Jeremiah excused himself and went off into the fields with the look of a business man or a manager. Tapiola and Richard sat down to wait his return, and, lulled by the sun, soon closed their eyes and fell into a light slumber. When they awoke, Jeremiah had come back again; he seemed to be pleased, and at the same time to be in a hurry. 'Come,' he said; 'I have found what we are looking for. There are a number of serious-minded rabbits in a field near by; and I have convinced them that they would like to hear Tapiola deliver a lecture entitled "Literary Afternoons, or Life at Mrs. Poppel's."'

And, as Tapiola hesitated, he added, 'You have nothing to fear, because they have never read a book in their lives.'

He concluded in a tone of desperation, 'It is our only hope of getting anything to eat; so do not stand there making trouble, but come along for God's sake and do the best you can.'

So Tapiola presently found himself in

a small garden, among some lettuces, and in the midst of a little group of rabbits, who stared at him, hopped about, waved their ears, and gave each other dubious looks. His throat felt dry, his legs trembled, and he could not think of anything to say. 'Go on,' hissed Richard, like Beckmesser in *Die Meistersinger*, 'commence.'

However, at that moment a plump lady rabbit stepped forward, and with a winsome expression exclaimed, 'We are fortunate in having with us to-day a famous figure in the great world of letters. I am happy to introduce to you Mr. Tapiola, who will now tell us something about life at Mrs. Poppel's.'

'Who is Mrs. Poppel?' demanded a young rabbit with his mouth full of lettuce.

'Hush,' said the lady rabbit; and sat down.

Tapiola took a deep breath. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began in a quavering voice, 'I am very happy to be here, in your beautiful lettuce garden. And speaking of lettuces reminds me of the story about the Irishman. It seems there was an Irishman . . .'

But he could not remember anything more about the Irishman.

'On the other hand,' he said, 'I am sure that you would prefer to hear about some of our great writers, like Stuart Orrin, and Robert Nathan. Well, as a matter of fact, I have often seen them, from my place under the sofa; I have been as close to them as I am to you. I can say to you that Mr. Orrin has very big feet. And once Mrs. Poppel said in my presence, "It is impossible to have a popular success under a thousand pages. . . ." You can imagine that it is very interesting to me to be in the midst of things like that. Mr. Nathan is also an interesting person. Once he said to Mrs. Poppel, "Mrs. Poppel, I should like to have some more advertising for my books." He has slightly bowed legs, and a stomach which becomes more noticeable from time to time. He does

not wear such fancy shirts as Mr. Poppel.'

And he looked anxiously at Jeremiah, as though to ask, 'How am I doing?'

'Who is Robert Nathan?' demanded the young rabbit.

And an elderly rabbit exclaimed, 'Don't you know any good writers?'

Tapiola hurried on, 'Then there is my little bone made of rubber, and my basket with its eiderdown quilt. Yes, everything is very interesting at Mrs. Poppel's.'

'Oh boy!' said Richard, who had found a small, tasty bug hiding under a lettuce leaf.

Tapiola looked around him at his audience. Several of his listeners seemed to be asleep; out of the corner of his eye he saw a young rabbit hop quietly behind a mound of earth, and then scuttle away down a furrow out of sight. It occurred to him that he was not making a great success as a lecturer; and his tail drooped.

But as he stood there, feeling sorry for himself, and wondering whether to go on or not, his eyes suddenly encountered the soft gaze of a young female. She was looking at him with such respect, and at the same time with so much admiration, that his heart leaped up into his throat, and a mist passed before his eyes. When it cleared, he ventured to smile at her; and he was enchanted to see that she returned the smile, though in a shy and modest manner.

'Well,' said Tapiola bravely, 'I shall continue.'

He had no sooner uttered these words than a frightful thing happened. With loud barks, a pair of shaggy black terriers came dashing into the garden, and fell upon the rabbits, who fled on all sides with squeals of terror, leaving Tapiola alone to face the enemy. But not altogether alone; for in a single bound the young female rabbit was beside him, trembling in every limb. 'Save me,' she murmured. And she added, 'For I know that you are a hero.'

Faced with the flashing teeth and gleaming eyes of the oncoming foe, Tapiola's heart died within him. The idea of being a hero no longer appealed to him. And, turning tail, he fled with a yelp, as fast as he could go, out of the garden and down the road, where his friends Richard and Jeremiah were also making as good time as possible.

The two terriers dashed after him, paying no further attention to the young rabbit, who all but fainted with relief at finding herself overlooked in this way. Ah, she thought, he has drawn them away; he will first wear them out with running, and then turn and demolish them. She believed that he did this for her sake. But Tapiola had no intention of turning, except to remonstrate with his pursuers, whose teeth were already nipping at his hind quarters.

'Look here,' he cried over his shoulder, 'I am not a rabbit. I am a dog. You could see for yourselves, if you would only stand still for a moment.'

'Nonsense,' replied the larger of the two terriers, 'you are a rabbit; don't try to tell us anything else. Don't you think we know the difference? A dog? You? Oh no!' And his teeth clicked within an inch of Tapiola's tail.

After a while the terriers grew tired of the chase. Tapiola did not stop running, however; with pounding heart, and his rump smarting from several sharp nips, he tore along until he had caught up to his friends, whom he found at last seated beneath a tree, waiting for him. They sat there because they had come to the end of the road.

Yes, the road stopped there. Before them lay the river; and beyond the river rose a miraculous city, towering into the clouds.

'Well,' said Richard, when Tapiola arrived, miserable and out of breath, 'where have you been?'

Tapiola did not reply at once; he lay down and began to lick his wounds. 'Where was I?' he said at length. 'I was in the thick of battle, where a fighter be-

longs. But you, you coward . . . I saw your tail disappearing over the horizon, a little ahead of Jeremiah.'

'That is right,' said Richard simply. 'I decided to save myself for my next concert. However,' he added, 'let us forget the past, and look instead to the future. See there, across the water . . . what do you see?'

'I see a city,' replied Tapiola.

'Yes,' said Richard, 'but what city? That is the question.'

'I have no idea,' replied Tapiola.

'Then I will tell you,' said Richard. And he added in hushed tones, 'It is Hollywood.'

'Is it indeed?' said Tapiola. 'That is strange; because it looks familiar, though I have never seen Hollywood before. However, if it is Hollywood, let us waste no time in getting over there, so that Richard can begin his career, and get us something to eat. I see a ferry coming; let us go down to meet it, and engage passage into the future.'

'Let us do so,' said Richard, 'for I am in a hurry to begin.'

## V

The three companions descended to the ferry, where they had no difficulty in climbing aboard when no one was looking. Then they made their way to the bow, and looked across the water to the streets and buildings which awaited them. And each one mused upon life, full as it was to him of hopes and disappointments. Only Jeremiah expected nothing very good to come to him in Hollywood; but at the same time he knew that, whatever came to him, he would make the best possible use of it. As for Richard, he looked forward to a great success. Yes, he thought, I shall knock them dead. But he did not know whether it would be as a soprano or a barytone. He realized that the successful singer thinks twice about that sort of thing; and that the music is not as important as the composer supposes.

What is important is to make a good effect — either of manly power, if the voice is low, or of charm, if it is high. We will see which one pays more, he said to himself, when I get there.

Tapiola would have liked to sit down, but his rump was still sore from being bitten. He thought of his battles, of how he had defeated the beetle, and how he had fled from everyone else. It is no use, he said to himself; why am I not honest with myself? I am no Ch. Lance von Habich; and little dogs like me will never gain popularity through my efforts. Dear Mrs. Poppel, you alone loved and understood me; and I should have been satisfied with that.

But even as he spoke he remembered how the young rabbit had looked at him, and how she had asked him to save her. And at this a feeling of joy and peace entered his heart, which was still beating so fast from the chase. I do not know your name, he said to her in his mind, but I shall never forget you. For you alone, of all the people I have known, called me a hero. Perhaps one such person in this life is enough; for it is true that even Napoleon, and Mussolini, had people who did not consider them heroes. Whether one is admired by a million or by only one, there will always be others to whom one is nothing but a Yorkshire terrier.

At the same time he experienced a feeling of sadness, for it came over him that he had left his true love behind him, in the lettuce patch. How she looked at me, he thought, so soft and amiable, with such a tender expression! Yes, she understood me, just like Mrs. Poppel; I could see that. Alas, my dear friend, I do not know what the future holds for me, but never fear, I shall find you again, for one does not lose an acquaintance such as yours without a struggle.

And he sighed; for he realized that he was lonely. After all, he thought, what does my life amount to? No glory can make up for being alone; and it will take more than a rubber ball to distract my

attention from this fact, now that I know it. Yes — what I really want is a quiet domestic life, under the sofa, with the little rabbit at my side. With such a little rabbit next to me, I should always be warm and happy.

And because he was not going home, but was on his way to Hollywood and a glorious career as a hero, a tear ran from his eye and fell to the deck of the ferryboat, on whose deckhouse was to be seen a sign which said 'Twenty-Third Street.'

But all at once he felt a soft nudge at his behind. His mouth at once grew dry; he swallowed with difficulty; and he closed his eyes in anguish. Was it possible that the dreadful terriers were still upon his track? Had they followed him? Smelt him out? Found him?

And in dying tones he murmured piteously, 'I am a dog, not a rabbit.'

'Naturally,' said a soft female voice. 'You do not need to tell me that. But I do not mind.'

Opening his eyes with a startled jump, Tapiola turned to face the little lady rabbit, who stood before him with a demure expression, and downcast eyes. She was not alone, for beside her, on one foot, stood the little red hen, gazing anxiously at Richard.

'I could not let you go,' said the rabbit simply. 'So I came to share with you the perils and the rewards of your glorious life.'

So saying, she looked up at him with a beseeching expression.

'I too,' said the hen, 'prefer to live with a great artist, even though unwed, rather than waste away, however morally, in a barnyard.'

'The devil,' said Richard, and gave a low whistle. 'What a situation!' However, it could be seen that he was not displeased.

As for Tapiola, his joy knew no bounds. He put his nose close to the rabbit, and gave her several languishing looks. Then he sat down beside her, not without a cry of pain, however; and together, with peaceful and happy expressions,



they watched the approach of the city, in which his fortune was to be made. They felt no need to say anything; their hearts beat with happiness, with peace, and with understanding.

The ferry came gently into the dock; and they walked off into the arms of Detective Sergeant Murphy, who had been assigned to the waterfront to look for Mrs. Poppel's little dog. An hour later they were home, in Mrs. Poppel's apartment.

She did not try to separate the lovers, since she was not a publisher's wife for nothing. Besides, she believed that the little rabbit's influence on Tapiola would be a good one. 'There is a new look in his eye,' she told her husband, who did not like the idea of a rabbit hopping around in his bedroom; 'he stands up straight, and holds his tail out; and look how fiercely he plays with his little ball. No, Alfred, let him keep the rabbit if he wants to. Only he must have a bath at once; and a new ribbon for his hair.'

Picking Tapiola up in her arms, she embraced him, not forgetting to pat the rabbit also, as she put him down again.

That night, in his wicker basket under the eiderdown quilt, Tapiola lay beside his friend, whose fur was soft, and smelt of gardens. His eyes were closed; and his tiny breast, no bigger than that of a squab, expanded in a delicious sigh, like a balloon. 'Love,' he murmured sleepily, 'is meant to be enjoyed in silence.'

"Lean thou beside my cheek," quoted the little rabbit, "'and do not

speak. Love is not all; but let no other word than love be heard, For as we older grow, Wide wanders wisdom, but the heart beats slow.'"

'She is literary, besides,' thought Tapiola; and his cup of happiness overflowed.

Below, in Mrs. Sweeney's kitchen, Richard and the little red hen sat together in the cage, under the blanket. 'This is cosy, after all,' he said drowsily, closing his eyes. 'And to-morrow I will begin to practise my chest tones.'

But outside, in the streets, among the sounds of traffic, of footsteps and wheels, the murmur of the city which soothed and comforted Tapiola in his wicker basket, Jeremiah went slowly and alone in search of a congregation. He did not expect to find one; but he went on, nevertheless, in case anything else turned up. As he limped along in the gutters, he murmured: 'I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Then I said, I shall die in my nest. Terrors are turned upon me; they pursue my soul as the wind. Upon my right hand rise the youth; they push away my feet. They mar my path. My bones are pierced in me in the night season; and my sinews take no rest. I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.'

All at once he chuckled. 'I would hardly call Tapiola a dragon,' he said, 'or Richard an owl. Still . . .'

And passing at that moment an old tenement in which a light was still burning, he called out in a loud voice: —

'Any old clothes? Bottles?'

# THE LIVING PRESENCE

BY A BELIEVER

**I**N the last few years I have read in various magazines a number of articles detailing with an honesty that is encouraging, but with a grimness that is disturbing, the reactions of the writers to the loss of one who was very dear to them. One instance that I now recall was that of a child, another that of a husband. Both writers had had what we call the traditional religious background, and yet it did not seem to stand up for them against the shock of loss. I have had all my life the traditional religious background; I have met the same experience that the others spoke of and my background stood by me completely, and I am wondering why this was true for me and not for the other writers.

I do not believe that death means to me what it means to a great many people. I dislike the word and hesitate to use it—not as a word, but because of the connotations which human experience has gathered around it apparently since the dawn of time.

To make my position clear, I state the following facts:—

My only son, a boy in his early teens, was killed in an automobile accident four years ago. At the same time and in the same accident, a niece of whom I was devotedly fond was killed.

A year ago my only grandchild, a particularly fascinating youngster of fifteen months, was found dead in her crib when her nurse went to pick her up after a nap, for which she had been placed in the crib an hour before, apparently in perfect health.

Almost anyone will understand that these incidents were of special poignancy in their suddenness, in their closeness to me, and in the age of the children.

Except for the sake of avoiding misunderstandings in conversation with people who do not know the facts, I dislike very much to speak of any of the children in the past tense. I never think of them in the past tense. They are all three closer to me and more constantly with me than they were in what we call life.

I have mentioned the fact of my traditional religious background. On receiving the news that my son and his cousin had been killed, I drove some miles to the hospital where their bodies had been taken. During that drive I said over and over to myself the first verse of a very well known hymn:—

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

That was the way I felt about it at the time, and I do not think I have greatly enlarged upon that thought in the intervening years. To me the children have gone home a short while ahead of me. I have every confidence that, despite the shortcomings of my life, I shall at some time go to the same home and find myself even closer to and more intimately associated with the children than I am now.

This is not a recent thing. It was the way I had been brought up to feel. It came to me in my emergency instan-

taneously; it has never left me and has become, not a belief, but a conviction based upon experience.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding about this, let me say that when I use the word 'experience' I am not referring in any way to what is commonly called spiritism or spiritualism. I have consulted no mediums; I have seen no visions; I have heard no voices. I am acutely conscious and certain many times every day of the presence within myself and in my own heart of those three children.

There was one impressive event of some fifteen years ago which I am sure forms a part in the creation of this conviction of experience. An intimate friend of mine suffered the loss of an infant son in his crib under circumstances very similar to the death of my grandchild. The friend and his wife left within an hour or two for the home of their families, where the baby was to be buried. A day or two later I traveled with the baby's body to that place and attended the very lovely, intimate family service, conducted by a clergyman who was one of my good friends and even closer to the father of the baby. We went to the cemetery on a beautiful summer afternoon, lowered the casket into the grave, helped the cemetery attendants fill the grave, and covered it with flowers. I shall never forget the courage and the agony of that young father and mother. The thought came to me that our funerals were all wrong; that we concentrated on the wrong side of death, and that we did this because of the presence of the casket; that we had made no advance in our attitude over the funeral pomp of the ancient Egyptians. I made up my mind then and there that I would never have a traditional funeral for anyone who was close to me.

When a similar event came so unexpectedly into my life, the body that I loved was cremated. My clergyman and a few others attended a short cremation service with me. Some days

later in our village church there was a memorial service of evening prayer — the regular evening service, held in the church where the children had worshiped with their parents. There was a short address by an intimate friend of mine, a clergyman, who came directly from the burial of his only brother and spoke for not over ten minutes on immortality. The service brought great comfort to me and my wife. I have learned from many friends who were there that it brought comfort to them.

We call ourselves a Christian people and we find the life and teachings of Christ embodied in four small pamphlets, any one of which can be read in a little over an hour. Probably few people to-day question that Christ is a historical personage; that he lived, taught, and was crucified. A large number of people, not professed Christians, regard him as one of the great teachers of the world.

It is impossible to read his life without coming to the conclusion that he was a person of deep spiritual insight, with a great understanding of human needs and a profound awareness of God and the nature of the spiritual life. He states clearly that he is going to his Father, and that where he goes his followers can also go. There was certainly never the slightest question in his mind about that something which we call immortality, or the eternal nature of life. If we can show some of the confidence that he taught and practised, it would seem reasonable that we should come to partake of his conviction.

Almost one hundred years ago a German professor at the University of Nuremberg, who I believe is sometimes called the father of modern psychology, wrote a small pamphlet called *Life after Death*. The professor's name was Gustav Theodor Fechner. The late Lyman Abbott gave his copy to a friend of mine with the statement that it contained all that one needed to know on immortality. The friend, on the occasion of the passing of my son, lent it to me. Professor

Fechner's book is buoyantly simple. It contains little argument but many statements of fact, stated as facts, by a man who obviously believed what he was saying. There was no doubt in his mind about immortal life.

A chapter in the book deals with the subject of communication between what Professor Fechner calls embodied spirits, which are you and me, and disembodied spirits, *which are those that have passed on*. Professor Fechner says that one is in communication with a disembodied spirit when one thinks of a disembodied spirit; that the disembodied spirit is objectively present within one's heart. He states that the presence also occurs many times without conscious effort on the part of the embodied spirit. I can say from experience that this is so. In Professor Fechner's book I believe the statement is made that this presence within one's heart is the fundamental reason behind the institution of the Communion Service by Jesus Christ; that Christ took the simple everyday act of drinking and eating and asked his followers to remember him when they ate and drank, knowing that by this conscious act of remembrance he would ensure his presence within their hearts throughout their daily life. If this is so, we are certainly concentrating on the wrong side of death, and have been for many thousands of years.

Death inevitably means the dissolution of the body that we loved; it means that the personality we loved is removed

from the experience field of our five senses. I have no thought that the soul is limited to five senses. To some people the word 'religion' is almost synonymous with churchgoing and with active manifestations of outward worship. In this sense, religion to-day certainly uses many outworn images. It is not particularly inspiring to me to think of God as the King of Kings. There have been many good kings, but there have been many kings who were not so good. Christ said, 'God is Love'; 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him shall worship him in spirit and in truth.'

For some years it was a difficult thing for me to feel that, with so much that I loved in what we call the other world, the things in this world were of real importance. I am satisfied that that was mistaken thinking. In a deeper sense there is no 'other world' or 'this world.' In one of the Epistles of Saint John we are told that we are to-day the children of God; that it does not yet appear what we shall be. In the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Saint Paul says that now we see through a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face. It is the teaching of my own spirit that tells me they are right.

If life is eternal it is continuous. It does not begin, it does not end. It goes through various phases. Contact between one phase and the other is possible and needs no medium or machinery, except 'faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love.'

# FAREWELL TO AUSTRIA

BY JOSEPH BARBER, JR.

## I

**W**HAT is Austria and who is she? . . . She is a miserable spittoon.' Thus contemptuously did Mussolini, almost exactly ten years ago, refer to the tiny nation to his north which, periodically since the World War, has threatened the peace of Europe.

The occasion for his outburst at that time was an inflammatory speech by the Austrian Catholic Chancellor Seipel, protesting against the hard lot of the South Tyrol Germans. To-day Mussolini finds himself considering Austria anything but a 'spittoon,' for Hitler has carried out speedily and with appalling thoroughness two thirds of his boast, expressed unmistakably in his Reichstag address of February 20, 1938, that he would supervise the interests of the 10,000,000 Germans outside the Reich.

The Nazi procedure for capturing Austria followed a pattern remarkably like that employed in the Third Reich, and in Danzig. When Hitler was called to the chancellorship on January 30, 1933 by perplexed old President von Hindenburg, he was allowed but two minor cabinet posts, the ministries of the interior and of air. Yet within six months he had filled eight of the available fourteen posts with his own men and had succeeded in including in the cabinet three other favorably disposed and ardent nationalists. In the Free City of Danzig, so-called 'parliamentary' methods obtained for him control of the government and the end of formal opposition. In Austria his political reorganiza-

tion of the country was facilitated by outright invasion.

But these are the spectacular and obvious first measures. Equally important — and certainly difficult — is the second phase in the dynamics of revolution: the settlement of all religious, cultural, and economic conflicts, and the enlistment of unified support. No one will ever know definitely the number of genuinely Nazi-minded Austrians. The last free elections in Austria were held in November 1930, and at that time, according to the *New York Times*, the Socialists polled 1,517,000 votes, the Christian Democrats 1,300,000; the combined Fascist and Nazi elements accounted for only 336,000 votes. Unquestionably the Nazi group increased considerably during the troubled régime of Chancellor Dollfuss, but after his assassination on July 25, 1934, by the handful of Nazis who stormed the Chancellery, domestic and foreign indignation mounted to such heights that his successor, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, was able to impose his Fascist Catholic Corporative State (Austria is 90 per cent Catholic) with less opposition than might have been expected.

It is, of course, only natural that in a rigged plebiscite held under German auspices there should be an extraordinarily large Austrian Nazi vote supporting claims of Nazi predominance in Austria. But well may we ponder the possible outcome had Dr. Schuschnigg's ill-fated and equally rigged plebiscite set



for March 13, 1938, taken place. In this connection it may be recalled that the National Socialist Party was swept into power in Germany at a time when its influence was perceptibly waning; yet the consequent and understandable haste to join the Nazi bandwagon is now a matter of historical record.

Dr. Goebbels's agents of propaganda have now to deal with a province that is German in sympathy and in language, but which, despite the political allegations of the Third Reich's leaders, is decidedly un-German in its point of view about many things. For generations, and particularly since the war, North Germans have freely deprecated the easygoing Austrian: 'Why, during the war we were always having to shift German regiments to the Balkans and to the Italian frontier to bolster up Austrian morale.' Moreover the Austrian, in turn, thinking back over a glittering imperial past of more than four centuries, — with Vienna a centre of culture when Germany, as we know it to-day, was still a disorganized group of feudal states, — has been inclined to disparage the abrupt, 'uncivilized' ways of the Northerner.

Both attitudes are familiar and have frequently been exaggerated; yet there is little doubt that Austrians consider themselves the inheritors of a justly famed diplomatic tradition. Not long ago the writer was the luncheon guest of a former Austrian secretary of state, an influential 'nationalist' but an avowed opponent of Naziism. The luncheon took place in Vienna's Deutscher Klub, which once served as the meeting place of 'old-school' diplomats, nobles, and industrialists. 'I think you will find that we Austrians,' said my host, 'will not be inclined to make the diplomatic blunders that Germany has made since Hitler came to power.' Farther along the table the president of the club, General Karl von Bardolff, who was at one time reported to be Hitler's choice for Minister of Defense, echoed this sentiment.

But how well did these estimable gentlemen gauge the current of coming events? In Germany their aristocratic colleagues of corresponding rank and sympathy have long since been obliged to make way for the middle-class Nazi fire-eaters.

## II

That Austria maintained her independence as long as she did was something of a miracle, considering the steady succession of financial and political crises through which the country passed. In 1921 there was the food shortage, when frenzied, half-starved mobs stormed shops and rioting was widespread; in 1922 the krone fell and inflation reared its ugly head; in 1924 leading banks and business houses failed; in 1927 still another revolt culminated in the burning of the Palace of Justice; in 1929 there were repeated and unsettling reports of a *Putsch*; in 1931 the disastrous collapse of the Credit Anstalt shocked financial quarters throughout the world; in 1933 an infamous terror campaign was inaugurated by Austrian Nazi hotheads; in 1934 the Vienna Socialists were ruthlessly suppressed by the Dollfuss government; finally there was the murder of Dollfuss by Nazis in July of the same year.

Austria's entire post-war experience has furnished the world with indisputable proof of the folly enacted at Versailles — folly, that is, with the possible exception of the Versailles-inspired plebiscite of October 10, 1920, when lower Carinthia was saved for Austria. This tragic and nearly forgotten postscript to World War strife, when Jugoslavian troops prepared to incorporate within their own state portions of the Austrian province of Carinthia and clashed with Austrians, was fixed indelibly in the writer's mind several years ago when on a tour of inspection of the camps set up by Austrian Nazi emigrants outside Munich. The head of one camp, a strapping young physician from Klagen-

furt, with a brooding resentment that exploded violently at times, flung a battered military cross on the table. 'Carinthian War for Freedom, 1918-1919 — For Bravery,' it read. 'I got a medal then for preserving my country for German culture,' he said. 'Now I have been deprived of my Austrian citizenship, jailed, and forced to flee to Germany because I tried to do the same thing again — only without shooting anybody this time.'

If the young physician is still alive — and he doubtless is — he has reëntered his native land as a conquering hero after five years of bitter exile. With him have gone 40,000 other Austrian exiles, and members of the Austrian Legion, who have been scattered throughout Germany and supported in labor camps and in industry. After five years of rigorous indoctrination into the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, with discipline and more discipline the keynote of their daily routine, these men are in the forefront of the battle to unify and coördinate dissident elements in Austrian national life. Aiding them are the 10,000 (Hitler's figures) party members who languished in the Wöllersdorf concentration camp and in various Austrian prisons. Predominantly youthful, their numbers include the mild-mannered middle-aged as well as the fanatic twenty-year-olds.

No longer is there any necessity for the bombing campaign which shook the country in 1933 and 1934. In those days the Austrian Brown House in Munich, just across the street from German Nazi headquarters, guided the terror that prevailed in provincial towns and in Vienna alike. There Alfred Frauenfeld, then exiled head of Vienna's Nazis, a man with a price on his head and proud of it, accorded the writer an interview, during the course of which he exhibited a list showing that nearly 500 explosions, including 130 in Vienna and 103 in Salzburg, had taken place in the preceding four weeks, 'according to schedule,' he said. 'They will go on,' was his grim

parting word. And they did — until Dollfuss's untimely end.

Frauenfeld has long since disappeared from the political scene, but, to illustrate how fortuitous has been the rise to power of some of Austria's leading Nazis, consider the case of Dr. Hermann Neubacher, a Viennese architect and economist of no mean repute. Known for years as one of the more level-headed Nazis, he was granted a restricted freedom — which involved reporting daily to police headquarters, submitting to exhaustive questioning regarding his activities, and undergoing frequent house searchings without warning. So well apprised was he of Nazi plans that he declared to the writer the approximate date of Dollfuss's removal and named Anton Rintelen, Austrian Minister to Rome, as the Chancellor's successor. Both forecasts were fulfilled in little more than a fortnight — although Rintelen was promptly jailed by Dr. von Schuschnigg's forces soon after the Vienna radio announced Rintelen's accession. To-day Dr. Neubacher is mayor of Vienna.

Not all of Austria's Nazis were jailed or forced into exile for desperate undertakings: there were many whose crimes consisted of painting swastikas on walls; floating burning pyres, also in the form of swastikas, down rivers; drawing caricatures of Austrian government officials; picketing Jewish shops and taking the names and addresses of all who would enter such shops. These fell victim to Chancellor Schuschnigg's stringent decrees, which, drawing increased strength from Catholic sources from 1934 on, were extended to such lengths that all forms of liberalism, socialism, and free thought were eradicated and the clergy was put in supreme control of the minds of the youth.

### III

It is worth recording Nazi activities prior to March 11, 1938 and describing the typical Austrian Nazi — the harmless 'little men' of revolution, bomb

throwers, incendiaries, and wily conspirators alike, because their recent background must be understood if one is to comprehend the frictions and party strife bound to occur in Austria, as has been the case in Germany, among the front-rank revolutionaries. How difficult it is to restrain the actions of such masters of the Nazi technique of persuasion, of men who are absolutely fearless and imbued with what they conceive to be a holy mission, is readily apparent.

In spite of their fervor and their understanding of Nazi theory, it is doubtful whether many of them realize that while Hitler was serving on the Western Front, during the war, a form of National Socialism which scorned the Church and castigated the Jewish influence was springing up in Austria, under the ægis of an Austrian lawyer named Walter Riehl. As the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has pointed out, Hitler came into close contact with Dr. Riehl after the war, and the relation between the German and Austrian brands of National Socialism grew apace until 1923, when Hitler broke with Riehl over the question of an armed *Putsch*.

With the failure of Hitler's attempt to seize power in Munich later in the year — the famous Beer Hall *Putsch* commemorated annually by those participants still living — the Austrian Nazi element subsided and remained relatively unimportant until 1930, when Hitler's astonishing success at the polls was the signal for a revival of the Austrian movement, under the guidance of the popular Frauenfeld. Within three years the number of Nazis in Vienna was estimated at over 50,000, and Jewish correspondents — who, if they erred, would likely err on the negative side — judged that there were probably 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 Nazi-minded in Austria, many of whom were occupying key positions in provincial government administrations.

Growth of the Nazi movement in Vienna was slower than in the provinces, owing to the entrenched position of the

Socialists. But the Austrian Government played into Nazi hands when it ordered the destruction of the Socialist 'menace,' resulting in a five-day civil war and the massacres of February 1934 in the Vienna suburbs of Floridsdorf, Simmering, and Ottakring. Never after could Dollfuss or his successor count upon the wholehearted support of labor, and when Dr. Schuschnigg, in his hour of need last March, made a desperate if ineffective bid for labor support at the polls, his plea for a united Christian Austria was recognized in Socialist quarters for what it was — the last despairing gesture of a dictator who could no longer dictate.

As the sickening process of *Gleichschaltung*, coördination, proceeds, it is well to bear in mind some of the reasons why the Austrian Nazis encounter more resistance in Vienna and in other industrial centres than in agricultural districts. National Socialism in Austria, as in Germany, draws its greatest strength from the peasant and from the petty bourgeois in towns and cities. As the result of various agrarian reforms introduced since the war, the peasant found himself assured of sufficient land to feed himself and his family. Actually these reforms were instituted, as M. W. Fodor brilliantly reveals in his book, *Plot and Counter-Plot in Central Europe*, by Socialists aiming to relieve the downtrodden peasantry; yet agricultural elements, finding themselves proprietors, however small, tended to discourage any move by industrial workers that would seem to endanger their hard-won holdings. This explains in part the early success of the Austrian Nazis in winning over the provinces by means of catch phrases emphasizing the 'Bolshevism' of the Socialist element in the cities and the all-importance of 'blood' and 'land.' In Vienna, non-Nazis long outnumbered Nazis, — indeed, prior to Hitler's coup the Nazis claimed no more than 20 per cent of Vienna's votes, — and, no matter what the show of hands reveals to-day, it is easy to see why the

sternest oppression has made itself evident there.

## IV

In 1934 more than 200,000 Jews were registered as Austrian citizens, of whom a large percentage dwell in the Leopoldstadt district of Vienna. That this area will presently assume more and more the character of the mediæval ghetto appears a foregone conclusion, judging from the 'mopping-up' process of recent weeks. For years nationalist elements in Vienna have circulated news sheets caricaturing the Jewish nature and portraying the international Jew as the scourge of mankind; indeed it was in Vienna that Hitler bought his first anti-Semitic brochure, and, as he states in *Mein Kampf*, 'wherever I went I saw only Jews, and the more I saw of them, the more I realized how different they were from other people.'

Those early years in Vienna encompassed some of the bitterest experiences of Hitler's life; how different his entry into the city last March as a liberator and semi-divinity! And now once again must the world cope with the problem of political refugees, particularly those hapless Jewish residents of the business area north of the Danube Canal, now shuttered and dark.

Nonetheless, it is a fact that some quality inherent in the Austrian temperament prevents complete acceptance of the assorted 'cure-alls' contained in *Mein Kampf*. No nation had greater cause to rail at the provisions of the Versailles and St. Germain treaties than Austria, and Austrian Nazis have grown hoarse time and again from shouting down the injustices imposed by 'Wilson, that idealist'; yet never have Austrians felt impelled to assert themselves in the sense that Germany has — that is, to overcome a crushing sense of inferiority. Germany's plaint has long been, 'Nobody loves us!' But everybody loves the Austrian. He is unpretentious, friendly, humorous, athletic, an excellent dancer

and a welcome companion — virtues easy to come by, perhaps, but many a German would give a good deal to be credited with possessing them. As yet, fortunately, the world has no indisputable proof that the fundamental characteristics of a nation may be altered by repeated doses of Nazi discipline.

When relations between the two countries were particularly strained in 1933 and Germany imposed a 1000-mark fee for an Austrian visa, it was a lonely experience, except in festival times, to cross the German-Austrian frontier by train. Traveling from Munich to Salzburg, the train customarily rolled across the border with only two or three passengers aboard. In the opposite direction the same phenomenon was evident. In both frontier stations guards made a point of confiscating alien newspapers; tendentious news, and therefore dangerous, was the official explanation for this action. Now the 'frontier,' in its official sense, no longer exists, and increasing hordes of Germans are swarming into the ideal vacation land of the Austrian Tyrol, urged on by skillfully directed appeals to become acquainted with the farther limits of the new 'German' Reich. Mussolini is indeed well advised to ponder the future of the 300,000 Germans of the South Tyrol, now living on Italian soil.

Less interesting but more important are the heavily laden freight trains puffing their way northward from distributing points in what used to be the neighboring state of Austria. Iron ore from the Erzberg to feed the mighty Krupp furnaces and so to hasten Germany's rearmament; lumber and dairy products, vital necessities to the German Four-Year Plan for self-sufficiency — these were not mentioned by Hitler as contributing factors in Germany's eagerness to extend her frontier southward when he proclaimed the union on March 12, 1938.

In March 1931, Austrian Chancellor Shober concluded a customs-union pact

with Germany, which through the intervention of France and Italy, and through pressure brought to bear upon the Austrian Chancellor and Chancellor Brüning by French Foreign Minister Paul-Boncour and Mussolini, came to naught. The outstanding reason advanced by the two nations for their action was that Austria's independence had to be preserved. To-day France and Italy must contend with an enlarged Germany,

73,000,000 strong, and the shadow of Hitler over Europe grows ever more ominous. It is not inconceivable that the world may yet acknowledge the scuttling of the customs-union pact of 1931 as one of the great diplomatic blunders of the post-war period; for, had it been allowed to become effective, — who knows? — Austria might still be that same 'miserable spittoon' Mussolini was kicking around ten years ago.

## CZECH AND GERMAN

BY M. W. FODOR

### I

IT was in the 'works hotel' of a mighty iron and steelworks in a district where Czechs, Germans, and Poles were living together in close community. My host, a prominent engineer of the steelworks, ushered me into the canteen, and though we were still in the long corridor he yelled in his stentorian voice: 'Waitress, beer here, beer here! For Heaven's sake — *Um Gottes willen* — bee-er! We are thirsty! *Wir haben ein Durst!*'

An ample-waisted Czech waitress soon brought along two large mugs of beer, and my host introduced me to his friends who were seated round a big table. They were apparently all Sudeten Germans, for they spoke German, and, like their Teutonic brethren across the frontier, many had scars on their faces, received at *Mensuren* — student duels.

I noticed that the people at the next table spoke Czech, and at the third, Polish. My host seemed to have noted my astonishment and explained: 'Naturally the various nationalities segregate here — we all prefer to be amongst our own people.'

The conversation that followed at my table was for the most part a steady flow of abuse of the existing régime. 'These Czechs are ruining us, and the government does nothing about it! There remains but one remedy: we must throw in our lot with the Germans across the frontier. We must become part and parcel of the Hohenzollern Reich.'

The incident which I have just described occurred twenty-five years ago, in the spring of 1913. A visit to the same district a quarter of a century later shows that, though many things have changed, the situation there to-day remains fundamentally the same. And yet there have been, indeed, mighty changes. Then an Imperial Austria ruled in the Sudeten German parts. To-day the Czechs are the masters. But the Sudeten Germans complained as bitterly twenty-five years ago as they do to-day.

'The *Sudeten-Deutsche* were the grave-diggers of the old Hapsburg Monarchy,' a leading Austrian legitimist declared only recently. And now the Sudeten



Germans would like to be the gravediggers of the Czechoslovak Republic. They are assisted by the open support and the secret resources of their powerful Nazi friends across the frontier. Yet a tough, Prussian-like Czech ruling class guards its present possessions more watchfully than did the Hapsburgs.

The problem of the Sudeten Germans of Czechoslovakia contains all the elements that are wont to poison life in contemporary Europe; it involves the conflict between two powerful nationalities, it embraces the all-too-familiar 'depressed areas,' and it has the characteristics of an ideological struggle. Each of these elements is enough in itself to cause complications; together they make this one of the major problems of Europe.

A radical solution of the minority problem in Central Europe is impossible, because national minorities live next to each other and interlap in a way that makes the drawing of clear-cut frontiers out of the question. On an automobile trip which took me over a stretch of more than six hundred miles within the Czechoslovak Republic, I passed repeatedly from German into Czech districts, and back again. When we drove through rich agricultural country with gently undulating hills, Nordic fair hair and blue eyes predominated in the towns and villages; these were Czech districts. When we came to mountainous regions with many factories and industrial enterprises and a population for the most part brown-haired and brown-eyed, these were German districts.

During this journey, which revealed the predominantly Nordic type of the Czech population, I could not help thinking how hypocritical is the racial pretension of the National Socialists in Germany. All the allies or friends of Germany belong to races which are classed as inferior by the Nazi anthropologists and racial research workers: Japan can hardly be described as being inhabited by Aryans; Hungary is in-

habited by the only non-Aryan population in Central Europe; and Italy belongs to the Mediterranean race often referred to by Nazi purifiers as 'infected' by Negro blood. But the Third Reich's *enemy*, the Czechs, according to the present possessors of power in Germany, show all the physical attributes of the Nordic type which is proclaimed as the ideal for the model Nazi!

## II

The uneven distribution of Germans throughout Czechoslovakia becomes evident on an automobile trip such as ours across the country. It is generally supposed, for instance, that the chain of the Sudetic Mountains which surrounds Bohemia on three sides is the backbone of the German settlements; but even here, at Nachod, the Czech population cuts across the German belt right into German Reich territory. From Braunau on, however, there is an almost unbroken belt of German settlement five hundred miles long. At some places this belt is fifty miles wide, at others only two miles or less; near Mies a Czech language enclave pushes into it. Important German language enclaves are found near Jglau (Jihlava), Brünn (Brno), and Melnik.

On our way from Austria, Brno, capital of Moravia, was the first important German city. Here the followers of the Nazi Konrad Henlein were only too ready to pour out their hearts to us. They pointed out that this was an important German city even before the war. One Henlein follower told us: 'This city was 85 per cent German before the war; now it is alleged that the Germans number less than 20 per cent.' The 20 per cent, of course, is an important limit for minorities. If in any town or village the national minority, according to the official census, reaches 20 per cent or more, then German may be used on shop inscriptions, and the language of the administration must include both Czech and German.

The complaint of the Henlein supporters, however, was exaggerated, for Austrian statistics indicate that Brno had a population of 86,000 at the turn of the century, of which 60 per cent were Germans and 40 per cent Czechs. The reduction of the proportion of the Germans is due to the fact that after the war Brno became an important administrative and trading centre, and its population increased in a third of a century to 300,000, of which about 20 per cent were Germans. In the beginning of their rule, the Czechs employed chiefly their own people in the state administration, and this helped to swell the ranks of the Czech populace. But the Czechs could also argue that the large number of Germans in the administration before the war helped to increase the proportion of Germans.

Since Brno is enjoying a boom at present, the complaints of the Germans were prompted by racial rather than economic considerations.

It was after Littovel that we sighted the next German city: Müglitz (Mohelnice). The inscriptions in both languages revealed that a strong German minority dwelled within the walls of this pretty market town. Then followed the German Mährisch-Hohenstadt (Zabreh), with the fine castle of the Princes Liechtenstein and with linen and cotton weaving mills. Twenty minutes later our automobile reached Mährisch-Schönberg (Sumperk), which is one of the prosperous textile cities of Moravia. It is clean, well-kept, and predominantly German. Though the economic situation is good, the Henlein party have succeeded in making some headway. This seems to be for racial rather than economic reasons; Schönberg is quite near the Czech language district, and conflicts even in the days of the Empire always developed more sharply in these frontier areas. Moreover, Schönberg is only twelve miles distant from the German frontier!

We talked with all kinds of people in

Schönberg; in the cafés, in restaurants, in the German Vereinshaus, which seems to be the headquarters of the Henlein people, in the shops and in the streets. The young followers of Henlein complained bitterly about the Czechs. One boasted that he was arrested the other day for possessing a swastika in his house. But after a few hours' arrest he was released. I wonder what would have been his lot in Germany if the Gestapo had found, let us say, a Communist star in his possession?

Complaints were, in fact, prompted more by hatred than by actual grievances. The Henlein people complained that the Czechs are erecting concrete barriers on the roads leading from Germany to Czechoslovakia so that no automobile or motor lorry shall dash past the frontier. Every municipality has to pay for these barriers out of its own pocket.

But a commercial traveler, just the kind of man one would expect to be a supporter of Henlein, told me: 'We realize that we cannot expect anything from across the frontier. Certainly we are not prepared to live without butter or eggs, as our friends over the frontier; we do not want to wear cheap substitutes for our textiles. Moreover, we still attribute great value to freedom. I am a German, but I am satisfied with the present régime. We do good business, and in these days that is all we ask for.'

### III

From Mährisch-Schönberg we intended to drive into Silesia, where another important section of the Sudeten Germans live. But our automobile stuck fast in snowdrifts on the winding pass leading across the Rothberg, and we had no other choice but to abandon our plan to visit the Silesian minority. At least we learned that the Germans would be likely to have great difficulty in crossing Silesia. Yet it is generally believed that the plans of the German general staff in-

volve cutting off Bohemia from the rest of Czechoslovakia by simultaneous thrusts southwards from German Silesia toward Czech Silesia and northwards through the Danube Valley across Austria.

After our return to Mährisch-Schönberg we detoured and visited the frontier at a point where Germany makes a considerable indentation into Bohemian territory. Across the frontier the area is called the Glatz district, Glatz having been an important German fortress in the old days, while the nearest city on the German side is the well-known market town, Mittelwalde. This district, with the Grosser Schneeberg, 4665 feet high, in German possession, has much strategical importance. But the feverishly constructed Czech fortifications on the Rothberg, and the 4888-foot Altvater only twenty miles away, help to compensate the German advantage in the Glatz pocket.

We traveled back to Rothwasser, and again had to climb a high pass with dangerous turns, icy and snow-covered. When we descended into the valley the villages and cities were again all Czech, though we remained only ten or fifteen miles distant from the German frontier. It was nightfall before we reached Königgrätz, now called Hradec Kralove, a really beautiful city, with a magnificent old church and city hall and fine modern buildings.

Early next morning we drove on, through purely Czech districts, in quest of the Sudeten Germans. After motoring ninety miles (we were never more than twenty miles distant from the German frontier) we reached Libenau, where the twin inscription of the local inn, 'Gasthaus — Hostinec,' suggested that we were once more in a district with a strong German minority. After traveling through German cities like Saskal we at last reached Reichenberg (Liberec), once the stronghold of the Bohemian textile industry.

We arrived on the day the Henlein party met in the old Schützenhaus, the

'hunters' club.' Six deputies from the Prague Parliament, all belonging to the Henlein party, were present. When I told local functionaries that I represented American publications, they invited me after the meeting to a private room in a café, and there I was able to discuss the situation with the six deputies, the local district leader of Reichenberg, and other leading persons of the Henlein party.

The Sudeten German representatives poured out their hearts and explained their difficulties and complaints. When I argued that the Czechoslovak Government had made a declaration to German representatives regarding the extension of the rights of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, especially affecting the employment of a larger number of Germans in the civil services and allowing more schools for the German minority, the Sudeten German spokesman answered as follows: —

'The value of this government declaration of February 18, 1937, consists only in the admission that nothing has happened since 1918 in regard to the solution of the nationality question. It admits only that absolutely natural privileges of the minorities, guaranteed by the peace treaty, were not granted to us.'

Then he explained that the Sudeten Germans considered this declaration of the government valueless from the legal point of view, because it is not anchored in any law or decree — it was just the promise of the head of the government.

'On April 27, 1937, the Parliamentary Club of the Sudeten German deputies in Prague handed in a draft of a bill to the presidential office of the parliament,' he said, 'in which we proposed the passing of six laws for the preparation of a legal nationality order in the state. These six laws were: first, the protection of national rights by proclaiming the minority as a "public person" and equipping it with rights to which such bodies are

entitled; second, the establishment of full equality of Germans in all branches of public services; third, responsibility of the state for damages caused by its organs in injuring the economic interests of national minorities; fourth, a law against forcible denationalization of the minorities; fifth, the establishment of an obligatory register for all members of a nationality; sixth, an alteration of the law about the Constitutional High Court. Only if these six bills should be passed should we feel that the promises of the government were safely anchored in law. These six bills amount, of course, to a kind of autonomy for us Germans in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs could have their democratic institutions if they wanted them, but on the basis of the first bill we should have the right to a *Sprecher*, or spokesman, who would be a kind of *Führer*, and we could live a political life more fitting to our temperament and inclination, such as is led by our brethren across the frontier.'

Reichenberg, with nearly 40,000 inhabitants, is to-day about 80 per cent German. For miles in all directions there are factories — cotton and wool spinning and manufacturing mills, paper works, carpet and rug industries, engineering works, leather and hide, soap, varnish and lacquer factories. Thirty-eight of the surrounding villages live on the proceeds from their spinning and weaving mills — or, rather, they used to live on them. To-day the neighborhood offers a desolate picture. In the Katherinenthal, especially near Habendorf, factory after factory stands idle, the windows broken, the smokestacks cold. On one chimney birds were establishing their nests, on another grass was growing. Mills once employing 2000 hands now employ only 300; others, once with large payrolls, stand empty and derelict. Mill machinery has been sold to Yugoslavia or to Hungary, so that there is no hope of resuming work.

The people with whom we talked were Germans and full of violent complaints.

There is no doubt that the disaster which has come to the once-flourishing industries of the Reichenberg district is largely due to world-wide causes and less to the Czechoslovaks than to the Japanese, who are allied with the very power to which the Reichenbergers look for aid. Little help could, in any case, come from across the frontier; the Reich buys raw materials, not finished textile goods.

The Sudeten Germans also complained that most of the textiles contracts for the army were placed with Czech firms in the interior of the country. Consideration of future safety may dictate this policy: in wartime the looms of Reichenberg would be exposed to the big guns of Germany, whose frontier is only eight miles away.

The root of the trouble, of course, has been that until 1918 the Germans were the masters in parts of what is now Czechoslovakia, and after the war the tide turned. The former national minority, the Czech, gained ascendancy over the Germans, much of whose complaint is due to resentment of the fact that their former 'slaves' are now masters over them. The moderate Germans of the district explain that since 1926 at least three German parties have coöperated in the Czechoslovak government coalition, but not until February 18, 1937, did the rulers in Prague attempt any real solution of the grievances of their German citizens. The blame for the past cannot be blotted out, but the existence of a firm determination, on the part of the highest government quarters, to carry out the February agreement is not doubted.

In Gablonz (Jablonec), another Hellen stronghold, there were similar complaints. The Gablonz industries are different from those of Reichenberg; they are mostly in the hands of home workers and consist of the manufacture of glass beads. The glassworks are on the hills, some miles distant from Gablonz; in the city virtually every family manufactures

beads or other glassware on a small scale, destined mostly for the Far and Near East. India, formerly the chief market for Gablonz ware, has been lost through Japanese competition. It is even alleged that the Japanese spread the tale in India that Czech beads, which can stand the test of fire, bring misfortune, and that only Japanese beads, which crack in the fire, bring luck!

#### IV

While most of the Sudeten Germans deny any wish to be united with Germany, they do demand autonomy. Moderate Czechs explain that it is impossible to grant autonomy to a semi-Fascist party. It would mean, they say, the establishment of a Third Reich in miniature within the territory of a democratically ruled Czechoslovakia. Culturally, these Germans enjoy more advantages than any other German minority in Europe, and the present government is anxious to help them. On the other hand, however good the intentions of the Prague government, the carrying out of the February agreement of last year is by no means a simple affair. First, there is a good deal of sabotage on the part of subordinates — and, from a human point of view, this is not surprising. The Czech official who is asked to be kind to the Germans knows that he is hanging himself in the process; for each German policeman, postman, official, or tax collector employed means one less opening for the Czechs. Nevertheless, with patience and a fair amount of good faith the difficulties between Germans and Czechs may be amicably settled. Much depends, of course, on the attitude of the Third Reich toward Czechoslovakia.

The growth of the Henlein party in Czechoslovakia in 1935 was, no doubt, facilitated by the growing grievances of the German minority, but also by the incessant underground work of the Nazis. The Henlein party is securing open and clandestine support from Germany, and

Henlein, formerly a teacher of gymnastics in Asch, is a frequent guest at the Brown House in Berlin or at the Führer's house in Berchtesgaden. This German support of the Henlein adherents complicates the situation.

In her southeastern expansion policy Germany, ever since the Great War, has kept her eyes on three countries: Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. For a decade and a half the Polish Corridor was felt to be the sorest loss to the German Republic, but in January 1934 Hitler's Third Reich concluded a ten-year treaty with Poland. This gave a freer hand to the Nazis in their dealings with Austria. But in 1935, and especially in the spring of 1936, when Germany and Italy sensed the increasing necessity for liquidating the feud between themselves in order to assure the existence of the Fascist system of rule, it was necessary to eliminate the quarrel between Germany and Austria, and thus to do away with the last stumblingblock in the way of a reconciliation. With the July 11, 1936, agreement the danger of Nazi action in Austria seemed — temporarily at least — eliminated. This increased the pressure on Czechoslovakia, both internally and externally. At the end of 1936, indeed, it appeared that the German Nazis were ready to create trouble in Bohemia on the pattern of the intervention in Spain. It was the resistance of the Reichswehr which then frustrated the plan for such a diversion.

Early in 1938 it suddenly became Austria's turn once again. The recent Austrian 'peaceful' invasion was another attempt to isolate Czechoslovakia. Germany viewed with increasing misgivings the improved relations between Austria and Czechoslovakia, fearing that such Austro-Czech coöperation might become the starting point of a further collaboration of the smaller countries of Central Europe to form a defensive group against Pan-German ambitions. And so Chancellor Schuschnigg was 'invited' to Berchtesgaden. The Austrian Chancel-



lor, perhaps naïvely trusting that his host had not forgotten the rules of civilized intercourse, accepted the invitation and was exposed there to handling which he himself described in his speech as 'hard treatment.'

In the presence of General von Keitel (commander of the Germany army), General von Reichenau, and General Sperrle, the Munich air chief, he was forced to sign an agreement. In case of his refusal he was threatened with an invasion of Austria, for the Bavarian army was mobilized on the frontier. Thus not only did the Chancellor have to sign the document presented to him, after succeeding in gaining some alterations, but the threat of invasion remained until he carried out the chief promises in this treaty — namely, to make Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart Minister of Interior and Public Security, and to grant a complete amnesty to Nazis. One of the chief demands, however, was not published: the return to an Austrian foreign policy such as existed before 1933 — a policy parallel to that of Germany.

This part of the Berchtesgaden agreement was undoubtedly directed against the Austro-Czechoslovak *rapprochement*. The Austrian Nazi news sheet, the *Österreichischer Beobachter*, in its mid-February issue, stated openly that Hitler asked Schuschnigg to come to Berchtesgaden

to put an end to an Austro-Czech coöperation which apparently was not sufficiently discouraged by Count Ciano (the Italian Foreign Minister) at the last Budapest conference of the Rome Protocol States. Seemingly it was necessary for Germany to have a free hand in Austria and to bring Vienna into the group which wished Czechoslovakia's isolation. Nobody knows what surprise is in store for Czechoslovakia; yet all acknowledge that Czechoslovakia will be next.

The new German Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, has never been well disposed toward Czechoslovakia. Moreover, for the last twelve months the Reichswehr forces of the Dresden garrison have been increased to 100,000 men. Now, in addition, General von Reichenau, known to be the only high officer willing to execute the party's will, has received a command in Leipzig, sixty miles from the Czechoslovak frontier!

The plan of the Nazi Party is, of course, to foment revolt among the Sudeten Germans, and then to intervene. But intervention is by no means an easy proposition. It is believed that the Czech home forces could exterminate a domestic revolt within twenty-four hours; and in case of invasion Czechoslovakia can offer resistance for a long time. But war in Czechoslovakia probably means a general conflagration in Europe.

# LETTER FROM A DUTCH UNCLE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

*To Munson Havens*

BRUSSELS, March 15, 1938

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

Years ago I used to say Holland and Belgium had the worst climate in Christendom, and I truly believed it, but after sampling various extra-fancy climates in different parts of the world, I now think they have a very good climate. It is never very hot, never very cold, and you don't have the killing sudden shifts of temperature which raise Cain with you on our seaboard. It rains a lot, and the wind blows more or less, but you soon get used to that, and it gives you just about enough resistance to keep you fit. Some say that bucking the weather is mostly what makes the Dutch and Belgians so sturdy, while others say that only the sturdy ones survive. I don't know which is right, so take your choice — both the same price.

Long experience has taught me that when the natives of a country have n't a single good word to say for it, that country always turns out to be a first-rate place for a civilized person to inhabit. There are not many such, but Holland is one of them. Conversely, I never yet saw a booster's country that I thought was fit for a dog to live in. *Eigenlob stinkt*, as the German proverb says, and you go around holding your nose all the time. There is nothing of that in Holland. You have all the faults of the country served up to you by the first Hollander you talk with, and served up good and hot; thereby leaving you

free to discover all its merits and beauties for yourself afterwards in the pleasantest way imaginable. Get a Dutchman started on the subject of his native land, and he will roar and belch and growl and carry on frightfully against everything Dutch. If you bear down hard enough on him, as I have been doing on those I met, he may finally admit that Holland has a paltry second-rate virtue or two scattered around out of sight somewhere, but you can see that it fairly makes his teeth ache to say so.

I maintain that this spirit is the very foundation of a decent society. You may take it from me that where individualism is so highly developed that nothing suits anybody and the people kick like steers all the time, you find an interesting life, a life which has savor and depth. A booster's country insists on a level of tepid mediocrity and glorifies it — runs to it, as the late Earl Balfour said, like water to the gutter — and hence the trouble with life there is that it is *uninteresting*; it is lived entirely from the surface of one's being, not from its greater depths, as Madame Sand so truly says our life should be lived. If such great practitioners of the humane life as Plato and Dante were perforce dragged back into the modern world, one imagines they might do about as well in Holland as anywhere, perhaps better. It has been a refuge for such people at one time or another in the past when the rest of the world became dull and inhospitable, and perhaps it might still be a safe one.

Such an idea is death on patriotism, you may say; but what is patriotism? How do you define it? Would you say it is the spirit of loyalty to one's country? Yes, that is easy; but what *is* one's country? That is not so easy, when you think it over, is it? I'll tell you what I make of it. One's country is *where the things one loves are respected*, and true patriotism is the spirit of loyalty to *that* country. I hold that if Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, had been born in the Punjab and lived there all their lives, America would still be their country, because America is where the things they love are most respected; and it would be a sin against nature if they ever allowed themselves a spark of patriotic feeling for the Punjab or any other country but America. Conversely, can you give me any sound reason why Emerson, Thoreau, Henry Adams, should have had any sentiment of patriotism towards the United States, where the things they most loved are the least respected? I think beyond doubt they had it, but can you show me any reason in the realm of fact and in the nature of things why they should have had it? I know of none. Think it over, and let me hear what you have to offer, for whatever it is, I'll bet you can't prove it.

One of the strangest sights I saw in Holland was a full-grown steamship of eighteen or twenty thousand tons apparently walking across a meadow which stretched out green and flat as a billiard table as far as the eye could reach. There was a canal there, of course, but out of view from where I was. You get somewhat the same impression when your steamer pushes up the St. Johns River to Jacksonville through a solid mass of water hyacinth, giving you a perfect illusion of moving over dry land. Aside from the curiosity of the thing, a field of water hyacinth is such a beautiful object that it is worth the trip to see, almost; I had the luck to see it the only time I ever ventured into

Florida, so now I don't need to go again.

Another interesting sight was a new translation of the *Odyssey* into Dutch hexameters. It made me wonder why English and American translators have been so shy of the original metre, which I should suppose has every reason in its favor. A learned provost of Eton in the last century translated a few lines into excellent English hexameters, but I do not know of any other attempt of the kind, though there may be some; I am shamefully behind the times on translations, whether in prose or verse. Perhaps Longfellow's hexameters discouraged American aspirants, as they well might. He treated spondees as if they were solitaire diamonds and he dare n't use them; so you hop into the saddle on the first dactyl of *Evangeline* and gallop all the way through the poem with the infamous racketty-packetty of *quadrupedante putrem* jiggling in your ears to the very last dactyl, and are darned tired and bored. What struck me about this Dutchman's translation was his fine understanding of the demands which his metre makes upon the reader, as shown by his workmanlike way of sifting in spondees wherever they would do the most good. Dutch authorities told me that in other respects his translation is an excellent one.

Looking at the sixteenth-century wood carving in the Wester Kerk at Enkhui-zen, one gets an impression of the human spirit yearning for a perfection of detail and finish which is possible only by means of the machine. It is the same general impression which one gets — at least, I do — from all late mediæval and Renaissance sculpture, especially things like the filigree work that is appliquéd on the front of the cathedral at Albi. You might say it is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual longing for the machine; the machine, which should be capable of doing all sorts of wonderful and incredible things in the way of finish and detail, and doing them right, doing them per-

fectly, and duplicating them as often as you like with not a hair's breadth of variation. So too, when I see the severe plainness of our modern woodwork, its ostentatious abandonment of detail and ornament, — say, for instance, in our new domestic furniture, — I wonder if it may be evidence that the human spirit is pretty well fed up with the machine and its ghastly perfections, and is moving towards something else as blindly and ignorantly as in the sixteenth century it was wavering and wabbling towards the machine.

To my eye, Holland's chief physical charm is one that I seldom see mentioned, so I suppose most people do not think as much of it as I do. I refer to the exquisite soft light-effects, the exact like of which I have never seen on display elsewhere. What a late afternoon sun can do with a skyful of watery, spongy, white cloud-banks and a bare suspicion of haze in the lower air, is something worth going a long way to see; and when you see it, you get up a deal of respect for the Dutch and Flemish painters' efforts to capture that peculiar atmosphere and put it on canvas. The two-hour run by steamer between Enkhuizen and Stavoren is likely to put on a good show for you almost any day, but you had better not wait too long if you want to see it, because the thrifty Dutch are shortly beginning to drain the Zuider Zee; a big job, which is expected to add about 560,000 acres to Holland's arable area, and also to strengthen the country's great line of defense against its crafty and terrible enemy, the North Sea.

Speaking generally, I would say that the most agreeable sensation which one experiences in Holland is that of a complete and rather easy solvency. You can imagine how pleasant a change it is for one who comes into that atmosphere after a sojourn in countries which seem to be living mostly on the interest of their debts. Hollanders pay their bills, public and private, pay them when due,

and pay them in real money dug up on the spot, right out of their pants pockets. They are not much for keeping up their credit by sleight-of-hand or by kiting IOU's from one pigeonhole in the State Treasurer's desk to another. Hence their credit is good for anything they want, and their creditors do not lie awake nights wondering what kind of poker chips, if any, will be forthcoming when the bills fall due. They also manage to have a spot of cash left over, as a rule, which they lend out to advantage here and there; in fact, at the present time they are the world's prime lenders. You might not think it when you see the modest structures in which their banks do business, but they are.

I asked a Dutchman, who had been giving me the usual despondent line of talk about Holland for the best part of an hour, whether their jobholders ever cut up any such hookem-snivey capers with public money as ours do. He replied no, he would n't go so far as to say that; not that they would be above it, but I must remember that Holland was a small country where everybody pretty well knew what was going on, so if a jobholder tried to get away with any pawky bookkeeping, he would be likely to hear about it. The people were very critical, he said, always looking for something to find fault with, and the newspapers were also very critical and outspoken. I told him I had heard that the Dutch newspapers were the best in Europe. Yes, he had heard that too; they had to be fairly good to keep their business, he supposed, for Hollanders read their papers carefully and expected them to get things as straight as they could. Were the papers honest, or did the business office control their editorial policy? Yes, they were honest; the other thing did n't pay in the long run, because their readers would soon smell them out and would n't stand for it. Of course there were party papers; that was understood; but while they were expected to play the political game on

party lines, they were also expected to play it straight.

This Dutch brother might have been stuffing me, but I got my money's worth of entertainment out of him, anyway, for his attitude kept all the time reminding me of Caribou Sam's trial for horse-stealing, where 'the jury brings in a verdict that they're sorry to say the evidence ain't enough to convict.' Still, all I saw and heard in Holland bore him out. Apparently the people do keep a close eye on public affairs, and the newspapers seemed to me the best I had ever seen. This interested me because, as you know, Mr. Jefferson was always harping on those two strings. If the people once become inattentive to the public business, he said, their jobholders 'shall all become wolves'; and if a free press keeps them well informed, their judgment will always be sound and right.

The good and great old man may have been a little overconfident about this, or he may not; but at all events it struck me that from his point of view on human nature he could find a good deal in Holland that would please him. Holland seems not to be overgoverned; it has few laws, and they are comparatively simple and sensible, and are simply and sensibly administered. I was told that Hollanders are great hands for doing as they please, when and how they please; willing enough to be reasonable about it, but they don't like to have the police after them all the time. Hence they are suspicious of government, and the less there is of it the better they like it; and that was exactly Mr. Jefferson's attitude.

Their royal court seems to be run like any other thrifty, well-to-do Dutch household, and its mistress takes her job like any other dignified and self-respecting Dutch housekeeper of the old school. It is a great privilege to visit a country where the chief executive goes about as she pleases, afoot or on a bicycle, alone and unattended by secret-service men and plug-uglies; and above

all, a country where her doing this has no news value whatever. All Hollanders ride bicycles, and all Dutch matrons go forth to market with baskets on their arms whenever they are so disposed, — nothing remarkable about that, — and if the Queen is reputed to be a very close buyer, why, all Dutch housekeepers are close buyers. Thrift is a virtue in Holland; no newspaper could make even a paragraph out of it.

All this brought to my mind the curious fact that the less people have of natural dignity and self-respect, the stronger they are for investing their jobholders with a factitious dignity, and for surrounding them with a prodigious defense-mechanism of frippery and 'dog.' The last time I saw the late King of the Belgians, he was getting off a train, alone and carrying a suitcase — well, he could do that. Hollanders raise their hats to the Queen as she passes them on the street, but so they do to any other woman whom they recognize; or, for that matter, to any man. Pomp and circumstance may have had other uses at other times, but they now appear to be merely a part of the great general tribute which vulgarity is always paying, and apparently must always pay, to the real thing. When people know that neither they nor their jobholders are bred to the real thing in dignity and self-respect, they insist on the most grandiose substitute for it that money can buy; and the results are invariably most comical. Conversely, when all hands are more or less bred to the real thing, putting on airs about it would be regarded as mere disgusting nonsense.

I understand that the Queen of Holland is very little beloved, but it is not a Dutchwoman's business in any capacity to try to make herself beloved of people *en masse*. It is her business to make herself respected, which can be done only by an unswerving devotion to the great traditional integrities; and Queen Wilhelmina is immensely, almost fanatically, respected. So was King



Albert, for the same reason; and he, too, was as little beloved as any good monarch need be, or ought to be. Sentimentalizing weak humanity is poor business in any case, and sentimentalizing jobholders is the world's worst.

Coming down from Holland, I stopped for a few days in Antwerp to get the feel of a substantial square-toed Flemish town before moving on to Brussels. As a rule the Flemish, like the Dutch, incline to let things stay pretty much the way they are, and are laudably cautious about ripping them up to suit the fashion of the moment. Hence their towns and neighborhoods change mostly by an agreeably slow process of mellowing and erosion which gives a visitor a gratifying sense of stability to go with the equally gratifying sense of solvency which I mentioned a moment ago. When you go back to Antwerp or Ghent, even after many years, you can count on finding it about as you left it, and the life of the people still largely rubbing along in its traditional sequences. Someone has said that if you forget that the bicycle is a modern invention, Holland looks just as it did three hundred years ago. One could say almost as much for Flanders, though now one would have to count in the automobile with the bicycle in both countries, worse luck! I don't mind saying, if you ask me, that in my opinion the four arch-enemies of the human race were the inventors of the internal-combustion engine, radio, printing, and gunpowder. They have loaded up humanity with more moral responsibility than it would be able to swing after fifty thousand years of normal development. In a word, they have handed out four sticks of dynamite for a baby to play with — and golly, ain't he playing with 'em!

The first sight of Antwerp reminds one vividly of the curious fact that almost the scarcest thing in Europe is a church spire that is more than a couple of hundred years old. Generations of incredible enthusiasm, devotion, skill, and

labor went into the structure of the mediæval churches, right up to the point of putting on the spires, and then apparently something happened. Perhaps it was at this point that men ceased thinking in a long-established set of theological terms, and their enthusiasm dwindled. Was it so, do you think? Or if not, what did happen? The cathedral at Malines, begun early in the thirteenth century, has no spire. The great collegiate church of St. Gudule at Brussels, begun in the eleventh century, was designed for two spires, like Notre Dame at Paris, and, like Notre Dame, it has none. The cathedral at Antwerp, which was designed for two spires, has one and about one third of another. Work on the second one stopped at some time around the middle of the fifteenth century, and was never resumed.

This suggestive circumstance makes one wonder why cathedrals should be built nowadays. They seem illogical. The mediæval cathedral was an expression of a spiritual activity which was already most intense. The modern cathedral, as well as I can make out, is an instrument for galvanizing a spiritual activity which is extremely feeble and puny, thus putting the cart before the horse. I doubt that this can be done successfully, and I suspect that the modern cathedral will turn out to be more or less of an ornamental folly.

An ancient village near Antwerp bears the remarkable name of Old God (*Vieux-Dieu*; Flemish, *Oude God*). This always interested me. I have sometimes thought of moving there, so I could put that name on my letterhead, but I never got around to it. Would n't it amuse you to get letters dated from a place called Old God? I have heard say that the name is a corruption of Old Gate, due to a water-gate that was once there; but I fancy no one really knows. One could put in a lifetime on Belgian place names and street names without being much the wiser, probably, but one would have a lot of fun. For instance, Brussels has the Street of

the Six Young Men, the Street of the Quarrel, the Street of the Eclipse, among a hundred and more of others equally tantalizing. What young men, what quarrel, what eclipse, and why? No one knows.

About thirty miles east of Antwerp is a village which has maintained a colony for lunatics ever since A.D. 618. This was a religious enterprise, to start with, — the tradition is that it had its origin in some mythical miracle, — but it is now operated mainly by the State. About two thousand lunatics are boarded out among the peasants, and help with the farm work. They are not under restraint, but are contented and stay put. Odd, is n't it, that thirteen hundred years ago somebody should have discovered that working on the soil is good for lunatics, and that they like it; whereas the medical profession, by and large, seems to have taken up that line of treatment only lately, as far as I have heard. It reminds me of another instance of rediscovery that I ran into a few years ago at Bad Ems. The director of the springs told me that one of his chemists had just discovered that the Ems salts are helpful against pyorrhea, and they were seeing what could be done with working them up into a commercial tooth-powder. Then he showed me a report on the springs, written nearly four hundred years ago, which stated specifically that the Ems waters, held in the mouth, were good for pyorrhea. They had somehow missed that point in the report, and were properly crestfallen about it, as they might well be, for it is not often that German preciseness overlooks a bet like that.

I found the Belgians a little listless and headachy, especially in Brussels, after a two years' rampage with a New Deal administration which had been fired out shortly before I arrived. It was about as much of a success as our own New Deal at home, but as Belgium fortunately does not have our wretched system of a fixed term for jobholders, it could be got rid of

before it did too much damage; nevertheless it did enough. Statistics might show that Belgium is a little better off at the moment than France, but I doubt it. The New Deal here gave most of 'the benefit of the devaluation' to the banks and industries, thus putting them smartly on their feet, and gave labor a nice lot of attractive promises. M. Blum's New Deal in France, on the other hand, gave labor too much; and hence production in both countries seems to me to be in a shaky state, what with labor here rapping for a showdown on those promises, and French labor all for hanging tight to what they got. I don't know how it goes in France, but in this country the spread between wages and prices is so wide that the devil bless me if I see how most wage-earners manage to drag on. Moreover, if the purchasing power of Belgian wages two years ago be represented by 100, the pursuit of the More Abundant Life managed to bring it down to the present level of 95.

Why are New Deals? Simply, my dear friend, because of two almost universal superstitions. First, that natural law does not operate in the realm of economics just as inexorably as in the realm of physics — which it does. Second, that a government can work some sort of magic that will nullify or modify the operation of natural law — which it can't. These two superstitions are as widespread as the belief in witchcraft back in Cotton Mather's time. We have been brought up in them from infancy as part of the air we breathe, and hence we all firmly believe in government by sleight-of-hand — or should I say, in government by incantation? — and we all squeal like stuck pigs when we have to take the consequences of that utterly silly belief. There is no excuse for this, and no sympathy coming to the victims of their own foolishness, especially in the country of Franklin, Jefferson, and Paine, all of whom gave them warning enough. Eighty years ago Herbert Spencer dissected those superstitions right

down to the bone in a volume of essays whereof I'll make you a small bet that you can't buy a first-hand copy in the United States to-day without sending to England for it; and a bigger bet that you can't find an American publisher willing to risk reprinting them, even after five years of our calamitous New Deal, when you would suppose a few of our people, at least, might be glad to read something which would really tell them what is what.

Moreover, since I am in a betting mood, I'll pay you a liberal bounty for the name of every American man of affairs you can produce who has read those essays or even heard of them. I promise you won't get purse-proud on the proceeds. Well, then, have I any sympathy with the downtrodden and bedeviled American business man, now that his superstitions have returned to plague him? None that you'd notice; he has had too good warning of what was coming to him. The plain truth is, Havens, that these two superstitions have for years been breeding a choice job-lot of rotten brains among us, and we now have nothing but rotten brains wherewith to meet the consequences. Statesmen like Franklin, philosophers like Spencer, kept telling us that government's only proper concern with business is to punish fraud and enforce the obligations of contract, and beyond that it should let business strictly alone; but no, that was not good enough. We kept running to the government for subsidies, grants, concessions, franchises, and every imaginable kind of intervention and interference, coaxing it to stick its finger into every pie, until now at last the pie-dish is so full of fingers that there is n't room for any pie.

If you were here, you would see at a glance that Europe and America are floundering in exactly the same mess, and if you remembered Mr. Micawber's arithmetic you would have no trouble about seeing exactly how they got into it. I hear the 'business recession' in America

took people by surprise, but why? What could you expect? Taxes, wages, interest, all must finally come out of production; there is no other source for them to come from. Very well: if any one of these items takes too much out of production, the balance set by natural law is destroyed, and production breaks down. For instance, if you try to pay fancy taxes and fancy wages, you can't pay dividends, and hence you can't get capital, and hence you can't produce. Or, paying fancy taxes and fancy dividends, you can't pay wages, your work people don't eat right, and you can't produce; and in either case, that is all there is to it.

In the European countries, with one or two exceptions, the trouble is that the governments are taking more out of production than production will stand. British industry and finance have already been serving notice that taxation has brought the country right up to the margin of diminishing returns. Italy is flat broke, the people don't eat right, the dead body of Abyssinia hangs on them like the albatross on the neck of the Ancient Mariner, and Mussolini is now looking anxiously around for somebody who will be fool enough to lend him some money to go on with. Look into France, Belgium, Germany, and you will see exactly the same economic disorder in greater or less degree.

In America, I am told, it is estimated that government — Federal, state, municipal, all kinds — will next year levy on production to the tune of ten and one-half billion dollars. That is not what it will *spend*, but what it will *take*. What it raises in addition by note-kiting and similar knaveries is a first lien on production, current and future, but this sum is what it will take directly out of the citizen's pocket. Now add to this the volume of wages which production will have to bear when Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green get through with it, and then tell me how it is that people who can do simple addition and subtraction are taken by surprise at sight of a 'recession.'

## WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

BY LOUISE BOGAN

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, at the age of seventy-three, stands well within the company of the great poets. He is still writing, and the poems which now appear, usually embedded in short plays or set into the commentary and prefaces which have been another preoccupation of his later years, are, in many instances, as vigorous and as subtle as the poems written by him during the years ordinarily considered to be the period of a poet's maturity. Yeats has advanced into age with his art strengthened by a long battle which had as its object a literature written by Irishmen fit to take its place among the noble literatures of the world. The spectacle of a poet's work invigorated by his lifelong struggle against the artistic inertia of his nation is one that would shed strong light into any era.

The phenomenon of a poet who enjoys continued development into the beginning of old age is in itself rare. Goethe, Sophocles, and, in a lesser degree, Milton come to mind as men whose last works burned with the gathered fuel of their lives. More often development, in a poet, comes to a full stop; and it is frequently a negation of the ideals of his youth, as well as a declination of his powers, that throws a shadow across his final pages.

Yeats in his middle years began to concern himself with the problem of the poet in age. He wrote in 1917, when he was fifty-two:—

A poet when he is growing old, will ask himself if he cannot keep his mask and his

vision, without new bitterness, new disappointment. . . . Could he if he would, copy Landor who lived loving and hating, ridiculous and unconquered, into extreme old age, all lost but the favor of his muses. . . . Surely, he may think, now that I have found vision and mask I need not suffer any longer. Then he will remember Wordsworth, withering into eighty years, honoured and empty-witted, and climb to some waste room, and find, forgotten there by youth, some bitter crust.

We can trace, in Yeats, the continually enriched and undeviating course of an inspired man, from earliest youth to age. We can trace the rectitude of the spiritual line in his prose and poetry alike. And there is not a great deal of difference between the 'lank, long-coated figure . . . who came and went as he pleased,' dramatizing himself and his dreams in the streets of Dublin (the youth who had known William Morris and was to know Dowson and Wilde), and the man who, full of honors in our day, impresses us with his detachment and subtle modernity. Yeats, the fiery young Nationalist, rolling up with his own hands the red carpet spread on a Dublin sidewalk 'by some elderly Nationalist softened or weakened by time, to welcome Viceroyalty,' is recognizable in the poet of advanced years who does not hesitate to satirize certain leaders of the new Ireland.

Yeats's faith in the development of his own powers has never failed. He wrote, in 1923, after receiving from the King of Sweden the medal symbolizing the Nobel Prize:—

It shows a young man listening to a Muse, who stands young and beautiful with a great lyre in her hand, and I think as I examine it, 'I was good-looking once like that young man, but my unpractised verse was full of infirmity, my Muse old as it were, and now I am old and rheumatic and nothing to look at, but my Muse is young.' I am even persuaded that she is like those Angels in Swedenborg's vision, and moves perpetually 'towards the dayspring of her youth.'

## I

The Irish literary and dramatic movement, in general belief, rose, late in the nineteenth century, in some vague manner from the temperament of the Irish people. As a matter of fact, Ireland in Yeats's young manhood was as ungrateful a soil for art as any that could be found, in a particularly materialistic time. The native Celtic genius that Arnold had felt to be so open to the influence of 'natural magic' had been, for over a century, drawn off into politics. The Anglo-Irish tradition, having produced in the eighteenth century Swift, Congreve, Edgeworth, Goldsmith, Berkeley, and Burke, flowered no more.

The Land Agitation (the struggle of the peasantry against their landlords) and the Young Ireland and Fenian Movements (the struggle of the Irish people against English rule) from the '40s on had absorbed the energies and the eloquence of talented young Irishmen. Irish writers, as Stephen Gwynn has said, having been taught by Swift that written English could be used as a weapon against their oppressors, never forgot their lesson. The Catholic Emancipation Bill, by the efforts of Daniel O'Connell, was passed in 1829. In 1842 the Young Ireland Movement was given a newspaper by Thomas Davis: the *Nation*, whose motto was 'to create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil.' The *Nation* fostered, as well, a school of Irish poets. Their audience was eager for stirring and heartening words; the verse which

spoke to it most clearly was the rhetorical and sentimental ballad, celebrating the Irish race and inciting it to action and solidarity. This verse, when it was not written in the sentimental and insipid vein made famous by Tom Moore, was filled, as has been pointed out, with the hortatory gusto of Lord Macaulay. Versifiers used its forms with skill, and one or two — Clarence Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson — touched them with real color and depth of feeling. But there is no doubt that Irish literature, in the years between 1848 and 1891, had fallen upon barren times.

The year 1891 brought Parnell's death. The tragic end of a leader intensely hated and loved, and the loss of much political hope thereby, threw the national consciousness violently back on itself. Yeats has described the situation (he was twenty-six at the time). 'Nationalist Ireland was torn with every kind of passion and prejudice, wanting, so far as it wanted any literature at all, Nationalist propaganda disguised as literature. All the past had been turned into a melodrama with Ireland the blameless hero, and poet, novelist and historian had but one object, to hiss the villain, and only the minority doubted the greater the talent the greater the hiss. It was all the harder to substitute for that melodrama a nobler form of art, because there had been, however different in their form, villain and victim.'

At the breakup of the Catholic State in the wars of the seventeenth century 'Irish laws and customs, the whole framework of the Gaelic civilization, had been annihilated. Music, literature, and classical learning, loved by even the poorest of the Irish, had been driven into hiding, with only "hedge-schoolmasters" and wandering bards to keep them from oblivion.' During the years when the *Nation* was coming to be the literary force behind Irish Nationalism, traditional Gaelic survived in the minds of Gaelic-speaking peasants. Elsewhere



it had disappeared, and from these minds and memories it was rapidly fading. After generations of poverty and oppression, the orally transmitted songs and histories had become fragmentary. Few educated Irishmen knew them, since no educated Irishman knew Gaelic. The Irish language was forbidden in the national schools, and the sons of Anglo-Irish landlords and rectors who passed through Trinity College in Dublin learned English culture and English literature. Standish James O'Grady had published his *Bardic History* in 1880, but, since O'Grady was a champion of the aristocracy, the book made little impression on the partisan-minded country as a whole. When, in 1894, an Irish landlord with literary ambitions, Edward Martyn, said to another of the same class, George Moore, 'I wish I knew enough Irish to write my plays in Irish,' Moore replied, 'I thought nobody did anything in Irish but bring turf from the bog and say prayers.' And Yeats has testified in an essay on the Irish Dramatic Movement: 'When we began our work we tried to get a play in Gaelic. We could not even get a condensed version of the dialogue of Oisín and St. Patrick.'

## II

Where so much of the spirit of art had to be revived, so many of its forms repaired, and so tight a mould of fanaticism broken, a man was needed who had in himself some of the qualities of the fanatic — a man who was, above all else, an artist, capable of making an occasional compromise with a human being, but incapable of making one with the informing essence of his art. New light and air had to be let into the closed minds and imaginations of a people made suspicious and hysterically provincial through persecution and disaster. It was impossible to weld the opinions of factions, but all could be drawn into 'one net of feeling.' A man of sensibility, however, was not

enough. Not only insight and imagination, but ruthlessness, fervor, disinterestedness, and a capacity for decision and action, were required.

William Butler Yeats first appears, in the memories of his contemporaries, as a rarefied human being: a tall, dark-visaged young man who walked the streets of Dublin and London in a poetic hat, cloak, and flowing tie, intoning verses. The young man's more solid qualities were not then apparent to the casual observer. But it was during these early years that Yeats was building himself, step by step, into a person who could not only cope with reality but bend it to his will. He tells, in one of his autobiographies, of his determination to overcome his young diffidence. Realizing that he was 'only self-possessed with people he knew intimately,' he would go to a strange house 'for a wretched hour for schooling's sake.' And because he wished 'to be able to play with hostile minds' he trained out of himself, in the midst of harsh discussion, the sensitive tendency 'to become silent at rudeness.'

The result of this training began to be apparent before Yeats was thirty. George Moore has recorded how, on meeting him in London (having been badly impressed by his 'excessive' getup at a casual meeting some years before), he thought to worst Yeats easily in argument. The real metal of his opponent soon came into view. 'Yeats parried a blow on which I had counted, and he did this so quickly and with so much ease that he threw me on the defensive in a moment. "A dialectician," I muttered, "of the very first order"; one of a different kind from any I had met before.'

This intellectual energy, this 'whirling' yet deeply intuitive and ordered mind, with its balancing streak of common sense, had come to Yeats through a mixed inheritance. The Yeats blood, perhaps Norman, had been Anglo-Irish for centuries, and it is notorious that English families transplanted to Ireland often become more Irish than the native

stock. Yeats's paternal grandfather and great-grandfather had been Protestant rectors, in County Down and County Sligo respectively, and there had been eighteenth-century soldiers and government officials on this side of the family. Yeats's mother was a Pollexfen; her stock was Cornish — that is to say, English-Celtic. Her father, William Pollexfen, a lonely strong man whom Yeats as a child loved and feared ('I wonder if the delight in passionate men in my plays and poetry is more than his memory'), had settled in Sligo as a shipowner, after a career as master of ships. Yeats spent several of his childhood years and many of his adolescent summers near the town of Sligo, and from that Western countryside, so full of the beauties of lake, mountain, and sea, and from its people, who still had Gaelic in their speech and legends in their memory, he drew the material of his early poetry.

Yeats has told of the deep emotional reserves in his Sligo-born mother, 'whose actions were unreasoning and habitual like the seasons.' From his father, John Butler Yeats, a man of original mind who had been trained in the law but turned to painting and to the pre-Raphaelite enthusiasms current in the '70s and '80s, Yeats early heard that 'intensity was important above all things.' The father's passion for Blake, Morris, and Rossetti soon was shared by the son. Yeats had some English schooling; he later was an art student in Dublin. During this period he became a Nationalist. The elder Yeats had friends among Unionists and Nationalists alike, and, well acquainted with the liberal English thought of his time, enthusiastically espoused the cause of Home Rule. His son's Nationalism was both intellectual and emotional. He became the friend of John O'Leary, an old Fenian who had returned to Dublin after imprisonment and exile for youthful conspiracies; and Maude Gonne, a great beauty and successful agitator, was also an influence helping to channel his youthful ardor toward the more heroic

and mystic side of the Nationalist movement. In both of these people Yeats felt imaginative and courageous character which transcended political bigotry and dogma. At no time, from the beginning of his career onward, did he for a moment yield to the hard letter of Irish politics. It was the spirit in those politics he wished to strengthen and make serviceable. His ends, and the means to bring about his ends, were always clear in his mind. 'We cannot move the peasants and the educated classes in Ireland by writing about politics or about Gaelic, but we may move them by becoming men of letters and expressing primary truths in ways appropriate to this country.'

His art was poetry, and, almost from the first, he used that art as a tool, his avowed purpose being to rid the literature of his country from the insincere, provincial, and hampering forms of 'the election rhyme and the pamphlet.'

### III

The music of Yeats's early poetic efforts was in part derived from Morris and Shelley. The earliest poems, published in the *Dublin University Review* in 1886, paid youth's tribute to romantic subjects and foreign landscape: Spain, India, Arcadia. The poems in *The Wanderings of Oisín*, published in 1889, celebrated Irish landscape as well. Actual Sligo place names appeared in them, and, along with imaginary words put into mouths of legendary Irish figures, Yeats had built poems on the single line of a song, or around a few words heard from peasants. Sligo continued to be the home of his imagination during the next ten years, when he was much away from Ireland, working as a journalist in London. His best-known early poem, 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree,' came to his mind in a London street, and expressed his homesick memory of an islet in Lough Gill, a lake near the town of Sligo.

In England he not only was drawn into the end-of-the-century literary move-

ment, but played an active part in shaping it. With Ernest Rhys he founded, in London, the Rhymers Club, to which Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, and Arthur Symons belonged. He knew Wilde and was published by W. E. Henley in the *National Observer*. Yeats went to Paris in 1894, at a time when Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *Axël* was exerting its power over the young for the first time. This poem, 'the swan song of romanticism,' a mixture of Gothic gloom, Rosicrucian occultism, and Symbolist poetry, was to influence more than one generation of young writers. '*Axël* or its theme,' Yeats wrote thirty years later, 'filled the minds of my Paris friends. I was in the midst of one of those artistic movements that have the intensity of religious revivals in Wales and are such a temptation to the artist in his solitude. I have in front of me an article which I wrote at that time, and I find sentence after sentence of revivalist thoughts that leave me a little ashamed.' Contact with such enthusiasm, however, did much to confirm Yeats's own belief in the importance of standing out for *l'art pour l'art*. He had been exposed, at exactly the proper moment in his young career, to literary excitement heightened into a kind of religious fervor. He brought back seeds of this stimulation to Ireland: to a soil which had lain fallow for a long time.

Meanwhile, in Ireland, an interest in Gaelic was growing. Douglas Hyde, a brilliant student at Trinity in Dublin, had learned Gaelic and had begun to translate Gaelic songs and legendary material into the beautiful Tudor English still spoken in the West. Gaelic idiom had been brought over into this speech, and Yeats immediately recognized the language, English yet un-English, in which he wished to write. His poetry soon took to itself not only Gaelic effects of alliteration and assonance, but Gaelic effects of rhythm: that 'gapped music' so delicate that it seems to come from the rise and fall of intonation in the Irish voice.

Many Irish people, particularly the young (as Joyce has testified), were haunted by the harp-like fluidity of these songs, and imaginatively stirred by the traditional symbols, the heroic Druid figures Yeats revived. But political societies and the press turned against his æsthetic purposes. The poems in *The Wind among the Reeds* (1899) were termed 'affected,' 'un-Irish,' 'esoteric,' 'pagan,' and 'heretical.' Yeats in later years was to admit a 'facile charm, a too soft simplicity,' in his early work. He soon began to clear his style of its symbolic trappings, to make it austere, flexible, resonant — an instrument of great lyric and dramatic range. Had he clung to the early style, with its long swing, almost like incantation, its heavy imagery, he would have limited himself unduly. Coming when they did, however, these evocations of Celtic beauty, heroism, and strangeness wakened, as more severe music could not then waken, Ireland's ears to the sound of its own voice speaking its own music.

#### IV

Yeats had the good fortune to form, in the late '90s, one of the most important friendships of his life. He met Lady Gregory when his need for a staying influence was crucial. He had not entirely escaped the results of the romantic violence let loose (more into their personal lives than into their poetry) by the poets of the decade, in their revolt against respectable bourgeois strictures. He has indicated the nature of his own crisis in *Dramatis Personæ*. 'When I went to Coole [Lady Gregory's estate in Galway] the curtain had fallen upon the first act of my drama. . . . I must have spent the summer of 1897 at Coole. I was involved in a miserable love-affair. . . . Romantic doctrine had reached its extreme development. . . . My nerves had been wrecked.'

Lady Gregory, whom Yeats met through Arthur Symons and Edward Martyn (Martyn's demesne, Tillyra, adjoined

Coole), was a woman of much cultivation and generosity of spirit. Yeats had lost the power to impose upon himself regular habits of work. Lady Gregory, who was later to write out the Irish legends in the simple speech of the peasants of her countryside, took him from cottage to cottage collecting folklore. Coole and its environs were to give the mature Yeats a background for his later work, as Sligo had given him a scene for his earlier. With his technical apprenticeship and his most excessive enthusiasms behind him, Yeats turned away from the middle-class culture of Dublin to the people of Galway farms and villages. 'Folk is our refuge from vulgarity.' Once he had regained 'a tolerable industry,' his grasp on reality was further strengthened by the struggle to found what was to become the Abbey Theatre. To this task he and Lady Gregory, with the help of Edward Martyn and George Moore, now applied themselves.

Yeats knew that nothing was read in Ireland but 'prayer books, newspapers, and popular novels.' He also knew that the Irish had been trained, by politics and the Church, to listen. They were a potential audience, in the primary sense of that word. He had already formed in Dublin the National Literary Society, with the intention of giving 'opportunity to a new generation of critics and writers to denounce the propagandist verse and prose that had gone by the name of Irish literature.' He now wanted a literary theatre. He had written plays, but had no stage, unless it were the stage of small halls, where they could be presented.

Against him were ranged the entrenched powers of the commercial theatre, the Church, and the press, the last two informed with the special Irish fear of 'humiliation' and misinterpretation, bred from Ireland's peculiar political situation. 'But fight that rancor I must.' He fought it for more than ten years, not only for the sake of his own plays, but for the plays of other Irish dramatists, particularly Synge. His own plays caused

mild trouble. Synge's *Playboy*, presented in 1904, brought on a week of riots and emptied the Abbey Theatre for months. But Yeats held out, against an enraged Dublin and an intimidated company. By 1912 the public had learned how to listen to imaginative drama with appreciation, to satiric plays without resentment. The Irish Dramatic Movement had come through, at the cost of great energy and courage expended by its founders. Yeats then turned away from the 'popular' theatre, and began to write plays which could be presented in a room by a few amateurs and musicians, plays which could carry his special music and dramatic formality with the least theatrical machinery.

## V

'We should write out our thoughts,' Yeats has said, 'in as nearly as possible the language we thought them in, as though in a letter to an intimate friend.' And again: 'If I can be sincere and make my language natural, and without becoming discursive, like a novelist, and so indiscreet and prosaic, I shall, if good or bad luck make my life interesting, be a great poet; for it will no longer be a question of literature at all.'

If we grant naturalness, sincerity, and vigor to Yeats's late style, we still have not approached its secret. Technical simplicity may produce, instead of effects of tension and power, effects of bleakness and poorness. What impresses us most strongly in Yeats's late work is that here a whole personality is involved. A complex temperament (capable of anger and harshness, as well as of tenderness), and a powerful intellect, come through; and every part of the nature is released, developed, and rounded in the later books. The early Yeats was, in many ways, a youth of his time: a romantic exile seeking, away from reality, the landscape of his dreams. By degrees — for the development took place over a long period of years — this partial personality was absorbed into a man

whose power to act in the real world and endure the results of action (responsibility the romantic hesitates to assume) was immense. Yeats advanced into the world he once shunned, but in dealing with it he did not yield to its standards. That difficult balance, almost impossible to strike, between the artist's austerity and 'the reveries of the common heart,' — between the proud passions, the proud intellect, and consuming action, — Yeats finally attained and held to. It is this balance which gives the poems written from (roughly) 1914 on (from *Responsibilities*, published in that year, to poems published at present) their noble resonance. 'I have had to learn how hard is that purification from insincerity, vanity, malignance, arrogance, which is the discovery of style.'

Technically, the later style is almost lacking in adverbs — built on the noun, verb, and adjective. Its structure is kept clear and level, so that emotionally weighted words, when they appear, stand out with poignant emphasis. *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1919) opens: —

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine and fifty swans.

Equipped with this instrument, Yeats could put down, with full scorn, his irritation with the middle-class ideals he had hated from youth: —

What need you, being come to sense,  
But fumble in a greasy till  
And add the halfpence to the pence  
And prayer to shivering prayer, until  
You have dried the marrow from the bone;  
For men were born to pray and save:  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread  
The grey wing upon every tide;  
For this that all that blood was shed,  
For this that Edward Fitzgerald died  
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,  
All that delirium of the brave?  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

On the other hand he could celebrate Irish *salus, virtus*, as in the poem 'An Irish Airman Foresees His Death,' and in the fine elegies on the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rebellion.

And Yeats came to be expert at the dramatic presentation of thoughts concerning love, death, the transience and hidden meaning of all things, not only in the form of a philosopher's speculation, a mystic's speech, or a scholar's lonely brooding, but also (and this has come to be a major Yeatsian effect) in the cracked and rowdy measures of a fool's, an old man's, an old woman's song. *The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair* (1929) contain long meditations — some 'in time of civil war' — upon his life, his times, his ancestors, his descendants; upon the friends and enemies of his youth.

The short plays, composed on the pattern of the Japanese No drama, which Ezra Pound had brought to Yeats's attention, — *Four Plays for Dancers* (1921), *Wheels and Butterflies* (1934), *The King of the Great Clock Tower* (1935), — Yeats made the vehicle for the loveliest of his later songs, for all his later development of pure music: —

Come to me, human faces,  
Familiar memories;  
I have found hateful eyes  
Among the desolate places,  
Unflinching, unmoistened eyes.

Folly alone I cherish  
I choose it for my share,  
Being but a mouthful of air  
I am content to perish.  
I am but a mouthful of sweet air.

The opening song in the play *Fighting the Waves* illustrates the variety of stress, the subtlety of meaning, of which Yeats became a master: —

A woman's beauty is like a white  
Frail bird, like a sea-bird alone  
At day-break after a stormy night  
Between two furrows of the ploughed land;  
A sudden storm and it was thrown  
Between dark furrows of the ploughed land.  
How many centuries spent  
The sedentary soul  
In toil of measurement  
Beyond eagle and mole,



Beyond hearing or seeing,  
Or Archimedes' guess,  
To raise into being  
That loveliness?

A strange unserviceable thing,  
A fragile, exquisite pale shell,  
That the vast troubled waters bring  
To the loud sands before day has broken.  
The storm arose and suddenly fell  
Amid the dark before day has broken.  
What death? what discipline?  
What bonds no man could unbind,  
Being imagined within  
The labyrinth of the mind,  
What pursuing or fleeing  
What wounds, what bloody press  
Dragged into being  
This loveliness?

## VI

From youth on, Yeats has thought to build a religion for himself. Early 'bored with an Irish Protestant point of view that suggested, by its blank abstraction, chlorate of lime,' he eagerly welcomed any teaching which attested supersensual experience, or gave him a background for those thoughts which came to him 'from beyond the mind.' 'Yeats likes parlor magic,' George Moore maliciously remarked, in the '90s. At that time, when religious belief and man's awe before natural mysteries were rapidly breaking up, the wreckage of the supernatural had been swept into mediums' shabby parlors and into the hands of quacks of all kinds. Many men of Yeats's generation took refuge in the Catholic Church. But Yeats kept to his own researches. He had experimented, when an adolescent, with telepathy and clairvoyance, in the company of his uncle, George Pollexfen, a student of the occult. He later studied the Christian Cabala and gradually built up, from his own findings and from the works of Blake, Swedenborg, and Boehme, his theories of visionary and spiritual truth. But he was never, as Edmund Wilson has pointed out, a gullible pupil. He invariably tried to verify phenomena. And to-day, when we know more than we once knew concerning the meaning of man-made sym-

bols, the needs of the psyche, and the workings of the subconscious, Yeats's theories sound remarkably instructed and modernly relevant. His *Anima Mundi* closely resembles Jung's universal or racial unconscious, and even his conceptions of Image and Anti-Image, the Mask and its opposite, are closely related to psychological truth.

Of late years, after a lifetime spent in efforts to break up the deadening surface of middle-class complacency, Yeats has drawn nourishment from the thought of the relation of eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish writers to their society. These men — Swift, Berkeley, Grattan — had behind them, he believes, a social structure capable of being an aid to works of imagination and intellect. The ideal of the artist built into his background, sustaining it and sustained by it, Yeats has termed 'Unity of Being.' He has striven all his life to give Ireland a sense of what such a society can be, and to make himself an artist worthy of the energy which built 'the beautiful humane cities.'

In age, he shows no impoverishment of spirit or weakening of intention. He answers current dogmatists with words edged with the same contempt for 'the rigid world' of materialism that he used in youth. He is now content to throw out suggestions that are not, perhaps, for our age to complete, as it is not for our age fully to appreciate a man who reiterates: 'If we have not the desire of artistic perfection for an art, the deluge of incoherence, vulgarity, and triviality will pass over our heads.' But adherence to that creed, and that creed alone, has given us the greatest poet writing in English to-day, and Ireland the greatest it has ever known.

Move upon Newton's town,  
The town of Hobbes and of Locke,  
Pine, spruce, come down  
Cliff, ravine, rock:  
What can disturb the corn?  
What makes it shudder and bend?  
The rose brings her thorn,  
The Absolute walks behind.

# LOVE IN AMERICA

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

## I

**A**MERICA appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem.

Nowhere else can one find a people devoting so much time and so much study to the question of the relationship between men and women. Nowhere else is there such concern about the fact that this relationship does not always make for perfect happiness. The great majority of the Americans of both sexes seem to be in a state of chronic bewilderment in the face of a problem which they are certainly not the first to confront, but which — unlike other people — they still refuse to accept as one of those gifts of the gods which one might just as well take as it is: a mixed blessing at times, and at other times a curse or merely a nuisance.

The prevailing conception of love, in America, is similar to the idea of democracy. It is fine in theory. It is the grandest system ever evolved by man to differentiate him from his ancestors, the poor brutes who lived in caverns, or from the apes. Love is perfect, in fact, and there is nothing better. But, like democracy, it does not work, and the Americans feel that something should be done about it. President Roosevelt is intent on making democracy work. Everybody is trying to make love work, too.

In either case the result is not very satisfactory. The probable reason is that democracy and love are products of a long and complicated series of compro-

mises between the desires of the heart and the exactions of reason. They have a peculiar way of crumbling into ashes as soon as one tries too hard to organize them too well.

The secret of making a success out of democracy and love in their practical applications is to allow for a fairly wide margin of errors, and not to forget that human beings are absolutely unable to submit to a uniform rule for any length of time. But this does not satisfy a nation that, in spite of its devotion to pragmatism, also believes in perfection.

For a foreigner to speak of the difficulties that the Americans encounter in such an intimate aspect of their mutual relationship may appear as an impertinence. But the truth is that no foreigner would ever think of bringing up such a subject of his own accord. In fact, foreigners who come to these shores are quite unsuspecting of the existence of such a national problem. It is their initial observation that the percentage of good-looking women and handsome men is high on this continent, that they are youthful and healthy in mind and body, and that their outlook on life is rather optimistic.

If the newcomers have seen enough American moving pictures before landing here — and they usually have — they must have gathered the impression that love in America is normally triumphant, and that, in spite of many unfortunate accidents, a love story cannot but end very well indeed. They will

have noticed that these love stories which are acted in Hollywood may portray quite regrettable situations at times and that blissful unions get wrecked by all sorts of misfortunes. But they never remain wrecked: even when the happy couple is compelled to divorce, this is not the end of everything. In most cases it is only the beginning. Very soon they will remarry, sometimes with one another, and always — without ever an exception — for love.

The observant foreigner knows, of course, that he cannot trust the movies to give him a really reliable picture of the American attitude towards love, marriage, divorce, and remarriage. But they nevertheless indicate that in such matters the popular mind likes to be entertained by the idea (1) that love is the only reason why a man and a woman should get married; (2) that love is always wholesome, genuine, uplifting, and fresh, like a glass of Grade A milk; (3) that when, for some reason or other, it fails to keep you uplifted, wholesome, and fresh, the only thing to do is to begin all over again with another partner.

Thus forewarned, the foreigner who lands on these shores would be very tactless indeed if he started questioning the validity of these premises. Besides, it is much more likely that he himself will feel thoroughly transformed the moment he takes his first stroll in the streets of New York. His European skepticism will evaporate a little more at each step, and if he considers himself not very young any more he will be immensely gratified to find that maturity and even old age are merely European habits of thought, and that he might just as well adopt the American method, which is to be young and act young for the rest of his life — or at least until the expiration of his visa.

If his hotel room is equipped with a radio, his impression that he has at last reached the land of eternal youth and perfect love will be confirmed at

any hour of the day and on any point of the dial. No country in the world consumes such a fabulous amount of love songs. Whether the song is gay or nostalgic, the tune catchy or banal, the verses clever or silly, the theme is always love and nothing but love.

Whenever I go back to France and listen to the radio, I am always surprised to find that so many songs can be written on other subjects. I have no statistics on hand, but I think that a good 75 per cent of the songs one hears on the French radio programmes deal with politics. There are love songs, of course, and most of them are far from romantic, and this is quite in keeping with the French point of view that love is very often an exceedingly comical affair.

In America the idea seems to be that love, like so much else, should be sold to the public, because it is a good thing. The very word, when heard indefinitely, becomes an obsession. It penetrates one's subconsciousness like the name of some unguent to cure heartaches or athlete's foot. It fits in with the other advertisements, and one feels tempted to write to the broadcasting station for a free sample of this thing called Love.

Thus the visitor from Europe is rapidly permeated with a delightful atmosphere of romanticism and sweetness. He wonders why Italy and Spain ever acquired their reputation of being the lands of romance. This, he says to himself, is the home of poetry and passion. The Americans are the real heirs of the troubadours, and station WXZQ is their love court.

To discover that all this ballyhoo about love (which is not confined to the radio or the movies) is nothing but an aspect of the national optimistic outlook on life does not take very long. It usually becomes evident when the foreign visitor receives the confidences of one or more of the charming American women he will chance to meet. This normally happens after the first or second cocktail party to which he has been invited.

## II

I wish at this point to enter a plea in defense of the foreign visitor, against whom a great many accusations are often made either in print or in conversation. These accusations fall under two heads. If the foreigner seems to have no definite objective in visiting America, he is strongly suspected of trying to marry an heiress. If for any reason he cannot be suspected of this intention, then his alleged motives are considerably more sinister. Many American men, and quite a few women, believe that the art of wrecking a happy home is not indigenous to this continent, and that in Europe it has been perfected to such a point that to practise it has become a reflex with the visitors from abroad.

It is very true that some foreign visitors come over here to marry for money in exchange for a title or for some sort of glamour. But there are many more foreigners who marry American women for other reasons besides money, and I know quite a few who have become so Americanized that they actually have married for love and for nothing else.

As for the charge that the Europeans are more expert than the Americans in spoiling someone else's marital happiness, it seems to me an unfair accusation. In most cases the initiative of spoiling whatever it is that remains to be spoiled in a shaky marriage is normally taken by one of the married pair, and the wrecker of happiness does not need any special talent to finish the job.

What is quite true, however, is that the American woman entertains the delightful illusion that there *must* be some man on this earth who can understand her. It seems incredible to her that love, within legal bonds or outside of them, should not work out as advertised. From her earliest years she has been told that success is the ultimate aim of life. Her father and mother made an obvious success of their lives by creating her. Her husband is, or wants to

be, a successful business man. Every day 130,000,000 people are panting and sweating to make a success of something or other. Success — the constant effort to make things work perfectly and the conviction that they can be made to — is the great national preoccupation.

And what does one do to make a success?

Well, the answer is very simple: one learns how, or one consults an expert.

That is what her husband does when he wants to invest his money or improve the efficiency of his business. That is what she did herself when she decided to 'decorate' her house. In the American way of life there are no insoluble problems. You may not know the answer yourself, but nobody doubts that the answer exists — that there is some method or perhaps some trick by which all riddles can be solved and success achieved.

And so the European visitor is put to the task on the presumption that the accumulation of experience which he brings with him may qualify him as an expert in questions of sentiment.

The American woman does not want to be understood for the mere fun of it. What she actually wishes is to be helped to solve certain difficulties which, in her judgment, impede the successful development of her inner self. She seldom accepts the idea that maladjustments and misunderstandings are not only normal but bearable once you have made up your mind that, whatever may be the ultimate aim of our earthly existence, perfect happiness through love or any other form of expression is not part of the programme.

## III

One of the greatest moral revolutions that ever happened in America was the popularization of Freud's works.

Up to the time that occurred, as far as I am able to judge, America lived in a blissful state of puritanical repression. Love, as a sentiment, was glorified and

sanctified by marriage. There was a general impression that some sort of connection existed between the sexual impulses and the vagaries of the heart, but this connection was not emphasized, and the consensus of opinion was that the less said about it the better. The way certain nations, and particularly the French, correlated the physical manifestations of love and its more spiritual aspects was considered particularly objectionable. Love, in other words, — and that was not very long ago, — had not changed since the contrary efforts of the puritanically-minded and the romantic had finally stabilized it midway between the sublime and the parlor game.

The important point is that up to then (and ever since the first Pilgrims set foot on this continent) love had been set aside in the general scheme of American life as the one thing which could not be made to work better than it did. Each one had to cope with his own difficulties in his own way and solve them as privately as he could. It was not a national problem.

Whether or not people were happier under that system is beside the point. It probably does not matter very much whether we live and die with or without a full set of childish complexes and repressions. My own view is that most people are neither complex nor repressed enough as a rule; I wish sometimes for the coming of the Anti-Freud who will complicate and obscure everything again.

But the fact is that the revelations of psychoanalysis were greeted in America as the one missing link in the general programme of universal improvement.

Here was a system, at last, that explained fully why love remained so imperfect. It reduced the whole dilemma of happiness to sexual maladjustments, which in turn were only the result of the mistakes made by one's father, mother, or nurse, at an age when one could certainly not be expected to foresee the consequences. Psychoanalysis integrated human emotions into a set of

mechanistic formulas. One learned with great relief that the failure to find happiness was not irreparable. Love, as a sublime communion of souls and bodies, was not a legend, nor the mere fancy of the poets. It was real, and — more important still — practically attainable. Anybody could have it, merely by removing a few obstructions which had been growing within himself since childhood like mushrooms in a dark cellar. Love could be made to work like anything else.

It is true that not many people are interested in psychoanalysis any more. As a fad or a parlor game, it is dead. Modern débutantes will not know what you are talking about if you mention the Œdipus complex or refer to the symbolic meaning of umbrellas and top hats in dreams. Traditions die young these days. But the profound effect of the Freudian revelation has lasted. From its materialistic interpretation of sexual impulses, coupled with the American longing for moral perfection, a new science has been born: the dialectics of love; and also a new urge for the American people — they want to turn out, eventually, a perfect product. They want to get out of love as much enjoyment, comfort, safety, and general sense of satisfaction, as one gets out of a well-balanced diet or a good plumbing installation.

#### IV

Curiously enough, this fairly new point of view which implies that human relationships are governed by scientific laws has not destroyed the romantic ideal of love. Quite the contrary. Maladjustments, now that they are supposed to be scientifically determined, have become much more unbearable than in the horse-and-buggy age of love. Husbands and wives and lovers have no patience with their troubles. They want to be cured, and when they think they are incurable they become very intolerant. Reformers always are.



Usually, however, various attempts at readjustment are made with devastating candor. Married couples seem to spend many precious hours of the day and night discussing what is wrong with their relationship. The general idea is that — according to the teachings of most modern psychologists and pedagogues — one should face the truth fearlessly. Husbands and wives should be absolutely frank with one another, on the assumption that if love between them is real it will be made stronger and more real still if submitted, at frequent intervals, to the test of complete sincerity on both sides.

This is a fine theory, but it has seldom been practised without disastrous results. There are several reasons why this should be so. First of all, truth is an explosive, and it should be handled with care, especially in marital life. It is not necessary to lie, but there is little profit in juggling with hand grenades just to show how brave one is. Secondly, the theory of absolute sincerity presupposes that, if love cannot withstand continuous blasting, then it is not worth saving anyway. Some people want their love life to be a permanent battle of Verdun. When the system of defense is destroyed beyond repair, then the clause of hopeless maladjustment is invoked by one side, or by both. The next thing to do is to divorce and find someone else to be recklessly frank with for a season.

Another reason why the method of adjustment through truth-telling is not always wise is that it develops fiendish traits of character which might otherwise remain dormant.

I know a woman whose eyes glitter with virtuous self-satisfaction every time she has had a 'real heart-to-heart talk' with her husband, which means that she has spent several hours torturing him, or at best boring him to distraction, with a ruthless exposure of the deplorable status of their mutual relationship to date. She is usually so pleased with herself after these periodical inquests

that she tells most of her friends, and also her coiffeur, about it. 'Dick and I had such a wonderful time last evening. We made a real effort to find out the real truth about each other — or, at least, I certainly did. I honestly believe we have found a new basis of adjustment for ourselves. What a marvelous feeling that is — don't you think so?'

Dick, of course, if he happens to be present, looks rather nervous or glum, but that is not the point. The point is that Dick's wife feels all aglow because she has done her bit in the general campaign for the improvement of marital happiness through truth. She has been a good girl scout.

A man of my acquaintance, who believes in experimenting outside of wedlock, is unable to understand why his wife would rather ignore his experiments. 'If I did not love her and if she did not love me,' he argues, 'I could accept her point of view. But why can't she see that the very fact that I want her to know everything I do is a proof that I love her? If I have to deceive her or conceal things from her, what is the use of being married to her?'

Be it said, in passing, that this unfortunate husband believes that these extra-marital 'experiments' are absolutely necessary to prevent him from developing a sense of inferiority, which, if allowed to grow, would destroy not only the love he has for his wife, but also his general ability in his dealings with the outside world.

## V

The difference between an American cookbook and a French one is that the former is very accurate and the second exceedingly vague. A French recipe seldom tells you how many ounces of butter to use to make *crêpes Suzette*, or how many spoonfuls of oil should go into a salad dressing. French cookbooks are full of esoteric measurements such as a *pinch* of pepper, a *suspicion* of garlic, or a *generous sprinkling* of brandy. There

are constant references to seasoning *to taste*, as if the recipe were merely intended to give a general direction, relying on the experience and innate art of the cook to make the dish turn out right.

American recipes look like doctors' prescriptions. Perfect cooking seems to depend on perfect dosage. Some of these books give you a table of calories and vitamins — as if that had anything to do with the problem of eating well!

In the same way, there is now flourishing in America a great crop of books which offer precise recipes for the things you should do, or avoid doing, in order to achieve happiness and keep the fires of love at a constant temperature. In a recent issue of *Time* magazine, four such books were reviewed together. Their titles are descriptive enough of the purpose of the authors as well as the state of mind of the readers: *Love and Happiness, So You're Going to Get Married, Marriages Are Made at Home, Getting Along Together*.

I have not read all these books, but, according to the reviewer, they all tend to give practical answers to the same mysterious problem of living with someone of the opposite sex. They try to establish sets of little rules and little tricks which will guarantee marital bliss if carefully followed, in the same way that cookbooks guarantee that you will obtain pumpkin pie if you use the proper ingredients properly measured.

As the publisher of one of these books says on the jacket: 'There is nothing in this book about the complicated psychological problems that send men and women to psychoanalysts, but there is a lot in it about the little incidents of daily married life — the things that happen in the parlor, bedroom and bath — that handled one way enable people to live together happily forever after, and handled another way lead to Reno.'

*Time's* review of these books is very gloomy in its conclusion: 'Despite their optimistic tone,' it says, 'the four vol-

umes give a troubled picture of United States domestic life — a world in which husbands are amorous when wives are not, and vice versa; where conflicts spring up over reading in bed or rumpling the evening paper . . . the whole grim panorama giving the impression that Americans are irritable, aggravated, dissatisfied people for whom marriage is an ordeal that only heroes and heroines can bear.'

But I believe that the editors of *Time* would be just as dejected if they were reviewing four volumes about American cooking, and for the same reasons. You cannot possibly feel cheerful when you see the art of love or the art of eating thus reduced to such automatic formulas, even if the experts in these matters are themselves cheerful and optimistic. Good food, the pleasures of love, and those of marriage depend on imponderables, individual taste, and no small amount of luck.

## VI

Thus the problem of love in America seems to be the resultant of conflicting and rather unrealistic ways of approaching it. Too many songs, too many stories, too many pictures, and too much romance on the one hand, and too much practical advice on the other. It is as if the experience of being in love could only be one of two things: a superhuman ecstasy, the way of reaching heaven on earth and in pairs; or a psychopathic condition to be treated by specialists.

Between these two extremes there is little room for compromise. That the relationship between men and women offers a wide scale of variations seldom occurs to the experts. It is not necessarily true that there is but one form of love worth bothering about, and that if you cannot get the de luxe model, with a life guarantee of perfect functioning, nothing else is worth-while. It is not true either that you can indefinitely pursue the same quest for perfection, or that if a man and a woman have not found ideal happiness together they will

certainly find it with somebody else. Life unfortunately does not begin at forty, and when you reach that age, in America or anywhere else, to go on complaining about your sentimental or physiological maladjustments becomes slightly farcical.

It is not easy, nor perhaps of any use, to draw any conclusion from all this, especially for a European who has lost the fresh point of view of the visitor because he lives here, and who is not quite sure of what it means to be a European any more. I sometimes wonder if there is any real difference between the way men and women get along — or do not get along — together on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. There are probably no more real troubles here than anywhere else. Human nature being quite remarkably stable, why should there be? But there is no doubt that the revolt against this type of human inadequacy is very strong indeed here, especially among the women who imagine that the Europeans have found better ways of managing their heart and their senses than the Americans.

If this is at all true, I believe the reason is to be found in a more philosophical attitude on the part of the Europeans towards such matters. There are no theories about marital bliss, no recipes to teach you how to solve difficulties which, in the Old World, are accepted as part of the common inheritance.

Men and women naturally want to be happy over there, and, if possible, with the help of one another; but they learn very young that compromise is not synonymous with defeat. Even in school (I am speaking more particularly of France now) they are taught, through the literature of centuries, that love is a phenomenon susceptible of innumerable variations, but that — even under the best circumstances — it is so intertwined with the other experiences of each individual life that to be overromantic or too dogmatic about it is of little practical use. '*La vérité est dans les nuances,*' wrote

Benjamin Constant, who knew a good deal about such matters.

And, speaking of the truly practical and realistic nature of love, it is a very strange thing that American literature contains no work of any note, not even essays, on love as a psychological phenomenon. I know of no good study of the process of falling in and out of love, no analytical description of jealousy, coquettishness, or the development of tediousness. No classification of the various brands of love such as La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Stendhal, Proust, and many others have elaborated has been attempted from the American angle. The interesting combinations of such passions as ambition, jealousy, religious fervor, and so forth, with love are only dimly perceived by most people and even by the novelists, who, with very few exceptions, seem to ignore or scorn these complicated patterns. These fine studies have been left to the psychiatrists, the charlatans, or the manufacturers of naïve recipes.

The reason for this neglect on the part of real thinkers and essayists may be that for a long time the standards imposed by the puritanical point of view made the whole study more or less taboo with respectable authors. And then the Freudian wave came along and carried the whole problem out of reach of the amateur observer and the artist. In other words, conditions have been such that there has been no occasion to fill this curious gap in American literature.

Of course, nothing is lost. The field remains open, and there is no reason to suppose that love in America will not cease to be a national problem, a hunting ground for the reformer, and that it will not become, as everywhere else, a personal affair very much worth the effort it takes to examine it as such. All that is necessary is for someone to forget for a while love as Hollywood — or the professor — sees it, and sit down and think about it as an eternally fascinating subject for purely human observation.

# SONG

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

STAR, on this sleeping town  
Cast your unveering rays!  
The clocks in all the towers  
Mutter their heartless hours,  
The gardens nod, and deep  
In her responsive sleep  
Shudders the feathery dove.  
O lift your eyes and gaze  
Across the night, my love,

Look, how the deathless fires  
All sprinkled through the skies  
Infect each mortal mind  
And the blue planets send  
Down to our winking eyes  
Hopes, dreams, desires  
Which all our separate hearts  
Gather, and for one single hour  
Flush into one vast flower:

Hear, how the streaming seas  
Their agonizing knell  
Enormously dispel  
Each hour, and on their knees  
The night's drowned lovers sing  
Of an imploring love  
And through the corals move,  
Yet of their melodies  
We hear nothing, nothing.

Listen, the silence falls,  
Music from all the walls  
Withdraws her healing hands  
And gently, fearfully  
Upon the cooling sands  
Sinks the uncanny sea.  
Ah, sleep, sorrow and death  
Falter and vanish  
At his incalculable breath!

Through her old miles the moon  
Scatters her snowy light  
And knowing it is late,  
The illusive night now past,  
Still waits as we still wait  
For the momentous noon  
Our curious hearts at last  
To brighten; and to bless  
Our blinding loneliness.

## LOST TWILIGHT

BY ROBERT HILLYER

ONCE with the grave Hesperides  
I drank the sunset to the lees:  
The evening star, the smouldering rose  
Of light that neither comes nor goes.  
And one by one the maidens chose  
Their cave of sleep in mist alone;  
And night, like closing doors of stone,  
Guarded my heart in deep repose.

But now day withers, night comes on;  
The tall Hesperides are gone.  
I surely knew them. Where are they?  
The evening star set yesterday.  
With lights that flash and words that flay  
The years go by me in this land,  
Divided sharp on either hand  
In light and dark like foes at bay.

There was a timeless time that seems  
One with the footfall of my dreams,  
Yet I remember it as well  
As echoes from a silent bell  
Or the sea sounding in a shell.  
Words fail when we would say these things,  
No phrase there is that speaks or sings,  
And what we know we can not tell.



# NATIVE

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

WHEREVER he walks, it will be through this forest,  
Shadow and leaves forever under his feet;  
He will always hear the sighing of hemlocks chorused  
Deep in the windy reaches of the street.

He will recall how poplar branches trembled,  
How raindrops clung to a birch's raveled bark;  
He will remember a bat's flight, unassembled,  
Like thin, cold flurries of wind in the rising dark.

He will always see the fox as it left the shadow  
Eager and still, with the eyes of a curious child;  
He will hear the wind blow hard on the pine-locked meadow  
Where ledges stood, and grapevines clambered wild.

Always, for him, the deer will come from hiding  
Wary and light as a leaf on the forest run;  
He will forever recall the partridge gliding,  
Or strutting a dry-leaved gully in splendid sun.

And these will persist: the fugitive dream he started  
Clings to his eyes like dusk, like a dim green hood.  
Now he will walk forever, his pathway charted;  
Wherever he walks, it will be through this wood.

# 'HOW'S THE MARKET TO-DAY?'

BY CLIFFORD B. REEVES

## I

**I**N the three months from August 15 to November 15, 1937, the market value of securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange declined by more than \$25,000,000,000. This loss of values was, with one exception, the greatest ever suffered in any comparable period of time. But, considered in relation to the small volume of liquidation that brought it about, it was by far the worst break in history. Moreover — what is more important — it showed the inability of the present market to absorb any reasonable volume of liquidation without wide-open breaks.

The increasing sensitivity of markets is one of the most serious problems facing the country to-day. Yet few people seem aware of its importance. If markets are unable to absorb either buying or selling in moderate volume without gyrating wildly, it is entirely possible that the system of private investment we have built up will turn into a Frankenstein that will destroy all future chance of general economic stability.

A man with 10,000 shares of stock in his hand, seeking a market, is coming to be a potential panic-maker, and more to be feared than a man with a bomb. It is getting so bad that when a broker to-day receives an order to sell a substantial block of stock he shakes his head and mutters to himself, 'Hold your hats, boys! Here we go again!'

'What of it?' a lot of people will ask. 'The movement of security prices is a matter of concern to only a few specu-

lators and wealthy individuals. What has it to do with the masses of the people?'

The actual fact is that the welfare of every individual in the country is affected by violent fluctuations in security prices. Best estimates indicate that about 10,000,000 American citizens are direct holders of securities of one sort or another. Moreover, savings banks, insurance companies, and other fiduciary institutions have many billions of the public's funds invested in securities and are dependent upon markets for an appraisal of the value of their assets as well as for liquidation of such assets, if necessary, to meet their obligations to depositors. Market quotations also serve as the basis for appraising the value of billions in collateral pledged for bank loans. But, aside from people who have either a direct or an indirect stake in securities, there are many other millions of people, regarding themselves as not even remotely connected with markets, whose welfare is adversely affected by the impact of market declines on the general economic structure.

Poor business is supposed to be the reason for a declining stock market. At the outset, that is usually the case — a falling market may be reflecting only a slight decline in business activity. But if the market cannot absorb selling in reasonable volume without wide-open breaks in prices, then unwarranted market losses become, of themselves, a reason for poor business. Cause and

effect become reversed. The cart begins to pull the horse.

Millions of people who suffer market losses, either taken or untaken, curtail their buying, and the rate of business activity naturally declines. The downward spiral is on. And next come serious unemployment, reduction of tax revenues, government deficits, and all the other conditions that go to make up a major depression, with untold suffering for millions of people who feel that the securities markets are no concern of theirs.

When the financial community stresses the need for a 'broader' market, many people think it is a plea for greater market activity — that is, more business for the brokers. Accordingly, they regard it as an insincere argument prompted by self-interest. Such people fail to understand that a market can be broad without being active, and vice versa.

In the decline last October, when the volume of trading on the New York Stock Exchange one day exceeded 7,000,000 shares, the market was certainly *active*. But it was by no means *broad*, because prices in many cases were breaking several points between sales. A broad market is one in which there are plenty of bids below the current market price, and plenty of offerings above it, regardless of whether sales take place at those prices. An adequate supply of bids and offerings affords a cushion on each side of the current market price, and makes it possible for the market to absorb either buying or selling, if necessary, without violent price changes. This is something entirely apart from the actual volume of transactions in the market.

Now, fittingly enough, one of the avowed purposes of regulating the country's securities exchanges was to prevent 'sudden and unreasonable fluctuations in security prices.' Paragraph 4 of Section 2 of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, under the heading 'Necessity

for Regulation,' reads in part as follows: —

National emergencies, which produce widespread unemployment and the dislocation of trade, transportation and industry, and which burden interstate commerce and adversely affect the general welfare, are precipitated, intensified and prolonged by . . . sudden and unreasonable fluctuations in security prices. . . .

But what has been happening?

A study, made by the New York Stock Exchange, of the recent price decline in relation to the volume of trading, as compared with other bear markets since 1916, shows that from August 16 to October 30 — a period of 64 trading days — the Dow-Jones Average of Industrial Stocks declined 27 per cent, which was a greater drop than for any other 64-day trading period studied, except between September 4 and November 25, 1929, when the Average declined 35 per cent. But in the 1929 period it took sales equivalent to 28 per cent of the total number of shares listed to bring about the decline of 35 per cent in values, whereas, in the 1937 period, sales of less than 7 per cent of the shares listed resulted in a 27 per cent decline in prices.

In the 1929 period, there was a price change of 4.36 per cent for each one per cent of listed shares traded, but in 1937 there was a price change of 12.54 per cent for each one per cent of listed shares traded. Stated another way, this means that in the 1937 break the market was nearly three times as sensitive as in 1929.

## II

In each of the eight bear-market movements that have started since 1916, the sensitivity of the market has increased. The price change, as measured by the Average in the first 64 days of the 1916 bear market, was only 1.95 per cent for each one per cent of listed shares sold; in 1919, 1.99 per cent; in 1923, 2.82 per cent; in 1926, 2.92 per

cent; in 1929, 4.36 per cent — the first big jump. Then, in the rather small decline that started in February 1934, the ratio of price change to volume increased to 6.92. In the decline beginning in March 1937, the figure rose still further, to 8.73; and the sensitivity index reached a new all-time high of 12.54 in the last decline. These facts make it clear that, although there has been a steady trend toward increased sensitivity since 1916, the greatest change in this respect has come about since 1934.

The sensitivity of certain leading issues has increased far more than is true of the market as a whole. The action of American Can common in comparable 12-day periods of declining prices shows that, in 1930-1931, the market in that issue absorbed 38,000 shares for each one per cent of price change, whereas trading of less than 3000 shares did the same price damage in the 1936-1937 period.

The story on U. S. Steel common is just the same. In the 1930-1931 period of rising prices, it took buying of 33,000 shares of Steel to change the price one per cent. In the 1936-1937 period, slightly over 10,000 shares of buying did the same trick. During periods of decline, the market in Steel common in the early period absorbed 43,000 shares of selling for each change of one per cent in price; in the later period the issue fluctuated one per cent in value on each 11,000 shares traded.

For each stock issue listed on the New York Stock Exchange there are one or more specialists on the floor of the Exchange who keep what is called the 'book.' This book is a record of the bids and offerings available for the stock in question, most of which are recorded with the specialist by other brokers. The specialist's book does not necessarily contain all buying or selling orders, for other brokers may have orders which, for one reason or another, they do not place with the specialist; but the specialist's book usually reflects most of the current buying and selling orders, and

is likely to contain virtually all orders at prices above or below the current market price. Hence an examination of the specialist's book reflects clearly the 'breadth' of the market in a given stock.

On three different dates during the month of September, 1937, specialists on the floor of the Exchange were asked unofficially to note cases in which there were no bids, or no offers on their books, or cases in which the spread between the bid and offer was at least \$5.00 on issues selling under \$25 or \$10 on stocks selling above \$25. The surveys applied only to active issues, the so-called 'inactive issues' being eliminated from consideration. The first inquiry showed 22 issues to be in the state described above. On the second checkup later the same month, there were 34 issues in those categories. On the third survey, the number increased to 46 issues.

Aside from these cases in which there was sometimes virtually no market at all, there are many other issues in which the market has been dangerously thin. One day in October, for instance, after the stock of one of the country's largest industrial companies sold at  $40\frac{1}{8}$ , the only offerings in the market comprised 200 shares at 41; 100 shares at 42; 100 at  $43\frac{1}{8}$ ; and 200 at 45. Thus the purchase of only 600 shares 'at the market' might have run the price of the stock up more than four points, which represents a 10 per cent increase in value. The issue in question has 28,000,000 shares outstanding. In 1930, during a period of market advance, it took transactions of 20,000 shares to bring about a one per cent change in the price of this same issue.

Another leading industrial issue, comprising 2,000,000 shares, sold at 156 one day in October. The next bid — for only 100 shares — was 154, and there were no other bids at all! On another day later the same month, the bid for another well-known industrial issue was 84, and the best offering on the books of the specialist was  $99\frac{1}{2}$ , indicating a

spread of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  points between the bid and the offer. These cases represent just a few of many that might be cited. They show clearly why the pressure of only a little buying can drive stocks up to unwarranted prices, and why a little selling can bring about an unjustified break in the price level.

Why has the market become so much more sensitive in recent years? The answer to this question is highly important to the welfare of the entire country; for if security prices henceforth are going to move up and down violently at the slightest buying or selling pressure, alternate periods of market inflation and collapse are going to make it exceedingly difficult to attain any real economic stability.

News — and news only — is what makes the average investor buy and sell. If all investors receive news together, they are likely to buy or sell together. But every investor is entitled to all the news he can get. And, as methods of communication improved, it was inevitable that investors generally would avail themselves of these improved methods to keep themselves better informed.

The stock market is like the old parlor diversion called 'Going to Jerusalem' — sometimes known as 'Musical Chairs' — which you probably played when you were a child. Someone plays a piano and everyone else walks around a double row of chairs, placed back-to-back. When there is no need to sit in them, it looks as though there were plenty of chairs. But when the music stops and everyone scrambles for a seat, there are n't enough chairs to go round. Someone always gets left out.

A market is just the same. When you and millions of other people walk around with a few stock certificates you don't want to sell, you read of the bids being made for your stocks, and there seem to be plenty. But when the sweet music of good news stops, and you all try to sell at the same time, you find that there are n't enough bids to go round —

except perhaps at shocking concessions in price.

The game is screamingly funny when played by children at a Christmas party, but when played by adults in the stock market it has been known to result in national calamity. All of which is by way of pointing out that concerted action in buying and selling by large numbers of investors raises a serious problem, unless the market is broad enough to absorb such buying or selling without undue damage to the price structure.

### III

Many years ago news permeated a community slowly, and this meant that buying and selling came into the market slowly. A few well-informed people received news first and bought or sold, as the facts indicated. Gradually the news spread and was acted upon by other investors, when and if they heard of it. Many of them never heard the news at all, and so did not take any action that would tend to accentuate a market rise or decline. Under such conditions, a broad market was perhaps not necessary.

But consider the system of financial intelligence that is available to-day to the smallest odd-lot investor. Not only is it amazingly comprehensive, but it operates with a speed that is almost unbelievable. When an announcement is made at 12.30 on a Monday afternoon that the rate of operation in the steel industry has declined 5 per cent from the figure of the preceding week, virtually every man, woman, and child in the country has had the news brought to his attention before the opening of the market the next morning. This simultaneous transmission of information to millions of investors has inevitably resulted in more concerted buying and selling.

The transmission of financial information to-day is a great industry. The system of financial intelligence is so efficient and reaches so many people that the question, 'How's the market to-day?'



has become almost the national salutation.

To supply the demands of newspapers for financial news, the Associated Press operates 34,000 miles of wires devoted exclusively to the dissemination of financial material, in continuous operation every day from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Complete tabular material — that is, quotations and volume of sales in all markets — is furnished by the Associated Press regularly to about 200 of the country's most important papers. More than 1400 newspapers receive from the AP a steady stream of general financial and business news. On an average day, it sends out on its wires about 32 columns of such material.

The United Press likewise operates for its member newspapers a financial service with a wire system running from coast to coast. More than 200 newspapers take all or part of this service, which includes approximately 24 columns of financial news a day, plus complete tabular matter. The UP sends out continuous quotations on all financial markets from 10.05 A.M. until the close of markets. This service covers every issue on all exchanges as well as all commodity markets. In addition, the UP's daily stock-market story goes over its general news wires to more than 1000 newspapers. The general news wires also carry closing prices of leading stocks and closing stock-market averages to this same group of 1000 papers.

But investors do not have to wait for publications of any kind to reach them. Nation-wide systems of news tickers flash developments affecting financial markets minute-by-minute as they occur all day long — dividends, earnings, production figures, and hundreds of other facts. Stock and bond tickers continuously flash quotations from the floors of leading exchanges as transactions occur. There are more than 2200 stock tickers and 300 bond tickers in the system that reports prices from the New York Stock Exchange alone.

There are more than 7000 brokerage firms and investment dealers in the United States at the present time, with some 9700 offices stretched from Maine to California. These financial firms last year maintained 310,000 miles of private wire for the transmission of orders, quotations, and financial information. As any good statistician will tell you, this network — which comprises private telephone, telegraph, and teletype lines — is sufficient to girdle the earth twelve times. Oh, shades of Mr. Rothschild's carrier pigeons!

There are more than 75 recognized statistical services that furnish hundreds of thousands of investors with regular information on a subscription basis. In addition there are between 4000 and 5000 investment counsel firms whose function is to supply their clients with prompt information and advice. A number of radio stations now broadcast stock quotations locally. News commentators on national networks often refer to market developments. Latest stock quotations are posted in crack passenger trains before their departure. One enterprising brokerage house used to supply quotations to leading air lines, furnishing bulletins of up-to-the-minute prices to each airport at which planes landed. Plans are now being discussed for a resumption of this service. Quotations are sent by wireless to ships at sea, and at one time complete brokerage offices, transmitting orders by wireless, were maintained on luxury liners.

Prices of leading securities are cabled to Europe at regular intervals throughout the market day. An investor in Europe is at no great disadvantage in buying or selling securities on the New York Stock Exchange. Some time ago, an order placed in Paris was cabled, executed, and confirmed back to Paris in less than thirty seconds! Such is the proximity in which we all live, as a result of our high-speed systems of communications.

Now, all of this is inevitable. You

cannot have a twentieth-century system of communications and expect that it will not be used for the transmission of financial information. Besides, no one wants a system that would keep the average investor in ignorance of developments affecting his securities, while permitting a few informed individuals to profit by exclusive knowledge.

But there should be a wide recognition of the fact that, under present conditions, the need for a broad and unhampered market is greater than ever before, if the market is to be able to withstand the shocks of concerted buying and selling that our modern system of communications is likely to produce. Otherwise, sudden rushes of buying and selling by a simultaneously informed investing public will result in dangerous fluctuations in security prices.

#### IV

The increasing efficiency of the financial news system is undoubtedly responsible for the gradual increase in the sensitivity of the market from 1916 through 1929. But since 1934, as previously explained, the trend has suddenly become dangerously accentuated. That date marks the point at which regulation, restriction, and new taxation theories were imposed upon the market, following the enactment of legislation intended to prevent 'sudden and unreasonable fluctuations in security prices.' It is becoming increasingly obvious that the practical effect of such governmental measures has been to increase, rather than decrease, security price fluctuations. If proof were ever needed that a high-speed communications system and a restricted market cannot be safely combined, there is plenty now.

Excessively high margin requirements, imposed in recent years, have greatly reduced the buying power that used to come into the market during periods of declining prices. People who owned stocks on margin used to buy more stocks at lower prices following a break,

thus supplying buying support to the market. Under the new government restrictions, the minimum margin requirement was 55 per cent until very recently. This meant that to buy \$10,000 worth of stocks an individual had to put up \$5500 of his own money, and could borrow only \$4500. Because of this extremely high margin requirement, many people, in making their original commitments, bought fairly close to the margin limit.

Then, if any decline occurred and reduced their margin to less than 55 per cent, their accounts became automatically restricted, and they were prevented from adding to their holdings. A test check of leading stock-exchange houses during September showed that the accounts of nearly half their customers were in this restricted category. Thus the tremendous buying power of those who already own stocks and have faith in the future of prices is bottled up when buying in the market is most needed. A recent reduction of this 'point of restriction' from 55 to 40 per cent has helped somewhat to alleviate this situation and released buying power badly needed in the market.

In past years, when an unreasonable decline took place in the price of a corporation's stock, the directors and officers of the company in question — who were usually good judges of the stock's intrinsic value — would often buy it in substantial amounts. In most cases there was nothing philanthropic about this. They bought it in the hope of a profit. But this informed buying did have the effect of stemming an unwarranted decline in price.

To-day, if officers or directors of a corporation do that, they must hold the stock for at least six months before they can take any profit. If they sell before the six-months period expires, they must turn any profits over to the corporation, or be subjected to suits by other stockholders for the restitution to the company of any profits made. They

are still entitled, however, to 100 per cent of any losses they suffer. Obviously few directors would care to take their chances under these rules.

The short-term trader, who buys and sells securities regularly, performs a very important function in the market. Short-term traders are usually willing to buy at a price a little under the current market price, or sell a little above it. Consequently they help to furnish a constant supply of bids and offerings against which long-term investors can buy or sell. People who trade for short-term profits buy and sell for different reasons from those which actuate the general run of investors. A market made up entirely of long-term investors is likely to dry up when it is needed most.

The short-term trader has very nearly been put out of business by the combination of high capital-gains taxes, increased transfer taxes, higher commission charges, and high margin requirements, which have made it almost impossible for him to operate at a profit.

The capital-gains tax also works to create unwarranted fluctuations in prices. Take the case of a wealthy individual who held a large block of stock in which he had a substantial profit. His bankers advised him to sell, but he found that if he took his profit his income for the year — including the profit on his stock — would be subjected to a tax of more than 60 per cent. He did not need the money, so he refused to sell, even though he agreed that the stock was priced too high. He figured that any probable future decline in the stock would bring him very little, if any, net loss. This was especially true because the tax on capital gains declines the longer the investor holds a security. If a security is held one year or less, 100 per cent of any profit is subject to the capital-gains tax. If it is held from one to two years, only 80 per cent of the profit is subject to tax. If it is held from two to five years, only 60 per cent of the profit is taxable. On a

holding of from five to ten years, only 40 per cent is taxable; while only 30 per cent is taxed if the security has been held over ten years.

Under such a schedule of taxes, an individual who has a large profit in the first year of holding can, by continuing to hold his security for slightly more than another year, reduce by 40 per cent the amount of his profit subject to tax. Even though the market drops substantially in the meantime, later sale at a lower price will often bring him a higher net profit after payment of taxes. Thus the present tax schedule provides him with a weird kind of price insurance. Consequently investors with large profits in a rising market are loath to sell. This reduces the supply of securities as the market rises and brings about an unwarranted inflation of prices. And the farther up they go, the farther they ultimately fall!

Many wealthy individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would be active buyers and sellers of securities have withdrawn their funds and placed them in tax-exempt securities because of excessive tax rates. This not only removes needed buying power from the market in corporation securities, but also curtails the amount of funds available for new capital investment in private industry, upon which the country's economic growth largely depends. Hundreds of millions of dollars that should be available in the market for corporation securities to-day have thus been 'sterilized.'

A well-known capitalist in New York said a short time ago, 'When people used to come to me with patents or processes to be developed, or ideas for new businesses, I used to advance them money if their propositions seemed to have merit. All of these ventures were highly speculative — not suitable for public financing. But I can afford to speculate. A man of my means ought to devote a part of his capital to speculative ventures and new promotions of that sort. The country needs such specula-

tive investment to promote new enterprises.

'Most of these ventures,' he continued, 'worked out badly. A few, however, were very profitable and developed into substantial businesses that employed many people. And, on the average, my profits in such ventures more than offset my losses.

'To-day, however, I can't afford to engage in that sort of activity. When I make a profit, I have to declare the government in as a partner — frequently to the extent of 50 per cent or more. But I still have to take virtually 100 per cent of the losses. It's a one-way street now. The game is n't worth the candle any more. And the same thing is true of investment in the securities of established companies. A four per cent income on a corporation bond means only a little over two per cent net after taxes to me. I'd be silly not to keep my money in tax-exempt securities.'

## V

The tax on the undistributed profits of corporations has also been an important factor in creating more violent fluctuations in security prices. A stock that has been earning \$10 and paying \$6.00 annually, and selling at a price that fairly reflects that dividend rate, may now suddenly have an extra \$4.00 declared because the directors decide to pay out all earnings, rather than a conservative 60 per cent, in order to avoid penalty taxes that seem to them wasteful. This sudden and entirely unsound jump in the yield of the stock has the natural effect of advancing the market price of the issue to an unjustified level, because it attracts buyers seeking high yield. The epidemic of extra dividends at the close of 1936 had much to do with

the market rise late that year and the subsequent collapse in the summer of 1937.

Furthermore, if corporations continue to pay out virtually all their earnings in dividends because of the undistributed-profits tax, inability to accumulate surpluses will mean, in turn, inability to continue dividends in years when they are not earned. Sudden cessation of dividends is likely to result in violent price declines. With dividends varying as widely as earnings from year to year, more serious fluctuations in market prices cannot be avoided, for the price of a stock bears a definite relation to the income currently being paid on it.

Correction of past abuses in the securities markets is a highly laudable objective which every thinking person will support. But zeal for reform should not blind anyone to the fact that the securities markets perform an indispensable function in the present economic structure, by keeping vast amounts of capital liquid, mobile, and dynamic. When regulation, restriction, taxation, or any other measures result in the failure of markets to perform their proper functions in providing liquidity at fair values, then reform defeats its own purposes. Properly regulated markets can be a great boon to our economy. Improperly restricted markets can be a great menace to economic equilibrium and a serious deterrent to new capital investment and economic growth.

Market developments of the past year constitute a clear warning signal that should be heeded. The recent debacle, brought about by a small volume of liquidation, calls for a thorough and objective examination of all possible causes for the dangerous increase in volatility of markets and a correction of all conditions responsible for it.

# THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE CHAUTAUQUA

## *Morally We Roll Along*

BY GAY MacLAREN

### I

ONE day I reached my Chautauqua town on an early train, went direct to the hotel, and slept until noon. By then the thermometer had begun to soar, so after lunch I strolled out toward the Chautauqua grounds, hoping the auditorium would be in a cool spot.

It was about time for the afternoon programme, and the stores were closing. Men, women, and children were swarming from every direction. The women were lugging fat sofa pillows to ease the hard benches, and both men and women were armed with large palm-leaf fans.

On the edge of the Chautauqua grounds a carnival company had set up operations in an effort to snare some of the patrons on their way to the afternoon programme. They could n't hope to tempt them for long, — the season ticket, paid for in advance, usually prevented that, — but Chautauqua crowds were always early, so they might be induced to while away a few spare moments. From a platform in front of the carnival tent could be heard the persuasive voice of the barker: 'Step right up now, folks! Don't miss your only chance to see the greatest attraction on earth — Hercules and Samson, the two strongest men in the history of the world. See them in the most stupendous weight-lifting feat of the century.' The two strong men could be seen mounting the crude platform, their spangle-trimmed tights glittering in the sun.

'Ma, I wanta see the strong men,' a small boy whined, trying to pull his mother toward the sound of the barker's voice.

'Sh! We're goin' to Chautauquay!'

'I don' wanta go to Chautauquay — I wanta see the strong men!'

'Come along now — don't you wanta git no culture?'

Mrs. Elvira Tate, 'A Woman with a Message,' was the lecturer of the afternoon. Her subject was 'Woman, Awake!' I found myself swept on with the crowd and seated next to the small boy. About halfway through the lecture, I became interested in watching him unravel a tangled mass of fishing line. His mother, her dull face wet with perspiration, fanned desperately in an effort to keep awake.

'It is to the women of America that the country must look for moral support,' declaimed the thin-lipped speaker.

The woman's head nodded. She straightened up, but only for a moment. She was sleeping comfortably when the lecturer suddenly shouted: —

'Woman, awake!'

The boy looked up from his fishing line, startled. Again from the platform came the command, louder than before:

'Woman, awake!'

Dropping his tangled line, he began nudging his mother.

'Ma! Ma!' he said in a scared whisper. 'The lady says for you to wake up!'



## II

The first professional lecturer was, I believe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, having resigned his church, declared: 'My pulpit is the Lyceum platform.' His fee, at first, was five dollars, but in his later years he frequently got one hundred and fifty dollars, and on rare occasions as high as five hundred. For fifty years Emerson continued as a Lyceum lecturer. Practically all his essays were first delivered as lectures.

The early Lyceum Course was made up entirely of lectures, and was so often referred to as a lecture course that the two terms became interchangeable. The Chautauqua being an outgrowth of the Lyceum, its primary purpose was the dissemination of knowledge through public speakers. Even though music and other forms of entertainment were added later, the lecture was the 'backbone of the Chautauqua.' So firmly was this idea established in the public's mind that a concert was often referred to as a 'lecture.' I recall hearing a barytone soloist introduced as 'Mr. Blank, who will lecture on "The Road to Mandalay."'

On Chautauqua, the lecturer always prevailed. Our audiences were catholic in their tastes, spendthrift in their enthusiasms, blissfully indiscriminate in their loyalties. At a time when the country was supposed to be less tolerant than now, because it was less informed, Chautauqua patrons would listen with sympathy and enthusiasm on the same day to Catholic and Protestant, Republican and Democrat, Socialist, single-taxer, free-trader, and atheist.

Audiences applauded the great preachers, Beecher, Talmage, and Phillips, and with equal ardor packed the auditoriums to hear Robert Ingersoll denounce Christianity. They roared with the humorists, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Marshall P. Wilder, and Robert J. Burdette. They listened with rapt attention to political discussions by Jahu deWitt

Miller, Elbert Hubbard, Charles Evans Hughes, and Lincoln Steffens.

In the early days before the advent of the radio or motion picture, — the days when newspapers were scarce and transportation slow, — they heard the problems of the country presented at first hand, not in 'fireside chats' on the air, but by Presidents and ex-Presidents in person. The names of Hayes, Garfield, and Grant appear on many old Chautauqua programmes. Later came William McKinley in his plea for 'Sound Money' and Theodore Roosevelt advocating his policies and 'The Strenuous Life.'

Most of the reforms that have blessed or bedeviled our country got their start on Chautauqua. Susan B. Anthony made her first appeal for Woman Suffrage, Maud Ballington Booth, 'The Little Mother of the Prisons,' begged support for the Volunteers of America, and Jane Addams told about Hull House. Richmond Pearson Hobson warned of a Japanese invasion and later on took up a crusade against narcotics. Senator Gore exposed graft. William Allen White said, 'The Progressive Party was born of a dozen Chautauqua speeches,' and Mrs. Rorer's cookbook sprang from the same source.

In 1877 Anthony Comstock told Chautauqua audiences that he had arrested 257 dealers in obscene literature and destroyed more than twenty tons of their publications. Carry Nation, hatchet in hand, blazed the trail to National Prohibition with her Chautauqua speech-making, and Alonzo Wilson organized a string of 'Temperance Chautauquas' to back her up.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey told the story of the Children's Court, Detective William Burns the story of crime, and Samuel Gompers gave the inside of the labor problem in an address entitled, 'Toilers Organized: What Are Their Aims?' Ng Poon Chew brought over the first authentic information about the Chinese empire; Princess Radziwill

told about Russia, and the Honorable James Bryce discussed England while he studied America. Japanese, Persian, Egyptian, and Hindu, in native costume, came from overseas to tell their stories, while, from our own land, cowboy, mountaineer, and Indian added their colorful costumes and tales to the scene.

During the Spanish War 'Remember the Maine' was thundered from the platforms. After 1914 the British and French propagandists strode the boards, and presently we were in the World War. Calls to patriotic service boomed from the big brown tents, and the hated Hun was castigated in impassioned oratory.

Authors who wished to promote their books often took a swing around the Chautauqua circuit with a lecture, with lucrative results. Prima donnas, no longer welcome on Broadway, trailed the remnants of a dying fame over the Chautauqua circuit and gathered in old age money they had failed to lay by in their youth. It was a long way from Broadway to Broken Bow, and to the good folks of the corn belt their fame was yet undimmed.

Politicians found the Chautauqua by all odds the simplest, cheapest, pleasantest way to campaign. All they had to do was to incorporate their ideas in a lecture and accept a check for delivering it.

There were three classes of Chautauqua lectures: the challenge lecture, the informative lecture, and the inspirational lecture. The informative lecture was one that did what the name implied, informed the people on such subjects as exploration, travel, invention, and the like. The challenge did not present information for its own sake, but for the purpose of securing action. Its object was to challenge thought in religion, politics, or education, to compel the hearers to revise their ideas.

The Chautauqua might possibly worry along without these two types, but without the inspirational lecturer the whole institution would surely have crumbled

and fallen. He was at least three fourths of the 'backbone.' He told his audience nothing new, but rather reminded them of what they commonly accepted but did not commonly practise.

While other types of lecturers were continually seeking new material for return engagements, the inspirational lecturer could go on year after year giving the same lecture to the same audiences. Occasionally a new anecdote was added to take the place of one purloined by a brother speaker, but for the most part the discourse never varied. Many of these lectures became mellow with age and completely out of date, but, though audiences came to know almost every word of them by heart, that did not lessen their interest. The lectures had the enduring charm of old songs.

### III

At three o'clock one morning I got off the train at Peaceful Valley Junction, somewhere in Iowa or Kansas, or maybe it was Missouri. After a few years of Chautauqua travel, all states were the same to me, and all towns looked alike.

The day before, I had given my recital at the local Chautauqua, entertained at the State Insane Asylum, driven forty miles to catch my train, changed twice in the night, and at three in the morning found myself with a two-hour wait in Peaceful Valley.

Sinking gratefully on to a hard, sharp-cornered station bench, I had begun to doze when the 3.30 on the Short Line rumbled in and disgorged a batch of talent for the Chautauqua I had just left.

Vinton Seely Potts, Morning Hour Lecturer ('A Live Man with a Live Message'), piled his baggage up in the corner and began strolling up and down the platform. In his wake came the Queen of the Chautauqua Platform, self-admitted. Ella Emma Pringle was a reader. She had been one of the Chautauqua attractions at Lake Madison that

summer, and I could still remember her 'Charge of the Light Brigade': —

Half a league, half a league —

Ella Emma would give a convulsive gasp with each half league and charge forward with her one hundred and sixty-five pounds until the pine boards groaned perilously. It was a terrible and wonderful sight. For an encore she recited 'The Moo-cow-moo.'

When Ella Emma swept into the dingy waiting room she was still wearing her platform gown, 'designed [by herself] to express her individuality.' Of course at 3 A.M. on a hot night the individuality was slightly disorganized, but it was still functioning. No mistake about that. An individuality that had been expressing itself for thirty years on Chautauqua was hardy. Even a week without sleep could n't wilt it. Ella Emma was, of course, one of those who looked on Chautauqua, not as plain work, but as **THE WORK**, spoken in hallowed tones.

After we had exchanged the usual greeting, 'Where do you go from here?' I suggested sleepily that she try to get some rest, because I knew that she had a hard day ahead of her.

'Ah, yes,' she said, 'success such as mine has meant tearing my heart asunder that the soul of me, through my art, might enter the hungry restless hearts of the multitudes of hungry restless people everywhere and leave a little sunshine there to chase away the shadows.'

I shifted my position and closed my eyes.

'Thousands and thousands of faces look up at me each evening when I step out on the platform, at first dazzled by my appearance, a little awed by the fame that has preceded me, and then completely captivated by the love I pour into their starved souls through my art.'

She was still talking when I dozed off, but when I awoke, perhaps fifteen minutes later, she was sound asleep in the three seats adjoining mine. She had taken off her shoes, put up her hair in

curl papers, and pasted a patch over the wrinkle between her eyes. The 'Live Man with a Live Message' snored in close proximity. It was an hour yet until train time.

#### IV

But the best inspirational lecturers were justly famous. Foremost among them was Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia. His lecture 'Acres of Diamonds' has been heard around the world. In 1914 a celebration was held at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia in honor of the 'penniless millionaire,' as Conwell was called, to celebrate the five-thousandth delivery of this lecture.

At that time it was announced that during the fifty-four years he had been giving it 'Acres of Diamonds' had earned four million dollars, and the earnings of all his activities ran close to eleven millions. Almost the entire amount of this vast fortune he gave away to found Temple University and Samaritan Hospital in his own city and to help young men and women through college.

Another famous preacher who earned a million dollars lecturing on the Chautauqua and gave it away was Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. One Sunday in the year 1891 he stood up in his pulpit at Plymouth Church in Chicago and announced that the subject of his sermon would be 'What I Would Do with a Million Dollars.' Then he plunged into a description of the school he would found with a million — a school that would train young men in applied science.

Philip D. Armour sat in the audience and listened with interest. At the close of the talk, the millionaire packer went back to the pastor's study. 'I believe you are an honest man,' he said to the minister. 'Promise me five years of your time and I'll build your school.' There followed enthusiastic planning. In 1893, with the World's Fair in full swing, the Armour Institute of Technology opened its doors. It is claimed that no penniless boy has ever been denied admission.

A lecture of the inspirational type that, like 'Acres of Diamonds,' grew from a humble beginning was Ralph Parlette's 'University of Hard Knocks.' By means of a little jar of beans and walnuts he drove home a message that won him world-wide fame.

The lecture developed from a talk which he gave to a group of school children. To illustrate that they must grow greater if they wanted to get to the top, he filled a small glass jar with navy beans and a few walnuts. This was the 'jar of life,' he explained, and the beans and walnuts were the people. No matter how he shook the jar, the walnuts stayed on top.

'See this poor little bean down there at the bottom,' Parlette would say, holding the jar up where all the children could see. 'He whines, "I ain't never had no chance — you just help me up where them big fellers are and I'll show 'em."'

Then, with humorous gestures and grimaces, Parlette would rescue the little bean, place it on the top, and begin to shake the jar, explaining that life never stands still. Of course the little bean rattled right down to the bottom. In the same way a walnut (one of the 'big fellers') placed at the bottom shook back up to the top.

In answer to the question put to the children, 'How can you get to the top?' they would all shout in unison: 'Change our size and grow greater.'

The talk was eventually incorporated into a full-length lecture and booked on Chautauqua. The lecture spread beyond the confines of a Chautauqua tent. Big Business sent for Parlette and paid him four hundred dollars a night to shake his jar of beans and walnuts before their executives and sales force to show them what was likely to happen if they did n't take heed and 'grow greater.'

When Parlette died in 1930 he had given 'The University of Hard Knocks' over four thousand times, and had sold 50,000 copies in book form. Parlette books sold over a million copies.

There were several speakers classed as 'humorists' who belonged to the inspirational group, speakers like Opie Read, who had won the affections of America through his stories *The Jucklins* and *The Starbucks*, and Strickland Gillilan of 'Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin' fame. These humorous philosophers always managed to inject enough seriousness into their talks so that, even though they 'rocked the tent,' their audiences had a 'message to take home with them,' for Chautauqua audiences insisted on getting something 'worth while' out of each programme.

## V

The headliners of Chautauqua came on special days — Bryan Day, Taft Day, Schumann-Heink Day. These were the days when special trains were run to the Chautauquas and single admissions poured into the box offices. The regular patrons holding season tickets proudly figured they were able to hear any one of the headliners for a pro rata cost of fifteen or twenty cents.<sup>1</sup>

On these days the rank and file of lecturers and entertainers forgot their weariness and went at their speaking and singing, their whistling and yodeling and juggling, with renewed zest. For on that day Bryan was not Secretary of State, nor was Madame Schumann-Heink the prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera. They were Chautauqua talent, and one of us.

In 1908, a young newspaper editor in Marion, Ohio, sat in his office with one of the Chautauqua managers. 'Do you think I could put over a Chautauqua

<sup>1</sup> On the circuits the price of season tickets was generally established at \$3.00. It took 700 tickets at \$3.00 to get the seven-day Chautauqua and 400 tickets at \$3.00 for the five-day, although some of the five-day Chautauquas sold their season tickets for \$2.50. Independent Chautauquas often sold their tickets at \$2.00 top, some at \$1.50, and there was an occasional ten-day Independent at \$1.00. Independents like Winona and Lakeside charged more because they ran longer. — AUTHOR

speech?' he asked. 'You know, I'd like to try it. There's a lot of fellows lecturing who call themselves progressives, who muckrake and make the crowd think the country's going to the bow-wows. I'd like to get out on those platforms and talk some Alexander Hamilton stand-pat stuff.'

An old circular shows this dark-haired handsome young man presented by the Redpath Bureau: Warren G. Harding — Subject: 'Alexander Hamilton.'

Harding was a very popular speaker. As his political prestige increased, he continued his Chautauqua lectures and became one of the great headline attractions. Even after he was elected to the Presidency, he did not lose interest in the movement, and the talent he had known in his Chautauqua days were always welcome at the White House.

Chautauqua audiences loved speakers who denounced or exposed somebody or something; and the bureaus saw to it that there were at least one or two red-hot denouncers or expositors on a programme. When a lecturer raised his hand to high heaven, forefinger pointed straight up, and began, 'I tell you, my friends, the time has come when we, the American people —' everybody leaned forward in his seat and forgot to scratch his mosquito bites.

Thomas Lawson denounced Frenzied Finance and Billy Sunday denounced Sin; Commander Peary denounced Dr. Cook, calling him a liar, and Dr. Cook denounced Peary, returning the compliment. When Katherine Mayo wrote *Mother India* the Redpath Bureau immediately engaged an Indian to give the other side.

As news of the great audiences to be reached through Chautauqua got about, no one was too important to be induced to tell his story to the big crowds of small-town people. The lists of famous names were advertised as 'Select Folks.'

The Mutual Bureau list for 1914 included such names as Vice President Marshall, Senator Robert M. La Fol-

lette, John Kendrick Bangs, Glenn Frank, James Whitcomb Riley, and Albert Edward Wiggam. In 1922 the Redpath Bureau offered Hilton Ira Jones in 'A Study in Vibration: The Wonders of Science,' Lorado Taft, Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh, and Opie Read. In that same year, at the Chautauqua Lecturers Conference in Washington, the great Frenchman Clemenceau addressed the gathering, adding his name to the brilliant list of 'Select Folks.'

The greatest of all the Chautauqua headliners was William Jennings Bryan. He was the premier Chautauquan, the star of them all. It has been said that Bryan spoke to more people than any man in history. Considering the tremendous crowds he drew summer after summer, it is easy to see how that can be true. By his own estimate, in 1921 he had spoken at three thousand Chautauqua Assemblies.

Chautauqua talent worked on weekly salary or a stated fee for each engagement. All except Mr. Bryan. He took his fee from the paid admissions at the gate. He took the first \$250, gave the auspices under which he worked the next \$250, and any sum in excess of \$500 was divided equally. It is said that he made as much as \$25,000 a season from his lecture engagements, and he could have made much more had he cared to accept all the requests for his services.

As I have said, Chautauqua audiences were always large. An audience of two or three thousand was an ordinary everyday affair to any of us, but Mr. Bryan's crowds sometimes numbered as high as ten thousand.

He always came on the platform fanning himself with a big palm-leaf fan. Often he would be accompanied by a boy carrying a block of ice. During his speech he would rest his hand on the ice, and, as his bald head began to glow, he would give it a cooling caress with his icy hand.

There were crowds of people at the stations to greet him when his train



passed through, and he always spoke a few words from the platform when the schedule allowed.

One day he was standing on the steps of his car talking to the people. The conductor was waiting on the station platform for him to finish and the engineer was watching the conductor for the signal to start. 'The time has come, my friends,' said Mr. Bryan, 'when the government must take charge of our great enterprises. It must run the express companies, the telegraph companies, the rail —' He never finished his sentence.

'The government is n't running this train — not yet, Mr. Bryan,' the conductor said, giving the engineer the signal to start.

With a big broad smile the Commoner swung back on to the car platform. 'You win, Mr. Conductor,' he said.

His endurance was amazing. No one who had not had the experience could possibly understand what a strain Chautauqua speaking was in those days before the loud-speaker was invented — trying to be heard over a crowd of thousands on a hot day.

Here is a glimpse of Mr. Bryan's schedule for a week in 1911, taken from the *Lyceum Magazine*: —

'On July 9 he left Lincoln, Nebraska, at 1.50 P.M., reached Kansas City at 8.20 P.M., spoke at a business men's club, leaving that night at 10.05 and reaching Arkansas City at 7.45 the morning of the tenth. He arrived at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, at 12.40 P.M., and lectured at the Chautauqua, then made an address at the reception downtown, shook hands with the entire population, jumped in an auto with Manager Horner, and headed for Pawnee, sixty miles away. The road was the worst ever staked, being merely a trail part of the way and almost impassable. Four autos started with the party, but only one arrived with Bryan at Pawnee at nearly ten o'clock that night, having stopped on the way while he addressed the towns

that massed as he went through. Four addresses and four thousand handshakes the first day. He closed his lecture at Pawnee about midnight.

'The next day, July 11, he went from Pawnee to Stillwater, shaking hands at every station with a cheering crowd, was met and paraded at Stillwater at one o'clock, spoke, took an hour's sleep, and at three o'clock lectured to 2000 people for two hours. Then he jumped into an auto and sped twenty-five miles to Perry, catching a train and arriving at Guthrie, Oklahoma, at 8.10 P.M. Here he lectured to a jam at the Chautauqua pavilion, rushed back to catch the 10.50 P.M. train, and arrived in Oklahoma City after midnight.

'A few hours' sleep and out at 6.05 A.M. the morning of the twelfth to Weatherford, where he lectured in the afternoon; then back to Geary, where he spent the night. Left Geary the thirteenth at 8.20 A.M. and arrived at Alva at 12.38, where he lectured at 2 P.M., leaving at 4 P.M. and arriving at Kingman, Kansas, at 7.20 P.M., where he lectured again.

'From Kingman to Stafford on the fourteenth, speaking in the afternoon, leaving at 4.04 P.M. for Turon, and thence driving twenty miles to Pratt, where he lectured that night; then on to Larned at 1.35 P.M., where he gave an afternoon lecture, then drove twenty miles to Great Bend, where he spoke in the evening, rushing from the platform to take the 8.50 train to Kansas City. He arrived at Omaha at 6.30 the next evening in time to address the missionary conference.'

Here are fifteen lectures, a hundred receptions, a hundred thousand handshakes and smiles, and just three unbroken nights in a bed!

Not all were able to stand the strain as Bryan did. On July 16, 1910, Uncle Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was overcome while speaking at the Winfield, Kansas, Chautauqua and collapsed on the platform.

Colonel Copeland, a popular speaker for many years, died from exhaustion while lecturing at Bloomington, Illinois, and there were many more whose deaths were caused by the tax on their physical strength.

## VI

The inauguration of the circuit or tent Chautauquas brought a tremendous market for talent of all kinds, but more particularly for musical companies. While the lecturer was still the 'backbone of the Chautauqua,' there was more and more demand for companies with pretty girls in attractive costumes and boys in bright uniforms. Ford had done away with the isolation of the rural population. Now they were getting about and visiting the cities; and they had learned a new word. It was 'pep.'

The Redpath Bureau had grown to huge proportions since the days when James Redpath had sought to relieve Charles Dickens of the annoying details in connection with his lecture work. As the Chautauqua Movement branched out from the shores of Lake Chautauqua and the demand for lectures and entertainments increased, Lyceum and Chautauqua Bureaus sprang up all over the United States. By 1920, Chautauqua circuits became as numerous as railroads.

The most pretentious of all the chains was the Redpath De Luxe Circuit, managed by Harry P. Harrison. When it was first organized in 1912, Chautauqua managers were trying to introduce the Chautauqua into the cities, and this circuit set up its first tent in Jacksonville, Florida, in April and the last one on the shores of Lake Michigan in Chicago the second week in September. Later, when it was found that cities meant small returns, the circuit started at Columbus, Georgia, and closed in Kewanee, Illinois. If one town dropped out, another was substituted, so that the chain was kept intact. It comprised about one hundred and twenty towns.

The Redpath De Luxe Circuit required a guarantee of \$2100. To raise this amount the townspeople had to pledge themselves to sell seven hundred season tickets at three dollars each. The cost of bringing the Chautauqua to a town was \$2500 or more, so this guarantee fell short of actual running expenses. Redpath gambled on the single admissions to make it pay. The most modern equipment was carried in this circuit, and the cost of operating it was in excess of \$16,000 a week.

In 1916, I signed my first contract to appear on the circuits and was elated when Mr. Harrison told me that I was to be on the 'Seven-Day De Luxe.' Naturally, since I had always traveled alone, I was curious to know what company was to share my day. A day's programme on the circuit was usually made up of one single attraction — a lecturer or reader — and a musical company. The musicians would give the prelude for the speaker and one full concert. My heart skipped a beat when I saw the programme announcement — 'Afternoon: Gay MacLaren in *Peg o' My Heart*; Evening: Grand Concert — Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars.'

No wonder that I was thrilled, for I was to be on with the most popular company in Chautauqua. The prospect of traveling with twelve good-looking boys, to say nothing of their handsome leader, Al Sweet, was something to look forward to. I found out later, however, that they were *not* thrilled at the prospect of traveling with a girl. In fact, the director had instructed the Hussars to leave me strictly alone.

It was considered a matter of courtesy on Chautauqua for an entertainer to attend the programme of those who were on the same day with him. But none of the Hussars ever waited after the prelude to hear me. They never sat with me on the train, and at the hotels always ate by themselves. I was more alone than I had ever been on the old Independents.

The night of the Hussar concert was

always a gala occasion. It was lonely around the hotel after everyone had gone to the tent, and several evenings I was tempted to go and hear them. But stubbornness kept me away. They had not had the courtesy to listen to my programme, so I would n't listen to theirs.

One day when we had an hour's wait at a junction (the boys had gone up-town) an old man offered to sell me a tiny white dog for two dollars. The little fellow knew several tricks and was so friendly that I bought him. I decided that if I could n't have anything else for company, at least I could have two dollars' worth of white dog. I named him 'White Hussar.'

When the boys came back, although I pretended utter indifference, I could see that every eye was turned on my dog. And I could read Al Sweet's mind as plainly as if it had been a printed page: 'Bad enough to have a skirt along; now we've got to have a blankety-blank dog!'

No girl likes to be ignored by any man, much less by thirteen. I planned revenge: I decided to go to the concert that evening, and take my dog.

After my recital I smuggled White Hussar into the hotel covered with my hat. Once up in my room, I gave him a bath and brushed his curly coat until he looked like a big powder puff. I had already bought the widest and stiffest piece of blue ribbon I could get at the local millinery shop and made it into an enormous bow for his neck. Arrayed in my most fetching dress and slippers, I started for the tent.

The opening band number had been played, and Al had just turned, facing the audience, to announce the first chorus number, when I sauntered down the aisle with my dog. All eyes immediately left the platform and centred on me. As I approached the seat one of the crew boys had reserved for me in front of the director, Al's face flushed, then he snapped short his introduction, wheeled around, and started the song.

For this, the first half of their pro-

gramme, the boys wore dress suits. I had n't seen this collection of tails. The only one that belonged to, and had been made for, the wearer was Al's. His suit was, as usual, faultless. But the rest had come from the pawnshop at two dollars each. They were too long and too short, too narrow where they should have been wide, and too wide where they should have been narrow. I knew what an eyesore that accumulation of suits must be to Al's fastidious soul, so every time he turned to acknowledge the applause I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth as if I were convulsed with laughter.

The intermission over, the last half of the programme was ushered in by the *Poet and Peasant* overture. As the curtains parted, the small-town girls' hearts began to flutter like the tent flaps on a windy night. Now the boys need not blush for their apparel. They stood forth in all the glory of their elaborate white, gold-braided Hussar uniforms, with satin-lined capes, white kid boots, and beplumed busbies.

My dog thus far had slept through the programme, but as the Hussars swung into a military formation for their star number, 'The Boys of the Old Brigade,' he awoke and crawled up to lick my neck. I held him close to my shoulder, his enormous, ridiculous bow sticking out like a badge of defiance. Al's brilliant stage smile turned to a scowl as he dashed his cape over his shoulder and swung around to direct the 'Brigade' number.

On the first note, the dog pricked up his ears. At the second, he began a long mournful howl that climbed to a wailing crescendo as the accents became more pronounced. As the first howl died out on a doleful diminishing note, he took a deep breath and let forth another. The volume was all out of proportion to the size of the dog, and it completely destroyed the effect of Dunbar's carefully rehearsed percussions.

Al half turned, and I thought for a moment he was going to order me and my hound out, but to my utter amaze-

ment the scowl had given place to a suppressed chuckle that seemed to say 'You win!'

The next afternoon when I came out on the platform, in the fourth row sat the entire White Hussar Company.

The programmes for a Hussar concert were always the same, from 'The Boys of the Old Brigade' to the final 'Oh say, can you see,' played by the entire band.

Eventually Dunbar sent out so many White Hussar companies that disputes began to arise. Someone would say he had heard the famous White Hussars on a certain date at Clabber Bottom, Michigan, and be promptly called to task because 'on that date the famous White Hussars had been at the Pineyville, Nebraska, Chautauqua,' and his disputant had a programme to prove it. So finally some of the Hussars changed their trousers and became Black Hussars. Others became the Imperial Grenadiers and still others the Royal Dragoons. But whatever kind of regiment they were, they all sang 'The Boys of the Old Brigade.'

Rehearsing a Hussar company always wound up with a final overhauling by Ralph Dunbar himself. His assistant could take them up to a certain point, but there was no one but Dunbar who could teach them to 'percuss.'

'Come on, now, fellows, let's take that again! Come on now — *percuss!*'

With coats off and sleeves rolled up, the tired Hussars would swing into the chorus again, accenting the syllables emphasized by Dunbar's baton.

*Where are the boys of the old brigade  
Who fought with us side by side?  
Shoulder to shoulder and blade to blade,  
They fought till they fell and died —*

'And DIED,' the bass would repeat.

The boys never knew when Dunbar would bob up somewhere along the circuit. He would slip into the tent without their knowing it to see if they were percussing properly.

After the last rehearsal the Hussars

were turned over to someone from the Chautauqua Bureau for the final instructions on moral conduct. He would tell them that they must not smoke cigarettes, that they were Chautauqua Soldiers and must live up to Chautauqua Ideals. This over, the boys went out and celebrated in preparation for the long dry summer.

## VII

One after another of the carnivals and cheap street shows, unable to compete with Chautauqua, had disbanded, throwing a good many show people out of work. This had happened to Hercules and Samson. So before another summer the two strong men decided to apply for a Chautauqua job.

'Now, Sam, remember we gotta act refined,' Hercules cautions as they stand at the door of one of the smaller Chautauqua bureaus.

The two strong men happen to be just the act the bureau needs to fill in on the 'health day' programme billed for the second day on the circuit. But first they have to be inoculated with a 'message' and made over to conform to the 'high moral standards of Chautauqua.'

Their flesh-colored tights and spangled jackets are replaced by white shirts, black ties, and black trousers. To their old friends of the carnival they may still be 'Herk and Sam,' but to the audiences that will gather under the Chautauqua tents they will be introduced as 'The Cordiff Brothers, Apostles of Health.' With them will be Dr. Elias T. Tillwiller in his inspiring lecture, 'The Temple of the Soul.' After the 'apostles' give their demonstration of muscle-building exercises, they will stand, one at each end of the platform, with arms folded, while Dr. Tillwiller lectures. He will occasionally call attention to them as examples of 'pure, noble manhood.'

In spite of — or perhaps because of — the clause in their contract forbidding them to indulge in intoxicating liquors or tobacco, the strain of respectability

became too much for Sam. One night he backslid, and insisted on telling the crowds, on the way to the tent, that he was 'the aposhel of health.' Herk, fearful of losing the good paying job, walked his partner around the block trying to sober him up in time for their performance.

When they turned in behind the tent, Sam fell over a guy rope. 'Whoops! I fell down and broke my Chautauqua Spirit!' he announced in a voice that everyone could hear.

'Oh, Brother Cordiff, I do hope you are n't injured!' the platform manager cried, hastening to the rescue. But Herk shoved him quickly to one side and began dragging Sam to his feet, saying, 'He's all right — I'll look after him — it's just somethin' he et.'

Fortunately, Chautauqua audiences were unsuspecting and the 'message' was driven home.

By 1932 the circuits, too, had gradually folded up their tents and, not unlike the Arabs, silently stolen away. They had given way before the onslaught of the radio, the moving picture, and 'the car in every garage.' Most of those who managed to survive for a time by turning their programmes over to cheap theatrical companies and vaudeville had finally succumbed to the depression. The old Mother Chautauqua on Chautauqua Lake still carried on with proud dignity, adhering uncompromisingly to the ideals upon which the institution was founded. A few of the larger Independents, like Winona Lake, hung on desperately. The old people came loyally year after year, though in ever-diminishing numbers. The graying platform manager had tried to introduce me with his old-time spirit: —

'Now, folks, this is Gay MacLaren's fifteenth visit to Winona Lake. We all love her and when she comes out let us show her that, even if we are small in numbers, we still have the old Chautauqua Spirit. Now, folks, let's give Miss MacLaren the Chautauqua Salute.'

Fifteen times I had climbed that hill. Each time I had been sure it would be the last . . . but the old Chautauqua Spirit could not be downed. When the telegram reached me, I just naturally packed my suitcase and caught the train. The habit of a lifetime is so strong that if anyone were to say Percy, Iowa, or Burr Oak, Kansas, to me, I should automatically rush to the railway station and buy a ticket.

A light flared up in a cottage ahead of me and I heard voices.

'Were you at the meetin' to-night, Brother Tate?'

'No, I could n't get over to-night — Sary is sick and —'

'That so? Well, it's too bad you missed it —'

I paused and crunched my cigarette under my heel. After all, they *had* applauded my big scene . . . and they had given me the Chautauqua Salute . . . it showed appreciation. . . .

'Was it good?'

'Wonderful!'

My heart skipped a beat.

'Yes, it was a wonderful message!'

Perhaps the best way of leavetaking is to remember an early Talmage Day. I looked at Mrs. Turner and she was crying. Rufus tugged at her dress. 'What are you crying for, Ma?' he asked.

'Oh, just because I'm — I'm so happy,' she said, with a sob in her voice.

When I looked at Mother, she was crying too, but she was clapping her hands. Pretty soon Dr. Talmage came out on the platform again. Then the people stopped clapping and began to wave their handkerchiefs. At first there were only two or three, but soon everybody was waving, even the farmers. Their red handkerchiefs looked pretty among the white ones. I unpinned my birthday handkerchief from my dress and waved it too.

Mother said it was the greatest honor that could be given to a Chautauqua speaker. The handkerchief waving, she said, was the Chautauqua Salute.



# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROPAGANDA

BY JEAN PRÉVOST

**W**HAT is propaganda, as conceived at present by some of the European nations, but the mark of a psychosis, an attempt to compensate for a feeling of inferiority?

Propaganda has been compared with advertising; yet this is an error, for advertising is concerned always with commercial gain. On the other hand, propaganda often makes itself felt in lands far removed — lands which are necessarily neutral in time of conflict and from which nothing is to be gained. Moreover, effective advertising invariably advises you to choose such-and-such a product *for your own good*, because it has certain qualities. In other words, advertising is an exchange of service. But propaganda urges your approval — and promises nothing in return.

Up to the present, advertising has been generally successful. On the contrary, propaganda has been rather a failure. Only within the past twenty years have the nations been keenly concerned with what was thought of them abroad. Before that, the daily press had no particular orientation in that direction. Newspapers which published foreign affairs preserved a solemn, diplomatic mien. In countries like Italy or Germany it was the sovereign, not the people, who was the victim of foreign indignities. A third of a century ago, when the Italians suffered the defeat at Adua which they avenged in 1935, it was not the people who were attacked; it was the king of Italy, in person, whom French caricatures — frightful ones, too — rep-

resented as a lookout or scout. When English public opinion, during the Boer War, and later during the World War, was turned against Germany, it was William II who was belittled in *Punch* and in the music halls. Without doubt, a nation may feel put upon because of like attacks upon the person of its king; but such hurts are not deeply personal.

To-day, international matters are so intense, so far-reaching, even to the most inaccessible districts of every nation, that peoples have become overpoweringly self-conscious. This new feeling, even among nations which are not sending forth propaganda, has produced incalculable moral consequences.

Since the war, all countries have labored incessantly to put aside their traditional reputations.

For the most part, man accepts the reputation by which he is known. Our character is ours, suggested, perhaps, chiefly by others — because the force of circumstance upon the individual is constant and strong. Yet the pressure of circumstance upon peoples is not overpowering; for it acts only as a kind of irritant. An individual is more or less obliged to remain true to character. But, with a nation, generations succeed each other and do not resemble each other; in fact, they have a horror of so doing.

When youth learns that its native land is regarded in a certain light by the world at large, youth accepts that view — but considers it true only with reference to

its elders. Youth believes quite the opposite. What young American really wants to resemble the traditional figure of Uncle Sam? And yet Uncle Sam is one of the least displeasing of the collective national figures.

In 1930, I visited Cambridge University. The anti-Kipling rage, even among young conservatives there, was in full course. It was denied that Kipling had any feeling for color or rhythm, or even the capacity for describing the most elementary sensations. But these were only pretexts. He was despised because he represented an England content with itself, imperialistic, scorning inferior races; because his world was that of the 'old school,' prejudiced and solid. As much despised as Kipling were the old 'honor' and 'good English qualities' of Queen Victoria's time.

Young England was struggling and is still struggling vigorously against the English 'type' of tradition. Rejecting the temperate, English youth chose that master of paradox, George Bernard Shaw, as prophet; later Lawrence and Joyce, whose books, admirable works of verbal intoxication, traverse the very bounds of human intelligence. Finally, youth has come to enjoy the subtle psychology and dialectics of Aldous Huxley. This is not merely the revolt of an elite; it is a turning away on the part of the whole English nation from positive action in the foreign political sphere, as well as a revolt against the old attractions of imperialism.

Of all peoples the Germans care most about how they are regarded by outsiders. Despite appearances, they are the least calculable of any. On the eve of the war, they were chagrined and at the same time exasperated by their reputation (very much exaggerated by the Allies) for being obedient automations, pedants, and heavy beer drinkers. In the post-war period they displayed an extraordinary taste for racing sports, beauty treatments, night clubs, and 'sex.' Every German you encoun-

tered tried to explain his individuality (it was said that all Germans were alike) and related all the details of his private life (yet Germans were supposed to be secretive). Purposely, they gave the world the impression that the country was politically disorganized, with its future undetermined, just to dispel the general conception of the efficient Prussian officer and the Hohenzollern mind.

But they soon perceived that these endeavors were relatively useless; they simply were not loved. (More than once I have been truly touched by the despair of the German who complains to every chance acquaintance, 'The world does not love us!') Germany was regarded as a conquered nation, accepting its defeat, and revealing that its orientation, at least in part, was toward the East.

Once again, a reputation of this sort was not to be endured. Naziism has not actually improved the lot of the Germans, but it has been successful in Germany because it has given the Germans the impression that the outside world no longer considers them a conquered nation. German propaganda is a heartfelt attempt — an unfortunate and sometimes touching attempt — to make Germany universally liked and respected. A really strong nation cares little for what others may think of it. But Germans cannot bear criticism; they have even prohibited from the country a large proportion of independent foreign newspapers. They pay for their propaganda as you pay a lawyer to represent you in a case that is already lost before it gets under way. At least it is some consolation that someone has spoken as *you* wanted him to speak.

As a Frenchman, I have little patience with Hitlerism — but how can I forget that Germany's aggressiveness conceals a bitter rancor? She feels cut off from the world. She is trying to create an autarchy out of that separation, a capacity and pride in bearing her cross. Why be surprised, then, that her propaganda miscarries?

With Italy it is quite another matter — although just as clear. The Duce is a former journalist; or rather, he is *still* a journalist. He reads daily every criticism of his country and he often replies to it. Moreover, Italy attracts more tourists than any other country in Europe, and consequently finds herself in direct contact with foreigners. The world forgets that Italians, in private life, have a very great sense of humor. Their native camaraderie and pleasantries, even during the war, were not understood by their allies. And the old stories of the lazzaroni who prefer death to work, of trains that run intermittently, were phenomena which a nation could not tolerate forever. The triumphant cry of Fascism, after one year in power and even now, is: 'Our trains run on time!' And the recent Ethiopian campaign was above all a revenge for an old humiliation.

As for us French, we had a defeat psychosis right up to the beginning of the war, akin in many respects to that of the Germans since the war. After our defeat in the Franco-Prussian War, we in France had our own struggles with a kind of National Socialism, in much the same way as Hitlerism gained strength in Germany. But the crisis was safely passed, owing to the uninspired leadership of General Boulanger and the political foresightedness of the country as a whole. There remained only the fervent desire not to appear 'frivolous.' For fifty years French literature has been just as *sober* as possible.

In 1921, France was very much surprised not to be generally supported when she demanded the payment of reparations by the Germans. We were reputed to be misers, exacting and heartless skinflints who insisted on the letter of the law and who did not mind letting our next-door neighbor perish as long as he paid his debt. The report spread that we had military designs and were ready for intervention under any pretext. The substitution of M. Briand for M. Poin-

caré recognized this conflict involving our national reputation. Unfortunately, we may no longer be reproached for being too strict in the matter of debts. For the last year and a half we have been most abstemious, against our interest, in order not to appear militaristic.

One of the most interesting phenomena in Soviet politics and propaganda during recent years has been the changing light in which foreigners have been regarded. For centuries the Russians were scorned by Europe and considered mere imitators. They were granted a certain moral and mystical worth. But Communism's attitude toward foreigners changed all this; and the change was the more striking because the majority of the Soviet leaders had lived in exile and profoundly resented this inherited reputation.

Also, they desired to teach Europe; they no longer asked for instruction — they gave it. Their propaganda was eminently pedagogic in kind. This propagandist attitude, like all such, did them much harm in the mind of the West. They were no longer regarded as barbarians struggling with insufficient means, although with unconquerable will, against difficult problems, heart-breaking setbacks, ignorance, and secular disorder. The world believed that they wanted to impose their system everywhere.

To-day they appear perturbed by what the outside world thinks of them. They do not like being regarded as a cynical, cold-blooded dictatorship, and they send out long legal documents explaining their domestic affairs. They discuss passionately everything that is written about them. They even feel the need of being defended by foreign rather than domestic witnesses. And their greatest ambition of the moment is the conquest of public opinion in the United States.

It is a curious fact that of all the countries of the world the dictatorships are by far the most eager to cultivate foreign regard. Dictatorships spend the

most for propaganda — often with the least success.

Nevertheless this fact, curious though it may seem, is not inexplicable. Human endeavor, individual or collective, requires outside support in order to secure impartial and positive appraisal. The man who can discuss himself, who can stand self-criticism, knows how to deal with criticism by others. But the presumptuous man, who has abolished personal criticism, is always listening to what others have to say of him and angles for compliments wherever he may. Likewise, a régime which does away with free criticism within its country will look for it abroad, seeking at the same time to change it through propaganda. The head of a dictatorship is fully aware that the smallest praise uttered abroad by a free man is worth more than the sum of the entire official and controlled press. For instance, strong as is German national pride, it is not strong enough to permit the opinion of a German to count equally with that of a Dane. (And I have chosen

Denmark as an example because she is not one of the powers able to figure importantly in a possible future war.)

Peoples as a whole are really much younger in spirit than the average adult; for it is only recently that peoples have been endowed by the press with nervous systems. Propaganda is by no means a profound manoeuvre, cleverly directed by brilliant minds; it is an infantile reaction of nations against a feeling of inferiority — a reaction which facile leaders disguise whatever way they can as a sensible and intelligent undertaking.

Propaganda is truly a false way out, but at least it has proved that the disinterested opinion of neutrals has become indispensable to all nations. When nations comprehend that deeds alone count, that propaganda deceives nobody, then we shall have in the political sphere, domestic as well as foreign, a kind of spontaneous arbitration. Before presenting their case, nations will take special care to listen to the judge. That judge will be the world at large.

# BIRDS AT SEA

BY ALFRED H. WOODCOCK

MUCH opportunity for watching ocean life under the widely varying conditions and relationships of the water and air is afforded by the research vessel *Atlantis*, which spends a large part of the year at sea. The events recorded here took place in waters within a few hundred miles of the coast of North America, between latitudes thirty-three and fifty — South Carolina to Newfoundland. Selections were made from my journal more or less at random, with no attempt at arrangement according to date or position. Most of the observations might have been made in any part of the sea area mentioned.

## *Oceanographic Vessel Atlantis*

Two small land birds came aboard to-day — birds remarkable for their fearlessness. They were flycatchers of an unidentified kind, smaller than an English sparrow and gray, with a tinge of yellow. These birds literally wiped out the house-fly population on board. Their hunger must have been extreme, for we were three hundred miles from land when they found us. Perhaps this hunger accounts for their audacity. The first of them I saw was in the saloon at dinnertime, catching the flies (acquired in Bermuda, by the way) about the food. The flies were in top form for speedy getaways, for we are still east of the Gulf Stream and the temperature is high. One could not actually see the flies caught; the motion was too fast. The fly was here, the bird there; both flashed into the air and the fly vanished, the bird return-

ing to his perch on the edge of the table.

During one such dash a bird fumbled and almost fell into the butter, which would have been disastrous for him. Our saloon table is set in gimbals, fore and aft, but the birds acted as if swinging, dish-covered tables were an old story for them. Several of us tried to touch them when within a few inches' distance. No one succeeded. They moved faster than the eye. One poor bird spent too much time catching flies on the floor. The mess boy stepped on his tail and he jerked out the feathers in his struggle. However, much to everyone's surprise, he continued his dashes for food with apparently unimpaired agility. This pair of birds went from cabin to cabin through the whole ship during their stay of several days, doing us a service and causing much amusement.

There were many dovebies (little auks) about the ship to-day, diving under us and apparently feeding on something on or near the hull. These birds are swift in flight, their wing motion resembling that of ducks. One poor dovebie collided with one of the main lazy jacks and fell to the deck, dead. Our biological technician examined his stomach and found it empty. It is said that these infertile waters east of the Gulf Stream mean starvation for the birds when they are blown here, far south of their regular haunts. We saw three dead ones in the water during the day.

Cold and relentless is this northern sea, yet it is beautiful in the morning



sun. The constant westerly gale has built up long high waves, so large that there are green plateaus on some of them, topped by snowy peaks. Sun-brightened, breaking crests shine upon range after range of these advancing mountains of the sea. The fulmars (fulmar petrels) fly among these shifting peaks and crags, swooping down into the valley eddies, constantly battling the mighty river of air which would sweep them ever backward. All winds are head winds for birds, when they are on their feeding grounds. Tired of climbing the everlasting meteorological hill, they come to rest on the sea surface and sit jauntily hove-to under slow speed ahead, occasionally lifting their wings to jump a breaking crest.

There are a dozen or more dovekies about the ship this morning, diving under the hull. Such fearless little birds they are, swimming close alongside our low-freeboard vessel, apparently indifferent to the huge creatures (ourselves) just a few feet above them. A sailor scooped up one of the birds in a dip net. When rescued from the meshes and placed on the deck, the bird floundered about rather helplessly, using his wings to hold himself upright and lift his plump body along. However, he seemed to be unafraid, and upon being tossed into the air he immediately flew to the water close against the skin of the ship. In a few seconds he again dived beneath the surface to continue the search for food.

The Wilson's petrel (stormy petrel) runs or walks on the water with ease and delicate grace, his wings fanning the air in a motion resembling that of butterflies. Back and forth across our wake these birds flutter, so erratic and intent in their quest for food that they often collide with the log line. The walking or running on the water helps them to examine the surface more minutely for the small animals on which they feed, and also helps them to push themselves forward against strong winds. At night the birds often fly into the floodlight on

deck, temporarily blinded. One of these birds I weighed on the laboratory balance, getting a reading of 37.8 grams (1.33 ounces). No wonder that they can run so lightly on the sea! Our weighed bird seemed to be little afraid of us, for when released he stayed on my hand several moments, carefully adjusting his wing feathers, which had been displaced during the weighing.

The fulmars had downhill going most of to-day. From noon until four o'clock there was a southerly wind blowing against a large northerly swell. The birds were gliding down wind a few hundred yards from the ship, catching oncoming swells and riding them directly to windward as far as the ship. The updraft on the front side of the waves, advancing into the wind, made this flying possible. In fact the updraft was so strong that the birds had to give their wings a down tilt in order to stay near the water in the forefront of the wave summits. A slight uptilt of the wings, upon nearing the ship, was all that was necessary to lift them many feet in a steeply banked turn, with plenty of altitude for the down-wind glide to catch another swell. Over and over again, up, then down the wind, hour after hour I watched them taking advantage of the downhill going, never moving a wing. This conserving of energy may be an important factor in maintaining bird life far at sea. (The swells were about twenty feet high and traveling at a calculated speed of forty miles an hour.)

Yesterday afternoon a lost hawk, about the size of a duck hawk, tried to alight on the mainmast. After several attempts (either he was too tired to hold on or the whipping of the mast bothered him) he flew away to the southeast, a direction which would bring land only after two thousand miles of sea flying. Some of the land birds which come aboard seem to try several directions in their attempts to find a shore, each time returning to the ship for a fresh start. Soon after the hawk, a pair of very tired

cowbirds came and perched on the mizzen spreaders for a long time — very close together, as if encouraging one another over their weary plight of being lost on this wet and treeless immensity.

While we were hove-to in a fog last night our searchlight was directed upward, to warn other craft of our position. The shaft of light looked almost solid. While on deck I saw another land bird flash out of the murk to windward, shine for an instant in the beam, and vanish in the blackness down the wind — driven onward and away, farther seaward, by the relentless flow. We see many different kinds of land birds far at sea, both during and between migratory seasons. Can many of them be really lost? They certainly seem to be. What of the much-discussed sense of direction of birds? Can it be a seasonal or group ability for some kinds of birds?

We have a gale and large seas to-day. The vessel is hove-to under bare poles, rolling heavily — riding sail blown out. There are several gulls about the ship giving a superlative exhibition of flying in the mad air, which tears at our rigging with high-pitched fury. Many times I saw them actually glide for long periods against a wind which at no time dropped below force seven (forty miles an hour) — glide and make headway, too. An example of the difference in the velocity of the wind at the surface (within a few feet) and many feet above was nicely demonstrated this morning. Three gulls, all gliding, were ranged one above the other — one near the surface, another ten or fifteen feet above, and a third about a hundred feet high. The high bird dropped back slowly but steadily, the bottom two birds staying almost together.

Dovekies are still about, hugging the surface closely to avoid being blown out of the water. During the worst gusts and when huge breakers threaten, they dive beneath the danger. Their little black and white bodies are often hidden completely by the flying water. Though

the dovekies are powerful flyers, making much better speed against the wind than the gulls, they are conspicuously lacking in manoeuvrability. I saw two of them bearing down on the ship from upwind at a terrific rate, apparently intending to alight in the water on our windward side. However, their judgment was amiss, for they swung up into the wind too late to stop completely their down-the-wind motion, both colliding with the side of the ship, tail end first. Fortunately for them, their speed was so diminished that they were not killed.

Another dovekie, not so fortunate, tried to fly across the ship, struck the mizzen topping lift, and was killed, his body being carried a hundred feet to leeward before striking the water. One gets the impression that the dovekies do not spend much time in the air; else how could they show such a lack of flying skill? I have never seen any other sea bird collide with the ship, except when blinded by the lights at night.

Our boatswain, an old-timer of the sea, told of catching albatross in the southern oceans and using their vomit for oiling his leather sea boots. The albatross get seasick very quickly when held on ship-board. The oil from the sea food of the birds supplied the waterproofing.

The heating of the air layers adjacent to the water was made evident this morning by the wavy appearance of the horizon all about us. The water temperature was seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit and the air temperature was forty-seven degrees Fahrenheit; twenty degrees of cold reported on shore, two hundred and fifty miles to windward. This cold continental air must expand to a considerable extent as it flows out over the warmer sea. I mention the air and water conditions in order to relate them to the bird flights I saw this afternoon. There were over fifty gulls about the ship, and conditions at the sea surface were such that, except in the updraft off the mizzen (a favorite resting place), the birds had to keep their wings beating most of the

time to stay with the ship. Occasionally, however, the birds struck what seemed to be spiral or trough updrafts, and to them many would flock, rising hundreds of feet until some were mere dots in the sky. Most of the updrafts seemed to be of the trough type, for in two hours' watching I saw only three of the spiral ascents.

There was a deliberate hunt on for these updrafts, the birds scattering widely on both sides of the ship. Just as soon as one bird struck an upcurrent of air, many others would slide over and join in the elevation. Once considerable altitude was gained, the birds used it to overtake the ship. Often they would have hundreds of feet of potential remaining after reaching the ship, which was used in a long easy glide, just keep-

ing pace with our progress. The closely spaced cumulus clouds flying above indicated how numerous these updrafts were.

The dovebies use their wings for swimming under water. They are awkward flyers, though fast. I saw one bird alight so solidly on the water that he bounced into the air again, turning a complete flip before coming to rest on the surface. This afternoon these birds are up to their old tricks again, flying ahead of the vessel and diving under as we overtake them, apparently expecting to feed on the bottom as the hull slides past. Several have been killed by the screw and thrown to the surface in our wake, where their white bellies shone against the receding blue. One cruise we made saw all of our little auk followers killed in this way.

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## HEART'S GARDEN

BY ETHEL ANDERSON

... Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both. . . .

— *Measure for Measure*

**B**y Severn Flood, by the wild, careless plum tree bright with ice, by bare willow boughs and willow wands, with a ruffle of wind in them, Rose, listening. His own voice over the dipping hilltop loudly calling, 'Hoi, Rose, you seen Brindle? Seen my poley cow?' Her white arms round the dun cow's neck, her red cheek rubbing the cow's warm hide; Rose, saying, 'Don't you want to go, then, darling? Don't go, then!' Her clasp, her tremulous clasp tightening its hold. Her own voice nearer his strong, far-carrying voice: 'You heard. Sweet

Limb of Venus! Why don't you answer me?' 'I wanted you nearer!' 'Nearer? Bold lass! Nearer?' 'I'm thirsty for your kiss!' 'Kiss!' (Her sunlit hair. Her red lips pouting.) 'You get no kiss from me, my dangerous jade! I with a three-months bride! What's come to you?' 'Love.' Listening no more. Shocked. Driving away Brindle. Never looking back.

Plumed hawthorns drooping below the rocky cider orchard, white now with petaled spring's rimeless delicious snows; clouds in the blue above; under the tiled

wall bees angrily humming; creeping yeasty scents of pennyroyal and tarragon, and again his own voice, his young lusty voice, traveling the bents: 'Hey! Rose! The skep! They're finely clustered!' Rose! Young Rose running swiftly towards him through the grassy orchard aisles, the sweet birds singing, the linnets, the honeyed apple buds sharpening the warm air; Rose, her starched dress rustling, her unhurried deep-drawn breath, so quietly taken. Together brushing the clustered bees. Standing on thyme, together, brushing into the straw skep the hairy torpid bees, and the air so tender with thyme. She has laid her red mouth on his. It is Rose's voice, her pleading distracted tones: 'You must love me! You must! She need never know!' 'Never!' His unrelenting voice. His wavering glance. 'Ah!' triumphantly, 'you'll love me yet!' Ignoring Rose. 'Darling! Darling! Wait with me here; there's no one about!' 'There's my young wife about!' Sitting by his wife by the lamp of night. His thoughts of Rose.

Rumboldswick Wisdom's foal bogged for the whinnying length of a winter's day and a blackjack frosty night in Jinny Bluett's waterhole. The stables in the dark winter's night. The sick foal in slings. Together under the murky rafters all golden-dusky from the threshing flail. Rose! In the moted air so bright, Rose! That light burning all night.

Rose! Those stoves so wastefully burning. All night together tending the sick foal. It was impossible to save that foal — not bolus! — not bucket! What could save that foal? Rose, saying, 'I never thought we'd get him out!' Rose, saying, 'I never thought we'd save him!' His hands trembling, he unable to speak; Rose, saying, 'T is too late!' The dead foal. Rose in tears, her soft mouth, her salt cheek, her hands so beseeching. 'You must take me now!' The barn's black rafters. Rose's face; her bared white neck; her cleft bosom. No man could stand this.

Helpless in the sun in his wheeled chair, drinking with that woman with a bishop's face, the faithful, childless wife of fifty years, cider from a two-handed cider cup; hearing over the hedge old vagrant Rose Bickerstethy's ancient pipings, her wind-driven, scrannel-piping notes; she, living alone, from the abandoned cottage in Wilding Copse, hawking salt fish through six villages; she, saying, 'D'ye know George, the pork butcher to Drakes Broughton? Well, he's my son! D'ye know Willie, the sweep, to Abbot's Wood? Well, he's my son! D'ye know Fred, the poacher, to Sneachell Rise? Well, he's my son!'

By Severn Flood, by the wild, careless plum tree bright with ice, bright with blossom, he remembers the sole flowering of his heart's garden.

# A DAY AT THE ZOO

BY STORM JAMESON

## I

A SMALL man, with a fine head, beginning to be bald, face of a scholar, sat writing at a small table, scratching himself, writing, writing, sitting awkwardly on an uncomfortable chair. Several untidy piles of letters, books, a half-eaten apple, cigarette ends in a saucer, filled every other corner of the table. The roof sloped at one side; the floor was carpeted, but it would have been better if it had not been. Against one wall there was an unmade bed. All the furniture was good, — the inkstained carpet was a Chinese one, — and the room was not squalid, only neglected and unbelievably dusty.

The kettle on a gas ring suddenly boiled over. He jumped up, exclaiming, 'God damn the thing!' and snatched it off before it could splash a jacket lying on the floor. The handle was hot; still cursing fervently, he set it down with a thud on to the carpet, lifted it again with his handkerchief, and made the tea before trying to rub off the ring of soot left behind. He cleared a space on the table for the tray, and drank while he went on writing.

Now and then he picked up a clock which was lying face downwards in the disorder of the table, and glared at it. 'Half an hour . . .'

'Ten minutes . . . blast it!'

He wrote and drank. Occasionally he referred to a letter he snatched from one of the piles. When the ten minutes left to him had become five he began muttering as he wrote. '. . . My advice to you, Shy Girlie, is to let him go. You

will never be happy with a young man who deserts you for other girls even before you are married. Don't make any scene. Simply tell him gently and seriously that his conduct causes you pain and that you would rather he did not call for you again. You will feel a little unhappy at first — don't sit at home and mope; take up tennis or skating, and in time . . .'

Throwing down his pen in the middle of the sentence, he jumped up and began dressing himself to go out. He rested each foot on the chair in turn while he polished his shoes with a rag and a jar of cream. Then, frowning at himself in the glass, he changed into the jacket that matched his trousers, pulled a soft hat well down over one eye, and hurried from the room. He locked the door and put the key in his pocket. All this time his face was that of a man faced with unspeakable disaster if he lost a minute.

His room was on the top floor. Just as he was leaving the house his landlady called to him from her room, in a soft hoarse voice: 'Good morning! You're off early to-day!'

Turning his head but without pausing for a second, he called back: 'Yes. Good morning.' He smiled delightfully and half waved his hand — so that she should not think him rude.

Leaning forward, she watched him out of sight. He was walking at a great rate, holding himself straight, and swinging his arms. From the back, he seemed a young man. It's when you see him in-



doors, she thought: he must be forty. 'Yes. Good morning,' she mimicked in her curious voice. I'm glad I never married a little man; they're conceited. I'll bet God's underweight — and that's why He takes it out of us women.

The street was as hot as brass in the sun. A few lilac trees in the narrow gardens were just coming into bloom; one of them — a white lilac — scented the air as he came towards it, and he looked at it with a slight smile. But just then a car rushed past, trailing a kite of burned-out oil. He wrinkled his forehead in disgust. Blast it — why do I stay in London? he thought.

He could not remain unhappy. The hot sun exhilarated him; his step became almost a prance, until when he reached the tube station and was plunged underground he thought he had descended into hell.

His wife's new house was in one of the terraces enclosing Regent's Park: it was even more imposing than he had expected and he felt a momentary qualm. He was not overawed or impressed. He was only anxious not to let her down by appearing shabby. Then he reflected that she would have new servants, who did not know that he was her first husband. He ran up a flight of steps to the door and rang the bell.

As he had expected, a strange and rather severe-looking manservant opened the door and asked him his name.

'Mr. Askwith,' he said; he added quickly, 'I have an appointment with Mrs. Glenn.'

Strange that even after five years he felt a profound repugnance to her new name. He blinked. As the man was leading him towards a room on the right of the hall a maid came out of the room with a duster in her hand. He recognized the elderly woman who had been with them when he separated from his wife and had stayed with her afterwards. She gave evidence at the divorce.

'Well, Louisa! How are you?' he asked, smiling.

She gave him a confused glance. 'Quite well, sir. Thank you.' Her face colored in blotches, as though she were ashamed to talk to him. She stood aside to let him pass.

Well, blast you, he thought cheerfully. He forgot her at once. There was no one in the room and he walked over to the fireplace and stood there. It was a large room, the paneled walls painted a light green and hung with modern paintings. By Jove, that's a Courbet, he thought. He went nearer, to examine it. There were three Seurats, a Braque, and on a wall by themselves two delicious heads of children by Renoir. He felt awed now. Is this Mary's taste or his? Either way, they're damned fine pictures. He stared round him. If she'd stuck to me she'd never have had them, he thought, grinning. And that would have been just too bad.

His head drooped. I'm an ass, he thought; a waster; I'm no good.

The door opened and his wife came in. If I'd married a dozen other women since, she would still be my wife, he thought irrelevantly.

She came forward with her warm smile, holding out her hand. He shook it, thinking, How idiotic! 'Well, how are you?' he said, smiling gently at her. She was as beautifully turned out as always since she married Glenn, her hair curled, skin smooth from massage and clever make-up, her lips lightly reddened. She wore a green dress; it suited her reddish fair hair.

'I'm very well — how are you?' Her voice was exactly the same, high-pitched, rather childish. Does Glenn ever hear it shrill with anger? he wondered. She went on without a pause: 'The children are dressing. They remembered yesterday that you always come to take them to the Zoo on Gillian's birthday, and John said —'

He interrupted her. 'Never mind what John said' — he felt certain she invented these things. How on earth, he said to himself irritably, could either of

them remember me? What chance do I give them? He felt sad, as well as irritated, but he would not admit it. 'When did you buy these pictures?' he asked his wife quickly.

She looked at him in surprise. 'They belong to —' she hesitated for less than a second. She was on the point of saying: 'They belong to my husband,' but she checked herself in time, and ended her sentence with a cough and the words '— to Dick. He took them in part payment of a debt last year.'

Askwith growled: 'It must have been a large debt. The Courbet alone is worth anything you could pay for it.' He felt a sudden rage against the man who dealt in such sums of money that he could rob another man of his most priceless possessions to recoup himself. He cheated some poor devil, he thought. Recovering himself, he smiled and said: 'I hope their late owner has something left.'

'I don't know,' Mary said simply.

She had seated herself on a couch and invited him to sit near her. Looking at him without seeming to, she thought, He is as impossible as ever — I suppose he thinks we should have been willing to lose the money. With an extraordinary bitterness she recalled how when they were at their poorest, and Gillian was ill, he absolutely refused to ask a friend of his to return ten pounds he had borrowed a year since. He had remained silent when she cried, for several hours, with disappointment and unhappiness; he was sorry for her, he suffered; but nothing would move him to press for the return of the loan. I might have been dying, she thought.

'What are you doing now?' she asked in a bright voice.

'Oh — the same things,' he said carelessly.

'You still keep up the — the journalism?' She was afraid that she might laugh if she spoke of it. Only yesterday, in the nursery of a friend's house, she had caught sight of a magazine open at the page, 'Aunt Hester Will Know: Write to

Her' — and there were the usual pathetic or fatuous letters and the answers. A spasm of inward laughter seized her. It was all she could do not to cry out: 'Do you know who writes those?' Denying herself this malicious joy, she said languidly: 'Who is reading this? You, Gretel?' 'My nurse reads it every week,' her friend said, laughing. 'So does cook. Servants love it, don't they?'

And here in front of her sat Aunt Hester, a rather stiff smile on his small and delicate mouth. He was Aunt Laura in a similar paper, and simply Lillah in a third. And he had been a brilliant scholar at Cambridge — and in the war he earned two French medals besides his D.S.O. For the hundredth time she thought, He's utterly, everlastingly hopeless — how could I have married him?

His face was puckered, as though he were crushed by despair. It merely meant that he was bored. She was seized by a too familiar impatience. It made her feel ashamed. Surely I need n't quarrel with him on the one day in the year when we meet, she thought. She forced herself to smile politely, and said: 'And the great work?'

He had been writing a treatise on mathematics for ten years. At one time she had believed it was a masterpiece; the thought of it now made her shrug her shoulders; she was even a little sorry for him. Ten years of an illusion!

Askwith glanced up half eagerly. Perhaps he saw in her face that she was merely making conversation. An expression of irony crossed his face and he did not reply, except by waving his hand as though he dismissed her curiosity.

'You are going to finish it?' Mary persisted.

'Oh, yes,' he said carelessly, 'some day.'

'And who will publish it?'

'God knows!' he said, grinning. 'Perhaps no one.'

I could arrange something, she thought instantly. Somebody could be paid to

make an offer. 'Years and years of work!' she exclaimed. 'That would be frightful. Ghastly.'

'Yes, it would be just too bad,' he grinned.

'Oh, don't pretend,' she said swiftly. Then she blushed, annoyed with herself for losing her calm. It's extraordinary that he can still provoke me, she thought; she felt vexed and startled.

Askwith looked at her with a charming smile; almost loving. And it means nothing, she thought, nothing; he smiles in the same way at everyone. I am a fool.

'You are wasting your life,' she sighed.

'But you told me so years ago,' Askwith said, gently. 'Don't you remember writing to me, *You will never do anything; you're vain, lazy, a born amateur*. And you were quite right. . . . If I only had half your energy!' he went on, with a smile. 'On how many committees do you sit?'

'I forget. . . . Do you remember everything I wrote — or only the unpleasant things?'

'I should n't remember anything,' he said mockingly, 'if I had n't kept every one of your letters.'

An extraordinary expression of dismay came into his wife's face. She had opened her eyes widely — and she was just going to say something when the door opened again and the children burst into the room, the little girl in front. At once she assumed an air of humorous reproof.

'Don't turn into little savages even before you reach the animals,' she said, laughing.

## II

Askwith frowned; for a moment he detested her. He jumped up to greet his two children. The little girl, Gillian, came straight to him, with a charming smile, which was a replica of his own. She held her face up to be kissed. The boy hung back; he was polite, but he did not smile; he seemed bored or indifferent.

He was handsome, like his mother, and tall for his twelve years. When they were outside the house he walked a little in front, with bent head; his sister skipped along beside their father, throwing her slender legs out like a young lamb's. She chattered away. Two years younger than her brother, she was tiny, delicate-looking, with an old-fashioned prettiness, as though she had stepped out of an eighteenth-century painting. Askwith held her hand lightly, afraid of crushing it; he was terribly nervous, yet so happy that he felt himself as light as a dancer.

He tried to draw the boy into the conversation, but John showed no interest; he answered yes or no, not troubling to look his father in the face. I am boring him, Askwith thought sadly. He encouraged himself with the thought that when they reached the Zoo it would be all right. Naturally, I can't amuse him, he said to himself. And yet he wished uselessly that the boy had been more friendly.

Paying for the three of them at the gate, he remembered with shame the occasion when they got there and he found he had no money: he had left it behind. Gillian had cried, and he had been forced to take a taxi back the short distance to his wife's house and there ask her to lend him money. She had behaved very well, too, not allowing herself even a smile. It was the most humiliating episode in his life.

'Where do you want to go first?' he said, looking at John.

The two of them argued fiercely. He was shocked to hear in Gillian's voice the shrill biting tone of his wife's in anger.

'Come — we'll go and see if the elephant is giving rides,' he said authoritatively.

They quietened at once — and seemed relieved that he had taken charge. When they moved off, clinging with the other children on the beast's vast dirty-looking back, he stood in the hot sun and

sniffed idly at the leaf he had pulled from the bush at his back. Suddenly he recalled an incident he had forgotten, completely — it returned like a blow over the heart. He almost gasped.

He and Mary were in Paris: it was the first month of their marriage — he was spending his gratuity on taking her abroad, because she had never seen anything. One day they took the train to Meudon: it was a heavenly day, hot, cloudless; the chestnuts were in bloom, dazzlingly bright against the blue sky. Sauntering under the trees, they lived through a few of those moments — how few in any lifetime! — when a fleeting touch of the hand becomes a happiness hardly to be borne. 'Put your arms round me; I want to feel you,' she whispered. There was so much agony mixed with his joy that he could scarcely breathe. They lay down.

Perhaps, when he took his coat off, the pocketbook with its roll of notes dropped out. It was gone when they went back to the station in the evening, and he had spent all his loose money on their meals. An outraged and excitable stationmaster would not allow them to enter the train without tickets: he seemed to look upon it as an insult to France — 'France, bleeding from a million wounds.' Mary was horribly embarrassed by the argument. With a crimson face, she drew her husband away from the station into the darkened street. 'What shall we do now?' she demanded. 'You ought to be more careful.' In the end Askwith persuaded the landlady of a small shabby inn on the outskirts of Meudon to trust them for the night. They slept on a feather bed that sank with them in the centre and swelled at the sides like a balloon. Only one pane of the window opened, but a light wind had risen and it blew freshly into the room, bringing with it the scent of white acacia and lilac, and the timid sound of an accordion someone was playing in the garden. When that stopped the night was extraordinarily still.

He remembered falling asleep close to Mary's round bare shoulder. In the morning some noise disturbed him. He stretched his arm towards her without opening his eyes, and said out loud: 'Oh, darling, darling.' An outburst of female laughter startled him into sitting bolt upright in bed, naked as he was. The door of the room had swung open during the night, and two swarthy young women, perhaps they were the *aubergiste's* daughters, were watching from the passage.

Mary had been angry — with him.

The elephant was pacing back. He lifted Gillian down, and turned to catch the boy. John's eyes were now brilliant with excitement; he no longer looked bored or indifferent, and on the way to the bear pit he walked close to his father and even answered questions about his school. He spoke with a kind of arrogance, startling in a child.

'I have n't made any friends yet,' he remarked. 'I don't like any of the boys — and they don't seem to like me. I'm afraid I'm not popular.'

'But what do you do with yourself in your spare time?' Askwith said. 'Surely you could find one boy who is not so bad.'

'Oh, well, I go about with some of them. And then we ride — and take photographs of birds. But I don't tell any of them what I think, and if anyone tries to make me I hit him. You see I'm very strong.' He held his arm out, with the hand clenched, and let it drop suddenly. 'I don't know what it will be like when I go to Westminster next year,' he said.

His manner did not alter, but Askwith had caught a change in his voice, so subtle that he might have thought himself mistaken if he had not instantly recognized it. It might have been himself speaking! He knew every turn, every stone, in the path his son was taking; he knew the fear, hidden from every eye, of failure. John was frightened just as he had been, and lonely. He stood still,

gripping the boy's hand; the feeling of his own wrongdoing and inadequacy overwhelmed him. My God, why did n't I keep him? he thought.

He saw John looking at him with surprise; forcing himself to smile, he walked on. 'You'll get on better at Westminster,' he muttered. 'I was fairly happy there.'

John's face wore its look of dreamy indifference. After a minute he said coolly: 'I'm going to have boxing lessons. My father says it's better to be able to defend yourself than to sweat at Latin.'

My father! thought Askwith dubiously; he was bewildered for a second, then he realized that the boy was speaking about Glenn. An insane anger took possession of him. His brain seemed to be bursting with it; he could not see, and stumbled. Gillian laughed — it was a light, breathless sound, and it brought him to his senses again.

'Oh, do mind,' she cried.

His anger vanished. Shrugging his shoulders, he thought, Well, what do you expect? One miserable solitary day a year — no wonder if the boy forgets which of us is his father. Perhaps he thinks he has two. He felt guilty — as though he had wronged his son in some way; but how else could I have acted? he thought. Glancing again at John, he did not know what to say. The boy was looking down; his lashes lay like a thick shadow on his cheeks. Really, he was too good-looking. Askwith felt again the painful sense of responsibility for this young complex creature.

He saw Mary kneeling on the floor in the sitting room of their flat. Tears were pouring over her face; she was beside herself with grief and terror. With arms crossed, she rocked herself to and fro, like an old woman, not caring in the least what she looked like. And she was always careful not to give way to tears; she declared that they ruined the skin of any woman over thirty.

She was behaving like this because he

had just said that he would keep one of the children. He would give her her divorce since she wanted it so badly, but not John. Or not Gillian. He would rather, he told her, keep the boy; but if she preferred him to Gillian, then let her take him and he would take their five-year-old little girl. It was then she had broken down. Staring at him as if he had wanted to murder her, she gasped: 'Prefer! How can I prefer one of my children to the other? How can you even say such things?'

'They are my children, too,' he said coldly.

He tried to harden his heart. But he still loved her, and seeing her broken like this was more than he could stand. After not more than ten minutes he gave in to her: he told her she could take both of them, and he tried to repress the bitterness that gripped him when she was pouring out her thanks. Why, she had almost fawned on him. He could not help the feeling — but it was quite shameful — that he had been sold.

And yet it seems I was to blame, he thought, ironically.

The heat was becoming too much of a good thing. It blazed on the asphalt paths, and Gillian began complaining that her ankles ached. Askwith picked her up, but in a moment, as soon as he had adjusted himself to her light weight, she demanded to be set down again. She cried a little, then laughed. The fine strands of hair clinging to her neck were damp.

Askwith suggested going into the restaurant for lunch. The room was cool and almost empty; there were actually strawberries on the menu, although it was only the middle of May, and he felt pleased, as though he had arranged it. Both children had already eaten them once this year, and John did not show surprise or pleasure. None the less Askwith was happy; he felt that things were going better. Very well, in fact.

After lunch they went directly to the Aquarium, which is a Chinese scroll



painting, alive by a miracle. Here for the first time John seized his father's arm. 'This is a splendid place!' he exclaimed. Again Askwith felt a thrill of joy and triumph. Gillian began laughing. 'You cried when we were fishing,' she said to John.

'Shut up!' the boy said furiously.

'Yes, he did! He did! He cried because the fish he had caught died — he kissed it! Fancy kissing a dead fish!'

'Very well,' her brother said, with icy contempt. 'I'll tell how you were punished for lying.'

'Neither of you will tell anything,' Askwith said. He looked from one to the other. Now that the hard, mocking expression had left her face, Gillian seemed to him very frail and defenseless. His heart ached. He did n't at all like these glimpses he was being given of their life with their mother and stepfather. But what can I do? he thought helplessly. His anger against Mary returned; it mounted slowly while he was walking beside the now subdued children. I must speak to her, he thought sternly. The words he would use, in order to convince and confuse her, jumped into his mind. If you sat on fewer committees, I shall say, and took a closer interest in your children: you say you're devoted to them, you were even (but was she?) prepared to give up your — your — Glenn — if I had refused to hand them over to you. But now what are you doing? How much do you know about John, for instance? And if Gillian tells lies, and is punished for them, whose fault is it, do you suppose? Hers?

He worked himself into a fine state of passion and determination. Anything she might find to say in her own defense he swept aside. She prided herself on her tact — on what she called her 'diplomatic touch' in handling people; he would not allow himself to be 'handled.' I'm damned if I'll stand it, he thought.

### III

When, at four o'clock, he took the children back to the house, he did n't see his wife. She was out.

He went back to Chelsea, to his room. Its disorder and the look of the unmade bed struck him disagreeably as he opened the door; he set about clearing it up. As soon as it was more or less neat he sat down, in the person of Aunt Hester, and tried to finish his page of questions and answers. His brain seemed to have been replaced by a piece of old leather. When he tugged at it, it creaked. What on earth was it I meant to say? '... In time ... in time ...' he repeated desperately. Nothing came. Not another word.

I might as well go out, he decided. He sat still. The sense of failure, of being nothing at all, paralyzed him. Why should any woman have stayed with me? he thought. I'm an ass. I ought to have stayed in the army.

He remembered days when Mary was so bored with him that she did nothing but find fault. In a shrill childish voice she told him over and over again that he ought to pester his friends until one of them from desperation took the trouble to find him a job. He ought to push himself. 'You know five languages,' she said; 'you're supposed to be a genius at mathematics — yet you can't even get a lectureship, or a post in a school.' She said he had no persistence. And of course she was right.

I am a fool, a fool, a fool, he thought, clenching his hands.

From being bored with him, she grew scornful — then silent. That must have been when she first met Glenn. He never learned how long she had known the other man before they came to an understanding, and before the evening when she cried in his room and begged him to let her take both the children. Well, at the time she was grateful, he thought wearily. In one way and another she struggled to show it — she

found him this room and put the best of their furniture in it. But perhaps she knew then that Glenn would soon be worth twelve thousand a year, he reflected cynically. He was not ashamed of the thought.

There was a knock at his door. Thinking that it was his landlady, he did not answer. It was repeated. He raised his voice sharply and called: 'Come in!'

He saw his wife standing in the doorway. She smiled timidly, and said in a soft voice: 'Am I in the way?'

After his first shock, of amazement, Askwith bounded from his chair. Closing the door behind her, he made room for her on the couch by tumbling the books and papers on it to one side, and asked her if she would like tea.

'No.' She hesitated, and said in the same voice, as though she were a young girl, uncertain of herself, 'But if you have any dry sherry —'

He had two bottles of sherry in his wardrobe, and there were various-sized glasses crowded together on one of the bookshelves. His hand shook as he filled glasses for both of them. He felt as though he had been poked in the stomach. His head throbbed.

'What has brought you here?' he said, speaking casually. The incredible thought darted through his head that she was tired of Glenn and wanted him to take her back. Could I? he said to himself.

'It's nothing very much —'

That's a good beginning, he thought, jeering at himself and his conceits. He waited.

She was trying to talk coolly. Her voice gave her away; it was jerky and breathless. 'I — I came to ask you whether you have kept all my letters.'

'Every one you ever wrote.' Since she said nothing, he asked: 'Why?'

Looking down as she put her glass on the table, she said slowly: 'I wish you would give me them back.'

'But why?'

Askwith was genuinely perplexed. He could not have the faintest idea what

had come over her, or why she felt this sudden desire for her own letters — letters written years ago. They could not possibly have any interest for her now. 'What has come over you? Tell me why you want them.'

'I want them,' she repeated.

She is like Gillian, he said to himself. 'I don't see why I should give them to you,' he said slowly. 'What's the point?' He smiled slightly. 'Are you writing an autobiography? Your Testament of Middle Age?'

His wife shook her head. 'No, no —' She looked into his face. 'I should feel safer if I had them. Please give them to me. They can't mean anything to you — I beg you —'

'Safer!' he repeated, without understanding. Suddenly he realized what she meant. The blood rushed to his brain, so that it felt like a ball spinning behind his eyes. He crashed his glass down. It broke, and the wine ran over the table on to his papers. He was angrier than he had ever felt in his life — and shocked. 'What do you imagine I am going to do with them?' he said coldly. 'Show them to people? Put them into a book?'

'No — but you're so careless,' she said weakly. 'You might — lose them — anything.' Her under lip quivered. 'Don't be angry with me,' she said under her breath.

His anger evaporated as it had risen, in an instant, and he felt only that something shameful was happening and he could not stop it. It was as though he had seen her behave with a senseless cruelty or greed.

'Has n't it struck you that they are all I have left? Unless you count the furniture?' he said, looking at her.

She only repeated: 'But you don't want them; why should you want them?'

Tears came into her eyes. In another moment, he thought, she will be kneeling to me again. He pulled himself together and began to speak to her soothingly: —

‘Very well, you shall have them. Or would you like me to destroy them while you are here?’

He saw the flash of joy on her face — controlled in a second. She hesitated; to his surprise he saw that she found it difficult to speak. ‘You do — oh, I’m ashamed,’ she said quickly. ‘Give them to me and let me take them away. I don’t want to watch you destroy them.’

The letters were in a cardboard box underneath his shirts. He wrapped it up for her while she sat silently. He was wondering what he could say to her to restore her self-respect and send her away soothed and self-confident again. Her look of crushed humiliation saddened him. She won’t get over it, he thought.

When he was handing her the parcel he said deliberately: ‘You interrupted my work’ — pointing at the half-written page.

‘Your work?’

‘Yes. My page for *Home and Woman*. It has to be in to-morrow.’

Mary burst out laughing. Trying to control herself, she stammered: ‘I forgot — Aunt Hester, is n’t it? Or is that the other paper?’

‘It keeps me alive,’ he said gravely.

‘Yes, I know — but — for a man to write it. And with your education. Why don’t you try for something better? Surely you could find — I would rather starve than —’

‘Oh no, you would n’t,’ he said. ‘And I have n’t your energy.’

‘No,’ she agreed, with simple patronage. ‘But it’s a pity.’

He saw her out — and stood on the step for a moment, watching her raise her hand to beckon a taxi and step into it with the clumsy parcel under her right arm. Let’s hope she gets safely to her own room with it, he thought dryly. They’ll take some burning.

He went back to his room. In the half-open drawer where he had kept her letters he saw one lying, flat against the back of the drawer. It must have been dropped from the box at some time. With a queer sensation, half excitement, — his heart throbbing at the ends of his fingers, — he took it out of its envelope, and began to read it.

It was the letter she had written asking him to arrange the divorce for her so that she could marry Glenn. There was nothing spontaneous in the letter. None of its phrases were sincere — probably it was composed under the eye of a solicitor. But at the end she had written, in a different, less careful hand than the rest: ‘Forgive me. I was n’t good enough. You ought to have married someone better and simpler.’

Shall I keep it? he thought.

Almost without thinking, he tore it into tiny shreds and threw them into his waste-paper basket, beside an empty claret bottle and the pieces of broken glass.

A delicious sense of relief filled him as soon as he did it — and an intense, serious joy. Now I can live, he was thinking. By God — yes — I can live.

# YOUR NATURE AND MINE

## *A Fresh Approach*<sup>1</sup>

BY ROGER W. HOLMES

### I

WHEN you step on the starter of your car in the morning you may be worrying about how you are going to touch the boss for a raise, or what you are going to give the Smiths for dinner. The engine turns over and over — and over. Gradually that well-known sick feeling creeps over you. You look at the gas gauge. O.K. You climb out, raise the hood, gaze at the mechanism with an air of wisdom, close the hood, and try again. Then you scratch your head. Your neighbor strolls over exuding superiority. He tries his favorite cures without success, then offers the customary 'There must be something wrong,' and barely escapes with his life. *There must be something wrong.* That's the point. Personify your engine in as many uncomplimentary phrases as you like, you never seriously entertain the idea that it has stopped working without cause. Can you imagine the garage mechanic reporting: 'There's nothing wrong with the car, ma'am; it just won't run'?

One of our commonest misapprehensions is that all elements of knowledge come through sense organs. That would be like saying that flour plus water plus yeast equals bread. In cooking we have to do something with our ingredients. In gaining knowledge we have to do

something with the raw material of sensation. What we do is think, and what we think with is the mind. The effect of this thinking is profound. If our knowledge of nature is limited by human sense equipment, it is also limited by the human mind. This limitation is far more subtle than the other. But it carries us to the same conclusion. Nature is a product of ourselves, of our minds as well as of our sense organs.

Return to your futile and increasingly frantic efforts to start your car. Something must be wrong. The engine is an object in your environment, and you *think* your environment as a place in which nothing occurs without cause. A few years ago a physicist in Vienna reported that certain minute particles of nature were acting arbitrarily. The announcement created a stir for some time, but the more men thought about it the less willing they were to accept it. The later verdict was that these particles only seemed to be acting arbitrarily. The difficulty was one of method, not of metaphysics. The cause was there if ways and means to detect it could be devised.

A professor of philosophy used to ask us what thoughts would cross our minds if the chandelier in the centre of the room should suddenly begin to expand like a balloon. To put the same problem even more dramatically, suppose you and I were walking in the woods and

<sup>1</sup> In the April issue Mr. Holmes began his interesting scrutiny of the human mind in its relation to nature. — EDITOR

came upon a stream that seemed to be running uphill rather than down. Notice that 'seemed to be.' 'Illusion' would be our first reaction. We should rub our eyes and look again. If the brook still seemed to be misbehaving we should pinch ourselves smartly. Not awakening in our beds, we should commence a careful objective study of the extraordinary situation. All of these actions involve the assumption of a cause for the experience. Is it in our eyes? In the atmospheric conditions? Are we dreaming? If the brook is really running uphill, if the chandelier is really expanding, the next question is 'Why?' This is the way our minds work.

Man has a peculiar interest in nature, and the ways in which he thinks about it reflect this interest. His concern with nature began in attempts to discover causes of desirable events such as good crops and the accurate shooting of bows and arrows. To-day we are repairing digestive organs and inventing poison gases, but the problem is the same. Desiring comfort and security, we want to control nature. Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* pictured a foundation the purpose of which was 'the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlargement of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.' He caught the essence of our study of nature, and the reason why cause and effect are so significant. But it is demonstrable that, wherever we read causal connections, the only elements which we actually experience are the *contiguity* of two events and the *priority* of one of them. Suppose we were, like some scholars, a species absorbed in the past solely for its own sake. We might have spoken of a relation of 'priuguity' or 'contigurity' and dismissed it as unimportant. We might have been a race of mystics interested not in controlling nature but in excelling in another, say the moral, sphere.

We think of nature as acting according to law. You will find it both strenuous and fruitless to try to think of a lawless environment. Alice journeyed in what was a wonderland, not because it had no laws, but rather because its laws were fascinatingly different from ours. Sometimes you had to run like lightning to stay in a given spot: that was the law of standing still. Sometimes you cried and felt pain, then suddenly pricked your finger and were well again: that was the law of time. A Cheshire cat could leave its smile behind when it vanished: that was the law of the smile of a certain species of Wonderland cat. The Mad Hatter always got the clean place at his tea party.

But, you will object, we think a law-obeying environment because we live in one. Maybe so. If we do, we can never know it. No one has ever perceived a law; seen, heard, touched, smelled, or tasted one. Once we thought nature animated by countless gods. Then we got the idea of mechanical laws in which the future came exclusively out of the past. More recently we have played with the idea of laws which regard the future as well as the past. Someone once said that Chaos was unthinkable. It is at least humanly unthinkable, for it is characteristic of human thinking to establish connexities.

When we speak of war as being lawless we mean that it does not obey the laws to which we are accustomed, never that it obeys no laws. When we speak of the lawlessness of a roulette wheel we mean only that we are unable to detect connections which we assume to be there. One of the cleverest stunts in advertising is to hang in a store window a coffeepot which shall seem to pour coffee endlessly and without replenishment. People gather around. But they have too much common sense to marvel at a miracle. They are trying to discover how the coffee gets back into the pot.



## II

The relativity of human thinking is more difficult to picture than the relativity of human sensation. It is easy to imagine a sensitive being equipped with sense organs different from our own. This we did in a previous article. But can we imagine a being equipped with a different kind of mind? Only remotely, for our imaginative projection will be a product of our own thinking! We are caught in a trap. Some years ago, when the question of inhabitants on Mars was livelier than at present, a number of projects for communication with Martians were suggested. Some recommended that we cover a section of desert with an immense triangle. If the Martians had minds like our own they might reply by constructing a huge circle. Or we might send flashes — four and three, and then seven. If they responded with another arithmetic equation we should have something as a basis for intelligible communication. But if they had minds totally different, a thing conceivable to us only in the abstract, the problem of communication would be hopeless. Why should ours be the only possible type of mental organization?

Perhaps an illustration will make this clear. I have just been examining a collection of Chinese bronze mirrors, most of the designs on which are divided into four parts, signifying the four corners of the earth. Why *four* corners? Why the *four* winds of heaven? Why north, south, east, and west? The human mind is in a human body, and the human body is bilateral and has a front and a back. If we had evolved from starfish we might have spoken of the five corners of the earth and the five winds of heaven. Can you imagine what our maps and charts would have looked like? Latitude and longitude are not marked on the earth; they are marked on maps, and maps are symbolic creations of human minds. There are innumerable differences of kind in the

symbols by which we might think our world.

And what about differences of degree? There is a man in Boston whose job it is to check adding machines. He is a mathematical wizard. Write down columns of figures as long and as imposing as you wish and he will tell you the sum when you are putting the tail on the last digit. He knows things about numbers to which the rest of us are blind, because he can see a series of interconnections too abstract for us. Suppose we had all been born with minds like Einstein's. 'Elementary, my dear Newton,' we might say. Imagine a mind which would be to Einstein's what his is to ours. We might learn the calculus of four dimensions in grade school. What should we learn in college? And, on the other hand, if we were a race of dolts capable of only the simplest of abstractions, our master minds might with great effort explore the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve. It is just like playing chess. Most of us see only a few pieces at once; some see several moves ahead; and a few see the conclusion almost in the opening.

One of the comforting things about our environment is that it does not contradict itself. If you call on Mrs. Jones she may be both at home and not 'at home,' but only because the phrase is taken in two different meanings. What kind of plans can a hostess make if the Smiths are both coming to dinner and not coming to dinner? Are you coming or not? Did you do this or did you not? Which way will you go, this or that? We should be driven to distraction if our world were self-contradictory. Equally difficult would be a world in which we could not use the expression, 'Either . . . or.' Either you were traveling at fifty miles an hour before the accident, or you were not. There is no middle ground. True, you were traveling fifty miles an hour relative to the ground, and you were traveling much faster rel-

ative to the car you hit, but this is true only because you have changed your system of reference. The curious fact here is that these laws, Noncontradiction and Excluded Middle, are *laws of thought*. We say that we live in a rational world, but it is rational because we think it as such.

One of the logician's most fascinating nightmares consists in trying to imagine a system of thought such as the celebrated man from Mars might use. Suppose the Martian had different and contradictory systems of thought. He might employ one on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the other on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday — and perhaps have a third and very special one reserved for use on Sundays. Of course many of us humans employ one set of propositions in church and another at the office, but we describe such thinking as illogical. Suppose that all of the Martian propositions could be divided into two groups, like odd and even numbers. Suppose that basic to the Martian way of thinking was the postulate that if two propositions are true any third one is true. It sounds insane to us because we can understand only with human minds and hence must employ our own logic in the process.

The early Greeks believed that objects in nature shed from themselves continuously copies or images, and that we had knowledge of our environment when these images were received by the eye and conducted along the nerves to the brain. Now we speak in terms of electrical impulses traveling from sense organ to brain. The change implied in the function which the mind performs is extraordinary. If we could station a Lilliputian observer somewhere along the nerve between the eye and the brain, he would report only electrical currents passing his post of observation. If you are crossing the street and have to jump hastily from the path of an automobile, there is nothing he would observe which could be interpreted as 'Automobile.

Look out!' We do not know what does happen to make us jump aside, but we do know that 'Automobile' and 'Look out!' are not perceived by the eye. The mind *does something* to the raw material of sensation, and the product of what it does is the thing we call nature.

### III

We are just beginning to appreciate the importance of what the mind does. Alexis Carrel in *Man, the Unknown* points out that there are at least two important yet different ways of studying nature, according to the concepts of the inert and of the living. 'We do not find in the universe the clearness and accuracy of our thought. We attempt, therefore, to abstract from the complexity of phenomena some simple systems whose components bear to one another certain relations susceptible of being described mathematically. . . . The slow progress of knowledge of the human being, as compared with the splendid ascension of physics, astronomy, chemistry, and mechanics, is due to our ancestors' lack of leisure, to the complexity of the subject, *and to the structure of our mind.*' (The italics are mine.)

In short, we know nature as we do chiefly because our minds handle certain types of ideas more easily than others. We are happy when we can measure with a ruler, weigh on scales, or count. Not realizing that this is a result of a characteristic of our minds rather than of nature, we have been led to serious misconceptions.

And of these the most serious is that which recommends the exact sciences as more fundamental than the biological ones. Physicist, chemist, and astronomer were first in the field, and now that we are beginning to investigate the science of life they are insisting that life is basically physiochemical. If the biologist had been first in the field we should have thought of the nonliving as a special

case of the living. With us it is 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.' But we might have advanced along a path of sophisticated animism, molecules and atoms being fundamentally organic, death rather than life being considered the more extraordinary. 'Corpuscles to corpuscles and cells to cells.' It is amazing how docilely biologists have accepted this doctrine. Wells and Huxley write a *Science of Life* and exert every effort to describe only in terms of blind causes. Biochemists seek the link between the living and the nonliving. Biologists are uncomfortable when they cannot give measurements and figures. All are afraid of being unscientific. Dr. Carrel is accused of betraying science. He may be putting things too strongly when he says that the enormous advance gained by the sciences of inanimate matter over those of living things is one of the greatest catastrophes ever suffered by humanity. But that the science of life, involving the development of an entirely new set of intellectual concepts, is still in its infancy is not unlikely. When one has read his book it is difficult to deny that modern civilization shows a dangerous disregard of the biological nature of man.

Imagine the reverse situation. Imagine that the human mind had taken more readily to a study of life than to a study of the nonliving. Suppose our first scientists had been biologists and that they had had at their back several centuries of solid achievements before man began to study the inert. Can you not picture the struggle which chemistry and physics might have had for recognition? Can you not imagine the books which would be written to show that chemistry and physics can be reduced to biology? Would there not be a host of chemico-biologists attempting to establish the link between the two? Can you not imagine the physicist shunning mechanistic principles and trying to see his data in terms of the teleological? Of course you cannot. Your mind does not

work in that way. But such might have been the case, nevertheless. The exact sciences study a unit smaller than the biologist's unit. But it does not follow from this that the unit cell must be obedient only to the physicist's type of law. The physicist's unit is smaller because of the simple fact that we can measure and count long after we are unable to examine internal structure.

One of the things we have never wondered enough about is the rôle which arithmetic plays in science. The old Pythagoreans waxed mystical on this question. Everything had a number. Male was three, female two; and marriage five! We are mystical about this, too. Did you ever stop to ask why the force of gravity should vary inversely as exactly the square of the distance between two bodies? Why not inversely as the 2.0000983 power of the distance? It is said that Kepler was encouraged to the development of his three famous laws by the conviction that a creating God would have created things neatly. Not many scientists to-day are impelled by such devotion to God's kindness, yet their thinking is not so different. They assume that nature can be expressed in numbers. Why should this be? We know that numbers are the product of the mind, that they are not in nature.

We were taught in school that the sun rather than the earth is the centre of the solar system. Our children will be taught that space is curved rather than straight. So far, so good. But when the schoolmaster looks wise and says that Copernicus was *right* and Ptolemy *wrong*, that Newton's system is *untrue* and Einstein's *true*, then look out. It is not a matter of truth and error; it is a matter of convenience. When you are building a house it is highly inconvenient to think of it as moving around the sun. The sun rises in the east, you say, and you put your bedrooms on the east side so that the sun will stream in of a morning. When you are fooling around with our little solar system it is convenient to

take the sun as a centre. And when you go farther out into space you may employ some other centre or none at all. When measuring your living room you do not think of yourself as measuring an arc. When measuring the distance of a remote star you do. The system accepted by science changes with every significant increase in the data at our disposal. 'Nature' is the name we give to the most convenient systematization we can make at the moment.

There are times when we can anticipate the advance of science by examining, *not* nature, but the mind and its contribution. It was no accident that the Greek atomists hit upon the quantitative atom and anticipated laboratory scientists by two thousand years. And it was no more an accident that Leibniz saw the fundamental difficulty in believing nature to be spatial. Our own century gives what is in some ways the most dramatic example of all. Of the modifications which modern physics has undergone, the introduction of space-time is probably the most important.

We usually think of space-time as a product of laboratory research. Of course it was. But few realize that it was at almost exactly the same time, and without reference to laboratory data, developed by a metaphysician. Einstein studied the data, and found a new way of organizing them. Alexander, by a sheer analysis of concepts given by the mind, arrived at the same conclusion. Science proceeds along a path certain aspects of which thinking men can survey in advance by regarding the contribution to the process made by the mind. The curious but unavoidable conclusion is that the scientist's development of nature is as much a description of himself as it is of his environment; that if he were quite different in ways which we cannot even imagine because we can never get outside of our minds, his nature would be different. Change either the quantity or the quality of the mind's powers and nature changes.

## IV

Why our persistent belief in a nature independent of us? We can argue at length the fact that we can know only as much of nature as our particular sense organs allow us to perceive, and we can demonstrate that we shall organize sense impressions according to strictly human concepts; yet we shall certainly continue to think of nature as independent. Why? Because that is the way we think it: that is what nature *is*. Of course we could think nature as a series of almost completely independent events, but such a system would be useless. We should never get our car started. We could, and some do, think nature as completely determined by its future. That also has its impractical aspects.

But there are ways in which we cannot think nature. For one, we cannot think of nature as having an ultimate origin. The problem of creation, natural or supernatural, can give you a thumping good headache if you will let it. Something coming out of nothing, that is what it means. We can mouth the words, we can nod our heads wisely, we can think we imagine it. Select any physical object, say the chair on which you are sitting. Can you think of it as coming suddenly or gradually into existence out of the void? You cannot, because what you mean by 'physical object' is something which cannot do this. Perhaps you take refuge in God's power. If you do, God becomes a refuge for ignorance, as Spinoza pointed out. Similarly, you cannot think of nature as being made up of ultimate units. No matter how small the unit or how simple its function, you cannot think it as either indivisible or unanalyzable. The unscratchable atom was blasted. If there is any limit in this direction it is due only to the relative magnitude of the observer and the crudeness of his instruments. But this is a limitation in ourselves, not a limit in nature.

All that we have been saying can be

summarized in two theses. The first is that we can never separate ourselves from our sense organs. The second is that we can never separate ourselves from our minds. Our knowledge of nature will always be limited in these two ways, and hence can only be nature-as-known-by-human-beings. Science has for many centuries emphasized the independence and objectivity of nature, and this it was compelled to do if it was to perform its unique and significant function. The scientist realizes this. The rest of us are deeply indebted to him. But our age has misunderstood him. Half our advertisements show gray-haired men in laboratory coats gazing into microscopes, or holding test tubes up to the light. We have burdened the scientist with responsibilities which he is the first to refuse. We have tried to employ his concepts in dealing with the creative spirit, and with moral problems. The scientist specializes on one aspect of reality. He seeks those principles according to which human sense organs and minds best work in solving practical problems. In doing so he constructs nature.

Reality in and for itself, independent of the human being who is endeavoring to understand it and dissociated from human problems, will always be a mystery. The problem of manipulating our environment is only one. Problems of conduct and of value are quite different. They require other concepts and other laws.

In the Middle Ages man took all of his problems to the Church, from child care to plagues. To-day we take all of our problems to the laboratory. The one attitude is as ill-considered as the other. To-day we are willing to think exclusively in terms of nature. We understand that God is the creation of man rather than man the creation of God. But we have not yet understood that nature, also, is our nature, and to be understood as such. We have misinterpreted the scientist, taking his knowledge as an absolute rather than a relative thing. We shall have conferred a favor on him as well as on ourselves when we give more time to understanding him and accepting his laws, not as *the* laws of reality, but as the laws by which human beings can know one major part of it.



# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## LET THERE BE KITES AGAIN

Let there be kites again —

Up, up, like wings  
And boys running by,  
Holding tight to the strings,  
With their eyes to the sky. . . .  
They will soon be men.

Let there be shouting now —

With wind and cloud  
Racing over, and swift  
Lean shadows, and proud  
Young faces that lift  
With light on the brow.

Let there be kites again —

Up, up, from the hill  
Each spring of the year,  
Over lands we till. . . .  
There was wonder here  
And we found it . . . then.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

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## COURTESY EN ROUTE

My instinctive courtesy, which never fails me when I am on foot, is often frustrated when I am at the wheel of my car. This is most annoying to me. I am not willing to concede that the machine age is of necessity an age of discourtesy, or that I am, of necessity, a less gracious person at fifty miles per hour than I am when standing still, or when sauntering afoot.

On the contrary, I contend that the automobile should be included among those 'new occasions' which not only 'teach new duties,' as Lowell affirmed, but also should teach new courtesies. It is not the disappearance of the old forms of courtesy that troubles me, but our failure to create new forms to grace this 'new occasion.'

I realize that motorists in fast-moving, glass-enclosed cars cannot exchange the gracious greetings or the gallant gestures of the horse-and-buggy era. Only another Don Quixote would attempt to revive these departed amenities.

And such he was. I had only a moment's sight of him, but I shall never forget his kindly, gentle face, or his courtly manner, or his unconcern about the traffic jam which he caused and through which he moved with stately nonchalance.

I was first in line, waiting for a green light on Beacon Street, eager to get out of the city. When the light came, I stepped on the gas and sped through the gears and — jammed on my brake! There was a screaming of other brakes, the slither of dragging tires, and the sudden smell of hot rubber. An ancient, high-roofed, and eminently respectable Franklin sedan was making a left turn on the red light. My car, and a coupé approaching from the opposite direction, had narrowly escaped crashing into it.

I glanced indignantly at the driver and saw that he was an elderly man and evidently a man of breeding. Although his car was in motion, and although there was every reason why he should move on as quickly as possible, the benevolent old gentleman did not allow these exigencies to prevent the courteous acknowledgment of his obligations. Amidst the din of tooting horns, he lifted his hat to the woman in the coupé crowded against his left running board and, in what seemed to be the same instant, made a gracious gesture to me with his right hand while by some miracle of juggling he twirled his wheel, cleared my front fender by a hair's breadth, and moved off out of the jam.

As he swung into the line ahead of me, I looked for his number plate, and was not surprised to see that the car was from Virginia. I followed closely behind him all the way to Harvard Square in the hope that some need of information regarding his route might cause him to stop and give me the privilege of a brief conversation with him. But I lost him at the Square when I stopped for a red light, through which he drove upon his sight-seeing way.

I heard the shrill whistle of the traffic officer and opened my window to hear what harsh words the officer might bawl at my courtly friend. The natural red of the

officer's Irish complexion was further reddened by the cold November wind. He looked formidable, but when I had my window open I saw that he was grinning. With one hand he was holding back the traffic, with the other he was beckoning my friend to come on.

'Come on, Virginia!' he shouted encouragingly. 'Carry me back to old Virginny. Stay back, you-all! Give the Old Dominion the right of way.'

My heart warmed to the Irish officer. Stationed in his little sentry box, in the midst of the rushing, crisscrossing streams of cars, he refused to allow the exigencies of a machine age to frustrate his native humor, or his native courtesy.

It is not, however, for such spectacular courtesies as these that I am pleading, but for some way to express commonplace courtesies on the road without being spectacular and without stalling traffic. The very simple way which I am proposing is to use the horn for this purpose. There have always been sporadic attempts on the part of motorists to do this very thing, but thus far these attempts remain sporadic and ineffective. An occasional driver will acknowledge a courtesy by sounding two toots on his horn. The twin toots presumably mean 'Thank you,' but they cannot be distinguished from the two staccato toots that mean 'Look out!' or even 'Get out!'

My proposal is that we should adopt a uniform signal. One longish toot followed by a short one is suggestive of 'T-h-a-n-k you.' The driver thus thanked would acknowledge the thanks by the same signal: one longish and one short toot, meaning 'W-e-l-c-o-m-e.' This signal would very soon be generally recognized as the Thank-you-and-welcome signal.

Other signals would undoubtedly come into common use. The drivers of several fleets of motor trucks in New York City are rapidly establishing a signal by which one driver warns another if someone is stealing a ride on the other truck. The day may come

when a prudish spinster, driving behind a youthful romantic couple, will be able to express her outraged sensibilities in a series of sharp toots which the youngsters will hear and recognize as meaning 'Tut-tut-tut-tut!'

I confess that when a driver takes the middle of the road ahead of me, or even drives well over on the left of the road, I press my horn in a way that produces a series of low, grunting sounds. I always hope that the inconsiderate driver will catch the resemblance between the sound of my horn and the grunts of a road hog. I should get more satisfaction out of this procedure if the rumbling toot were an established signal which these inconsiderate drivers understood.

Yes, I should like to have that signal widely adopted, even though I should hear it sounding behind me on one of those too frequent days when I suddenly realize that my car has taken to the other side of the road while I have been absorbed in looking at some charming landscape, or in thinking absent-mindedly of the waning courtesies of this machine age.

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#### VERSE WITH ALLUSIONS

THRICE happy they whose world is spanned  
By the circumference of Hand,

Who want no more than Fingers seize,  
And scorn the Abstract Entities.

The Higher Things in Life do not  
Invade their privacy of Thought.

Their only notion of the Good  
Is Human Nature's Daily Food.

They feed the Sense, deny the Soul,  
But view things steadily and whole.

I, starveling yearner, seem to see  
Much logic in their Gluttony.

THEODORE ROETHKE



*The Atlantic Serial*

CHAPTERS 12-21

# Men against Mountains

BY

OSCAR LEWIS

## *How 'Men against Mountains' began . . .*

A VISIONARY began it, as is so often the case. His name was Theodore D. Judah. He came from Bridgeport, Connecticut, had an engineering turn of mind, and got his first job on the railroad which was being built from Troy to Schenectady. Thereafter he built bridges at Niagara and in Vermont, and worked on the Erie Canal, but railroads were his ambition and his dream. In his twenty-eighth year, Judah was engaged as the chief engineer of a railroad to be built at Sacramento. Judah and his patient wife went West, and within a year and a half his twenty-one-mile road had been surveyed and built and its first locomotive had come by clipper ship round the Horn. But Judah's mind visualized a larger picture: this twenty-one-mile spur was simply the first unit in the road that was to link the oceans. He wrote reports, he talked to every Californian who would listen, and despite his nickname — 'Crazy Judah' — he was a tireless delegate in the Pacific Railroad Convention which met in San Francisco in 1859. They picked a representative to carry their recommendations to Congress, and Judah was the man.

So the voluble engineer became a familiar figure on Washington streets and in committee rooms. He repeated his story to members of the House and Senate, even to James Buchanan in the White House. He set up a Pacific Railway Museum, but his bill was blocked by the larger issue then in men's minds — Slavery.

Back in California and undaunted, Judah began raising money for the Central Pacific Railway of California. In three days, Dutch Flat and the few neighboring villages had pledged \$46,500. At the St. Charles Hotel, in Sacramento, he expanded his plans before a druggist, a jeweler, a lawyer, the owner of a dry-goods store, and two hardware merchants. Among those present were four names destined to go down in California history — Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and Collis P. Huntington.

The Big Four, as they came to be known in later years, were big men physically. Biggest of them all was Charlie Crocker, who tipped the scales at 245 pounds, a driving force in any combination. Huntington and Stanford were both above 220, but Uncle Mark Hopkins was tall and bent and 'thin as a fence rail.' He was a vegetarian and a teetotaler. On the wet afternoon in 1862 when ground was broken for the new road, the Big Four were comparatively young men. Stanford, Governor of the state,

was 38, Crocker 40, Huntington a year older, and Uncle Mark a graybeard of 49.

During the preliminary stages, Judah and Crocker were the men who did the taxing physical work. Judah surveyed the line from Sacramento across the foothills to the base of the Sierras, and then — with the optimism of a genius — over and around the towering heights. It was also Judah who, on a second trip to Washington, persuaded Congress to grant the Federal aid. Loans ranged from \$16,000 to \$48,000 a mile, depending upon the slope. The Civil War was a reality, and Washington was in need of California gold and Nevada silver.

But early in the construction the engineer was forced out of the partnership. Judah would not sanction certain financial dealings. He sailed to New York in the hope of raising new capital, and died of yellow fever at Panama four months before his thirty-eighth birthday.

Storming and bellowing up and down the line, it was Charlie Crocker who carried the work forward, directing the largest force of workmen the country had ever known. It was Crocker who conceived the idea of importing Chinese workmen from Canton, and shiploads were sent until he had nearly six thousand. The terminus shifted to Cisco, ninety-four miles from Sacramento and nearly six thousand feet high. By use of a temperamental new substance called nitroglycerine, and with the Chinese crowded shoulder to shoulder chipping and hacking at the rock faces, the road advanced — eight inches a day. For seven years the work went, as Crocker said, 'bravely forward' — in winter working against thirty-five-foot snowdrifts and in summer during the sizzling heat and alkali dust. In the early sixties, everything needed in this railroad building except lumber and masonry had to be purchased in Eastern markets and transported West by ship. Thus, against tremendous odds, men fought their engineering war against the mountains until in May 1869 the Irish gangs of the Union Pacific and the Chinese gangs of the Central Pacific fitted rails together, driving home the golden spike which spanned the continent with its first railroad. On the day of national celebration, Mrs. Judah sat alone in her brother's house in the East, refusing to see friends.

It was Charlie Crocker who bossed the job those seven arduous years. But it was up to Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, and Huntington to see that the railroad kept running. . . .

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*Now with each twelve months of the Atlantic*

## **THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR**

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# MEN AGAINST MOUNTAINS

BY OSCAR LEWIS

## II. CROCKER, HOPKINS, AND STANFORD

THE country-wide enthusiasm aroused by the completion of the transcontinental railroad first informed many in California that Sacramento's former shopkeepers had become men of consequence. As a belated gesture of recognition, Sacramento citizens prepared to entertain the empire builders at a testimonial banquet. Invitations were issued and accepted in elegantly phrased letters reproduced in Coast newspapers. In late September the partners faced half a hundred prosperous fellow townsmen, and learned that their courage, industry, and vision had won the admiration of their home town. Stanford responded with an address. Crocker and Hopkins talked briefly, Huntington not at all. But his new rôle of public benefactor proved not distasteful; he announced that he would do anything for his good friends except make a speech.

So gradual had been the change that they themselves were hardly aware of it; Huntington once told that they sometimes paused to wonder at their power and responsibility. Crocker, who had begun construction with two hundred men, later announced that he was directing the largest force of workmen ever assembled in the country's history. To Huntington the contrast must have been even more amazing. Before the road was well started the hardware merchant was monthly awarding contracts that ran into the millions and chartering so many ships that he became the largest individual shipper in the world. Even

placid Mark Hopkins, fresh from hardware accounts, must have had periods of astonishment as he contemplated the size of the figures beneath his pen.

At the beginning their moderate personal fortunes were in the balance; soon it grew clear that success would bring fortunes beyond any ever before created on the Coast. The necessity for building up and protecting their property had kept them too busy to give much thought to what they would do with it after it was won.

Stanford's driving of the last spike ended one stressful period and began another. The early weeks after the celebration brought little change in the familiar routine. Construction crews were still active all along the line, repairing makeshifts adopted when haste had been the main consideration, fitting the roadbed to meet federal inspection, assembling equipment, and perfecting schedules for anticipated heavy traffic.

By 1870 the partners faced an entirely different task. Building the road had proved fabulously profitable; now it was uncertain whether operation would realize any profit at all. A few weeks after their line was completed, the Suez Canal was opened. Possibility that traffic between Asia and Europe would flow over the new railroad vanished. Volume freight between the coasts continued to be shipped by water. Once the initial rush was over, the one through train a day sometimes carried no passengers at all.

For seven years the four had been



looking ahead to the time when they could enjoy their new wealth. Instead of the anticipated ease, a variety of new problems appeared. Tension did not relax, and the partners realized that the struggle to gain fortunes was to be followed by a struggle to keep them. Their letters reveal a time of indecision. Should they embark on what Hopkins called 'the certainty of continued years of anxious toil, and the uncertainty of how well and with what results we may work out the problem of final success,' or should they sell out, pocket a handsome profit, and let others wrestle with problems of operation?

Crocker first reached a decision. That he chose to sell caused no surprise, for he was definitely a man of action. Stress of construction had been exactly to his liking. To one who thrived on physical activity, routine administration had no appeal. He had developed strong opinions on the injurious effects of mental work. There was the example of his elder brother, E. B. Crocker, the only one of the four brothers who had received a formal education. As attorney for the Central Pacific, he had wrestled for six years with its complicated legal problems, and with what result? In 1868 he had fallen at Stanford's feet, victim of a paralytic stroke. Invalid ever since, he was to die, still a young man, a few years later. Charles weighed this catastrophe. He announced that he would have no administrative job and invited his partners to buy him out.

Crocker's decision brought Huntington hurrying on from New York. The deal was too important to be negotiated by others. Hopkins lacked force in argument, and Huntington had more than once written that 'trading is not one of Stanford's strong points.' Negotiations continued through the fall of 1870. The three remaining partners agreed to pay the two Crockers \$1,800,000, in three yearly installments of \$600,000. Huntington left for the East, thinking the matter settled. Charles Crocker, how-

ever, delayed signing from week to week. When he asked certain modifications in the terms of the agreement, Huntington lost patience. 'We bought Mr. Crocker out fairly and without an if, and I propose to do just what I agreed with him and nothing more.'

Late in 1871, Crocker signed the agreement and received the initial payment. He departed with his family for a tour of Europe. Although no longer a partner, Crocker retained large holdings of Central Pacific stock, received as dividends from the construction companies that had built the road. The remaining partners thought of his carefree existence and concluded that he had not made a bad bargain. In one of his lucid letters to Huntington, Mark Hopkins wrote: 'This gives them [Charles and E. B.] a productive fortune of a vast sum, and a reasonable expectation from C. P. stock of many millions more, so yoked with our interest in like property that we must realize to them their expectations, or do worse for ourselves.'

Huntington's dark mood continued. Through the fall of 1871 he made persistent, secret attempts to follow Crocker into retirement. Negotiations were conducted by a brilliant Jewish attorney, Alfred Cohen, of the company's legal staff. The plan was to form a syndicate of San Francisco bankers to raise the purchase price, approximately \$20,000,000. Cohen talked with D. O. Mills, president of the Bank of California, and sent encouraging letters to Huntington in the East. Stanford and Hopkins joined in the negotiations, although Stanford had no real wish to sell. Stanford wrote Huntington that the banker had not seemed 'much interested.' Huntington was not misled; his next letter to Hopkins contained this passage: 'I do not suppose Stanford wanted to have us sell, and therefore I would not suppose that he would talk to Mills in a way that would induce him to buy, and then as he did not make his best effort he very likely would not make the trade.'

Uncertainty added to Huntington's restlessness. He concluded that the reason Stanford wanted to remain was that he had a son (Leland Jr., born in 1868) who would eventually carry on in his place. Huntington sent another pessimistic note: 'The more I think of it the more valuable my interest on the Pacific Coast looks to me, and if I had some boys growing up to attend to this interest I hardly think I would sell . . . but as it is I know no reason why I should wear myself out for the sake of getting more money.' Later, in the same vein: 'If I had someone growing up to take my place, I would hardly name a price that I would take, but as I have not, what the devil is the use of my wearing myself out?' When Cohen telegraphed that Mills had turned the sale down, Huntington's gloom deepened. 'I think we must make some change,' he wrote Hopkins, 'for I am losing my grip.'

The panic of 1873 wiped out all possibility of finding a purchaser. In face of this threat, Huntington forgot fatigue and self-pity. In the midst of bedlam, he watched the nation's financial structure disintegrate. On September 18 he dashed off a brief note to Hopkins: 'This has been the wildest day on the 'change that I ever saw. The house of Jay Cooke & Co. gave notice to the stock board at 11 A.M. to-day that they had suspended & since then the newsboys in the streets have been crying their extras of this failure and that. God only knows where we will land. Help me all you can.'

Fisk & Hatch, the brokerage firm handling the railroad's securities, was in danger. The Central Pacific owed this house more than \$1,500,000. If it failed the extent of the railroad's indebtedness would be made public, with disastrous results on its credit. The brokers called on Huntington for \$500,000, which they hoped would see them through. Huntington sent urgent wires to Hopkins and Stanford, but the time proved too short. Before noon of the nineteenth, Fisk & Hatch closed their doors.

Huntington waited idly in the centre of the tumult, recognizing that nothing could be done. On the nineteenth he warned his partners in San Francisco to prepare for the worst. They must sustain the Central Pacific — 'everything depends on that.' He added: 'There is a terrible excitement on the street to-day, but, like everything else, it will pass away.' The first fury of disaster was followed by a helpless calm in which no one knew what to do next. For once Huntington's reports were vague. 'Everything is at a standstill. I stay in my office, not knowing just what to do. There is no use in going out to borrow any money, for, however small the sum, I should not be able to get it. Everyone is getting in all the money they can and locking it up. In fact, there never was such a time and I do believe and I hope to God there never will be again.'

At that inauspicious moment Crocker arrived in New York. Since his return from Europe he had been presenting his second note for \$600,000 daily to Stanford and Hopkins in San Francisco. Not a dollar had he been able to collect. As always, the decision was left to Huntington. Crocker accordingly headed for New York. He walked into Huntington's office a week after the failure of Fisk & Hatch. That afternoon Huntington reported to Hopkins: 'Mr. Crocker has just left the office. We had a long talk. He said he wanted his money. I told him we were to have a fearful fight with the government and that we could not pay him until the fight was over. He said it was our fight and not his, &c. I said he must help make the fight. He said if he helped make the fight he wanted his part of the profits, &c. He then said that he would come back now and take his position just as though he had not been out and give S. and H. & H. \$100,000 each. . . . I well know that this is not what we want, but is it not best as matters are?'

The partners agreed. Within a month California newspapers announced that

Charles Crocker was again a director of the Central Pacific, and its second vice president. The Coast editors were pleased: it was again possible to give the group its familiar name, the Big Four. Somehow the Big Three had never had the right sound.

## XIII

By gaining control, in 1871, of the California Pacific, operating between Sacramento and the Bay, the partners extended the transcontinental line to its logical terminus, San Francisco. Preparations were made to move the main offices, and Stanford and Hopkins began building their impressive houses on Nob Hill. Not to be outdone, Crocker, newly returned to the fold, also acquired a site on the hill, a block west of his partners and on more elevated ground. His property was extended until he possessed, except for one small lot, the entire block. The exception noted was owned by one Yung, a local undertaker, who refused to sell. Crocker's efforts to oust the stubborn householder became a public issue.

Meantime Crocker started his mansion, a complicated wooden structure in a style his architect, Arthur Brown, called 'early Renaissance.' Twenty years later Willis Polk, fresh from the École des Beaux Arts in Paris and beginning his career as local aesthete, pronounced it 'a delirium of the wood carver.' The chief feature, aside from its cost, — said to have been \$1,250,000, — was a 76-foot tower, up which Crocker piloted his guests to admire the panoramic view.

As the house neared completion its owner made another trip to Europe to purchase furniture. Soon after his return, Crocker became active in prosecuting Alfred Cohen, the former railroad attorney, charged with misappropriating \$50,000 of Central Pacific funds. Cohen looked on Crocker as instigator of the case, and in his defense plea the attorney brought his powers of satirical invective to bear on that unhappy individual. Cohen likened the trial to a comedy and

the opposing witnesses to its actors. Crocker, he stated, aspired to be the hero 'who longed to languish in the scene as leading lover, but, being too fat of diaphragm for genteel comedy, and too fat of wit for low comedy, was compelled to be content with the place of general utility man, whom the counsel would only trust to carry off the dead, light the lamps, and sweep the stage.' He continued: —

Mr. Crocker showed a great deal of feeling in this case, and wishes to have credit for inaugurating it, but then Mr. Crocker is a great man; I do not think the most carping critic will deny that. He is a great man from any point from which you look at him. If you survey him from his broad pedal extremities to the narrow apex of his cranium, or whether you look at him longitudinally, you see that he is great; and if you walk around him, by the time you return to the starting point you are assured of his greatness.

He has given us the benefit of his presence most of the time that this case has been progressing, and being desirous of making the best possible impression on the court and bar, he has reclined back in one of these chairs and, with his feet elevated to the rail surrounding the jury-box, has presented to our gaze that portion of his person for which he has the most admiration.

The defendant reminded the court and the tittering spectators that he was not accusing the railroad official of 'conduct contrary to the most orthodox rules of refinement': —

For Mr. Crocker is a 'traveled gentleman'; he told you that he had been to Europe, and he has been, he says, 'around the world.' He did not tell us whether he is the person commemorated by Mr. Jules Verne, who made the trip in eighty days, but I incline to the belief, from a knowledge of Mr. Crocker's attributes and from his appearance, that it was done hurriedly.

There was much more in this vein of not too gentle irony. Cohen ended by imagining the former dry-goods merchant's soliloquy before he set out on his furniture-buying trip to Europe: —

I will drop the obsequious smile with which I used to roll up calico and tape for my customers, and in its place there shall come the arrogant, supercilious grin of oleaginous self-satisfaction. I will build myself a mansion, which I will set upon a hill. I will upholster and furnish it so that visitors shall be filled with doubt whether it is designed for a haberdasher's shop or a stage scene for a modern furniture drama. I will purchase Gobelin tapestries, and employ someone to tell me whether they should be hung upon the walls as paintings or spread upon the floor as mats. I will buy pictures from the galleries of the Medicis and employ Mr. Medici himself to make the selections.

I will show the world how an intelligent patron of the arts and literature can be manufactured by the process of wealth out of a peddler of needles and pins. I will visit Europe until I can ornament my ungrammatical English with a fringe of mispronounced French. I will wear a diamond as big as the headlight of one of my locomotives; and my adipose tissue shall increase with my pecuniary gains until my stomach is as large as my arrogance, and I shall strut along the corridors of the Palace Hotel a living, breathing, waddling monument of the triumph of vulgarity, viciousness, and dishonesty.

The charge against Cohen was dismissed and regrettable personalities were in time forgotten. The partners recognized that a man so gifted in abuse should devote his talents to the company's interests rather than to those of its enemies. Cohen quickly re-allied himself with his ex-enemies to devote the next twenty years to championship of their interests.

Crocker occupied his new house late in 1876. The silver anniversary of his wedding was celebrated with a reception of such magnificence that local society editors remained lyrical for weeks. Descriptions of the mansion appeared in the local Sunday supplements. Details of its 172-foot façade, its 12,500 square feet of floor space, its fully equipped little theatre, in which amateur theatricals were regularly given, its library and billiard room, became staple reading to thousands of wondering Californians.

Crocker's paintings were particularly admired by the art-conscious community. On an easel in the drawing-room stood the prize of the collection: 'The only Meissonier on the Pacific Coast, if we except his portrait of Governor Stanford. Mr. Crocker's Meissonier is called "The Smoker."' Its owner had paid \$12,000 for it.

The next dozen years passed pleasantly for Charles Crocker. His eldest son, Charles Frederick, entered the company. The aging Charles gave his son some sound advice: 'If it becomes necessary to jump off the dock in the service of the company, instead of saying "Go, boys," you must pull off your coat and say "Come, boys."' The young man proved both shrewd and energetic; he made himself more influential in the company's affairs than his father had been for years. Charles Frederick's rise was sufficiently rapid to engage Huntington's attention and to persuade him to send his own nephew, Henry E., out to the Coast to represent his interests. The two young men were presently at odds, and a battle for supremacy between the factions they represented seemed inevitable. Young Crocker's early death removed a serious obstacle to Huntington's plan of assuming complete control.

The elder Crocker continued to buy San Francisco real estate, visited the construction camps of new Southern Pacific lines, and with Dave Colton toured the West looking for 'investments.' Following Stanford's example, he took over great blocks of railroad subsidy lands in the San Joaquin Valley. The Crocker & Huffman Land Company of Modesto built there an extensive irrigation system. Discovery of low-grade coal at Ione, in the Sierra foothills, attracted his attention, and he tried to supply the state with that mineral product. On another large area in Nevada he set up one of his sons in the cattle business; for another, who wished to go into finance, he acquired a controlling interest in the Woolworth Bank.

Crocker did not participate in the great diamond discovery of the '70s, although Dave Colton was a leading figure in it. The fact that Crocker missed being taken in by that notable fraud — which fooled the shrewdest financiers of the city — confirmed his faith in the infallibility of his judgment. He remarked later, 'In no enterprise that I have taken up, where I superintended it myself, was I ever unsuccessful.'

Crocker's egotism grew with his years and weight. Business associates found him increasingly gruff in manner, dogmatic, and intolerant of opposition. In the early '80s, having to appear before the Los Angeles city council, he was kept waiting. Enraged, he stalked from the building, announcing that he 'would make grass grow in the Los Angeles streets.' Citizens of that arid town stated that they would welcome the miracle; after years of effort they had been unable to make grass grow even in their lawns.

In San Francisco, Crocker's feud with Yung waxed warmer, for the undertaker continued to refuse successively higher offers for his lot. Carpenters set to work surrounding the Yung dwelling with a wall forty feet high. Throngs daily climbed Nob Hill to stare at the 'spite fence.'

The matter took a serious turn. Dennis Kearney, the picturesque ex-teamster, had gained control of the powerful Workingmen's Party. The tone of his speeches in the sand lots near the city hall aroused concern. To Kearney and his disciples, Crocker's quarrel with the undertaker was clearly a contest between capital and labor. The spite fence became a symbol of the arrogance of wealth. In his speeches Kearney promised his followers that he would tear it down and chastise its builder with the boards. Disapproval spread from Crocker to the other Nob Hill nabobs, all employers of 'cheap Chinese labor.' Kearney shouted: 'The monopolists who make money by employing cheap labor had better watch

out. They have built themselves fine residences on Nob Hill and erected flag-staffs upon their roofs. Let them take care that they have not erected their own gallows.'

One summer evening in 1877 three hundred held a 'political meeting' in the midst of the mansions of the capitalists. Kearney demanded that the Stanford and Hopkins houses be taken over by 'the people' and converted into asylums. Addressing Stanford's darkened house, he promised that if Stanford would acknowledge that he was a thief he would forthwith be elected president of the Fourth Ward Workingmen's Club.

The crowd disbanded without violence, but a few weeks later mobs roved the city wrecking Chinese laundries, applying torches to the wreckage. The exploit nearly brought on a wholesale conflagration in this city of wooden structures. Citizens awoke to their danger, revived the vigilance committees of the '50s, and intimidated the sand-lotters. Kearney was thrown into jail, charged with inciting riot. During his long imprisonment and trial his following dropped away.

Crocker's spite fence ceased to be a political issue. Later the undertaker agreed to sell; both fence and cottage were pulled down, and Crocker realized his ambition to own the entire block.

His sixty-fifth birthday came, and doctors began to advise him to go easy. He was too active and too heavy for his years. He should shun excitement. His real estate and coal mines, his irrigation development in the San Joaquin, the Southern Pacific expansion — all these were jobs for a younger man; his days of 'storming up and down the line' were past. Crocker listened carefully to this sound advice and obeyed — for a few days.

But he was too energetic to accept the rôle of invalid. The scrollwork mansion on the hill became a prison. A man used to doing things could not forever talk to cronies in the Palace bar. In a day or



two he was off again; perhaps to the Merced development, where he drove a four-horse team through the tunnel of the world's largest irrigation canal. To newspaper men he prophesied that this project would eventually be recognized as a more important achievement than the railroad.

Southern Pacific capital produced a sprawling resort hotel among the oaks beside Monterey Bay. Word passed that a week-end — or a summer — at Del Monte would be useful to those seeking favors from the company. Railroad officials made frequent visits; society editors of friendly newspapers printed daily columns on the activities of guests. To be a visitor to Del Monte became an easy but expensive way of attaining social importance. Well-filled Pullmans were soon rolling in over the Monterey branch.

Del Monte became Crocker's pet; there he remained while the big wooden structure was rushed to completion. He is remembered wandering through the unfinished public rooms, sitting for hours in his carriage beneath a neighboring oak, looking on while 'the largest resort hotel in the world' took shape. The place became his favorite residence, because he had watched the driving of 'every nail.' He liked the structure, too, because it was intended to pay for itself and did, handsomely. No equal interest attached to his houses in San Francisco and Sacramento, which were the opposite of profitable investments. In his New York house on West 58th Street, bought and furnished in 1886 at a cost of \$250,000, he spent only a few restless months before presenting it to his daughter Hattie.

The old man's distaste for New York was not lessened by his being thrown from his carriage there and so badly shaken that he was in bed for weeks. Dispatches to San Francisco exaggerated his injuries; local editors recalled his age and weight — still above 225 pounds — and prepared his obituary. But Crocker was presently back on the Coast again.

When fire destroyed one of his business houses, he had the satisfaction of seeing a pet theory vindicated. For years he had 'carried his own insurance,' putting a percentage of the yearly real-estate income into a special fund. Luckily this serious fire did not occur until the 'fire fund' was large enough to rebuild the structure. His foresight was widely commented on in California and elsewhere; the old man's last months were brightened by public applause of his shrewdness. Meantime his interest centred on the Merced project. This development was less successful than the insurance fund, but he remained confident that it would double his fortune.

Naturally the captain of so many large enterprises refused to look on himself as an invalid. The diet prescribed by physicians was often disregarded, and 1888 found him again incapacitated. He paid another visit to Del Monte, confident that a few weeks at the new hotel would restore him to health. He grew worse instead of better. On August 14 word that he was in a diabetic coma reached San Francisco. A special train hurried his eldest son and a group of doctors to the hotel. It arrived too late by minutes.

He was one of the first guests to die at Del Monte. That night the special train carried the body back to San Francisco. A bow of crape appeared on the door of the house on California Street; within, mirrors were covered and pictures turned to the wall. Two days later, accounts of his burial at Laurel Hill recorded that the Crocker casket was a replica of one in which General John A. Logan had been buried. The public reflected that a fellow citizen who sixty years earlier sold newspapers on the streets of Troy had achieved a burial not less elaborate than that of a Civil War general.

#### XIV

Uncle Mark Hopkins hunched his thin shoulders forward when he walked, and he had an odd, unhurried stride which

carried him over the ground with deceptive speed. When he spoke he stroked his beard hesitantly with a long, skinny hand, a characteristic that made him seem older than he was.

On the wet afternoon in 1862 when ground was broken for the new railroad, the future Big Four were all comparatively young men. Stanford, already Governor, was thirty-eight, Crocker forty, Huntington a year older. Hopkins, always the graybeard of the group, was born at Henderson, New York, on September 1, 1813, and so was a few months short of his forty-ninth birthday. In the early '60s in California, anyone past his mid-forties was considered senile. The gold rush had been a movement of youth; Argonauts thirty-five and over were unusual enough to draw attention, and many thousands were still in their teens. Hopkins, past thirty-five when he left the East, seemed old from the moment he put foot ashore. Easily he accepted the title of 'Uncle Mark.' His partners looked on him as a kindly but slightly decrepit ancient, full of wisdom, but hedged in by conservatism.

He differed from his partners in other ways. They were large men physically; Crocker normally weighed more than 240 pounds, Huntington and Stanford about 220. Uncle Mark was tall and bent and 'thin as a fence post.' His skinny knees and elbows were awkward and loosely hinged. He had small gray eyes, a long thin nose set in a long thin face and surmounting a long thin beard, and he lisped softly. He neither smoked nor drank, and he was sparing enough in the use of profanity to impress that eccentricity on the minds of acquaintances. He had a sparrow-like appetite. At table with his partners, Uncle Mark would musingly consume half a cup of tea while the others applied themselves to a succession of steaming dishes. He ate almost no meat; even in a pre-vitamin age green vegetables were his staple, and the cost of procuring a regu-

lar supply darkened his early years in California.

Perhaps because of the meatless diet, he disliked hard physical work and managed to avoid it all his life. His partners had done the back-breaking labor then required of farm boys, but Hopkins was always an 'inside man.' At fifteen he was a clerk in a New York village store, and he remained a storekeeper, in New York and California, until he died. The firm of Huntington & Hopkins, founded in 1856, survived him more than twenty years.

Throughout his career he had the good fortune, or good judgment, to ally himself with men of initiative. An accurate judge of his own strength and limitations, he early recognized that, while he could not create a business, he could make one go. His business life was a long series of partnerships; beginning when he was twenty with Hopkins & Hughes, at Lockport, New York, and progressing through Williams & Hopkins, dealers in farm implements, and James Rowland & Co., commission merchants of New York City, to his association with Huntington at Sacramento and the final quadrangular partnership in the railroad venture.

'Hopkins's defect as a business man,' wrote one critic, 'was that he was too cautious, but he was wise enough to overcome that weakness by allying himself with speculators.' Alone, he would have gained a comfortable livelihood, for he was shrewd, industrious, and thrifty. But he was too prudent to gamble for large stakes, one of those cautious men who are never penniless and seldom wealthy.

'Against his better judgment' he became possessed of more than twenty millions. The rôle of capitalist made him faintly uncomfortable, and he sometimes acted 'as if he wanted to apologize for his millions.' This attitude set him apart from other rich men.

Reporters rightly described him as a man of simple tastes. He disliked in-

volvements, in a business letter, a meal, a system of bookkeeping, or a manner of life. He was good-natured in his dealings, but when he took a stand he could be 'hell on wheels.' The phrase is Charles Crocker's, who recalled plaintively: 'When Hopkins wanted to be, he was the stubbornest man alive.' As affairs expanded, Uncle Mark's programme of ordered simplicity was harder to maintain, and his minor revolts grew more frequent. Stanford and Crocker usually opposed him, Huntington less often. Huntington knew the futility of trying to argue him out of an opinion. When Uncle Mark took issue with others, investigation usually disclosed that the better arguments were on his side.

This passion for simplicity regulated his private life. Mounting wealth brought no quick change in his habits or surroundings. Because he failed to toss his abundant dollars about, he was accused of penny-squeezing. The charge was not just; Hopkins had no particular love of money. Traits put down as miserly were merely symptoms of inbred thrift. Clerks smiled when Uncle Mark paused to rescue bits of still-serviceable blotting paper from the wastebaskets. On the line (he made such visits not oftener than once a year), onlookers saw his lean figure bending to pick up rusty bolts and stray bits of iron.

When the general offices of the Central Pacific were moved from Sacramento to San Francisco in 1873, Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker duly followed. The latter two made plans for new residences in keeping with their increased wealth; while these were building, they leased the most pretentious houses available.

Hopkins's change of residence was more casually accomplished. He finished work one evening, took a night boat down the river, went direct from the wharf to his new office, and there spent a busy day. After a canary-like meal in a restaurant, he strolled out Sutter Street, regarding the to-let signs. Near Leaven-

worth Street a small cottage took his eye. Assuring himself that the roof shed water, he paid a month's rent —thirty-five dollars — and returned to the office for another hour or two of work.

He remained in that cottage more than five years. In fine weather he walked to and from the railroad offices at 4th and Townsend streets; when it rained he rode the horsecars. The arrangement suited him perfectly. His work was exacting, for he controlled the financial details of an expanding corporation; frequently he carried papers home and the coal-oil lamp in his window burned until past midnight. He kept no carriage, entertained few guests, took no vacations. For recreation he tried stubbornly to raise vegetables.

He would hardly have departed from this routine but for the insistence of his wife. Twenty years had passed since Mary Frances Sherwood, a lively, romantic girl, had married her quiet Cousin Mark, home for a visit after five moderately prosperous years in the gold fields. Hardly a romantic figure, he was then forty-one, almost twice the age of his pretty bride; but he was from California. In 1854, to live in that still glamorous land was romance enough for any adventurous girl east of the Alleghenies. Mary Hopkins seemingly found the early days of her married life full of variety and interest. But novelty wore off and life fell into commonplace patterns. The cousins remained childless. As the years passed, Hopkins devoted longer hours to work. When they settled in San Francisco, the vivacious girl Uncle Mark had married nineteen years before was a retiring, rather subdued matron, rarely seen in public.

When the wealth and growing power of the partners made them conspicuous figures on the Coast, society editors seldom found much to say of Mary Hopkins. She preferred domesticity to society. She was cultured, handsome, and gracious, and reading was her favorite recreation. Friends 'whispered'

that she was a close student of the classics (an addiction to literature was then frequently mentioned in whispers), and she had a wide acquaintance with English novels.

That Mary Hopkins was not reconciled to the genteel boredom of her existence was long unknown. Uncle Mark, however, knew it. For she made it clear that living in a rented cottage and growing vegetables were not the ideal existence for a multimillionaire. Why should they not maintain an establishment comparable to those of the Stanfords and Crockers? Of the three local partners, why was her husband alone required to be at the office every day of the year?

Uncle Mark had no convincing answers to these questions. If his wife felt they should branch out a bit, he would be good-humored about it. So, after twenty years of eclipse, the active, fun-loving girl of the '50s began to reassert herself. Her emergence began the day Uncle Mark agreed to give up the Sutter Street cottage.

As always, Hopkins proceeded cautiously. He discovered that Stanford, who had escaped the vice of frugality, had just paid \$60,000 for a block of land on the steep upper ridge of Nob Hill. From habit, Uncle Mark listened while Stanford described the attractions of his purchase. Hopkins stroked his beard and weighed the possibilities. He decided to look at Nob Hill. The hill was then a treeless waste, but its high eastern shoulder dominated the growing town, whose business section was already encroaching on its lower slopes, and Hopkins grew convinced that it would become the most valuable residential district of the city. He foresaw that a Nob Hill lot might eventually return a profit. When Stanford offered to share his purchase with him, Uncle Mark unhesitatingly paid him \$30,000 for the western half of the block.

In the early '70s, it required vision to foresee the future of the hill. Only a few

small houses had yet been built on its crest, because San Francisco's streets veered up its steepest sides at grades so abrupt that two horses had difficulty pulling up a carriage. That streetcars would ever scale the height had until very recently been regarded as fantastic. But a local manufacturer of wire rope named Hallidie had been tinkering with a device intended to grip and release a moving cable buried in a trench beneath the street. By 1874 the invention had been proved practical, and the partners' \$60,000 'vertical real estate' promptly became a conservative investment.

Stanford, always fascinated by mechanical gadgets, was soon financing the California Street Cable Railway. By 1876, tourists witnessed with amazement toylike cars, with no horses attached, gliding up the three steepest blocks from Kearny to Powell Street. Cable lines presently crossed Nob Hill north, south, east, and west. Comstock millionaires joined those of the railroad, and the late '70s saw a dozen mansions taking shape on the hill.

But all this was still in the future when Hopkins and Stanford undertook to anchor their houses to the hilltop. The partners turned over the task to the Central Pacific's engineering staff. Citizens looked on while the organization that had conquered the Sierra demonstrated its skill anew. When the show was over, the block bounded by California, Pine, Powell, and Mason streets was girded by a slate-colored wall of masonry that on one side reached the height of a three-story building. The rock was granite from the railroad's quarries at Rocklin, hewn and laid by the railroad's stonemasons. Finished walls were identical with those of bridge approaches and cut facings. This great wall still stands. Passing citizens regard it speculatively, puzzled to account for its familiar texture and pattern; few recognize it as twin brother to the characteristic Southern Pacific rockwork.

For most of its length the wall is devoid of ornament. At the southwest corner, however, it becomes the wall of a mediæval castle, complete with battlements and towers, narrow windows and thick arched doorways. 'The effect,' wrote a local authority in the '80s, 'is as unexpected as it is charming. . . . It rivals the best efforts of Viollet-le-Duc and . . . brings a bit of ancient Carcassonne to the shores of the Pacific.'

## XV

Responsibility for this mediæval touch lay with Mary Hopkins. Bulwer-Lytton, Ouida, Mrs. Southworth, and others of the romantic school of the period were purveying the literature of escape long before the phrase came into use. Mary Hopkins, thumbing their pages during her barren years, shared the trials and stresses of countless chaste, triumphant courtships, eagerly absorbing the background against which England's idealized virgins skirted the whirlpool to gain the safety of the altar. When she closed her novels and returned to reality, the transition must have been painful to her. By a turn of fortune's wheel as surprising as any she had encountered in fiction, her elderly, bearded husband had the means of providing her with a setting not less spacious than that of her favorite heroine.

Under her instructions the plans were gradually changed by the architects, Wright and Saunders, until what Uncle Mark hoped would be a modest dwelling became a singular mass of towers and gables and steeples. When the wooden framework at length began to rise, the city was astonished to discover that quiet Uncle Mark was building a castle beside which Stanford's by no means tiny mansion shrank into insignificance. During construction, descriptions of the future wonders of the place filled the Sunday papers. Long before it was ready for occupancy, citizens were familiar with its drawing-room modeled

on one of the chambers in the Palace of the Doges; dining room large enough to seat sixty, paneled to the ceiling in carved English oak; master bedroom finished in ebony and inlaid with ivory and 'semi-precious stones'; library 'so beautiful that only poetry should be read there.'

The house was a long time building. Meanwhile reporters who went to his cottage found Uncle Mark in shirt sleeves, nursing his vegetable beds. The old man leaned on his hoe, gazed up at the unfinished towers and turrets, and inquired if his visitors thought 'Hotel de Hopkins' would ever pay dividends. He looked forward with less than complete pleasure to the day when he would have to live up to such magnificence, but his concern for its mounting cost was uncomplicated by a suspicion that his thousands were being squandered to create an eyesore. He need not have worried about accustoming himself to the régime on the hill, for he died before the castle was finished.

Characteristically, he managed to achieve an uncomplicated exit. His health had always been a detail which gave him no concern. He had remained close to his desk, leaving vacations and European water cures to his younger partners. During the wet winter of 1877-1878 his gangling legs and arms tied themselves into rheumatic knots. For weeks he shuffled about with a cane in each hand before he went to Sacramento for a rest. He returned sooner than anyone expected, and Colton reported: 'Mr. Hopkins has just come into the office, and I am happy to say is very much better.'

Early in March 1878, Hopkins hobbled aboard a company train for an inspection of the new Sunset Route. He thought the Arizona sun would bake the stiffness out of his joints. One evening he stretched himself on a couch in the car on a Yuma siding. Presently one of the construction engineers heard the old man sigh in his sleep, recalled that it was past



his punctual bedtime, and tried to arouse him. For once Uncle Mark was not concerned with being punctual.

He was a few months short of sixty-five. His body was taken to San Francisco, and the pastor of his old Sacramento church hurried down to conduct a funeral far more elaborate than Uncle Mark would have desired. Accounts of his death in California newspapers retain to this day the ring of sincerity. Hopkins was unquestionably the best-liked of the Big Four. By 1878 the railroad was unpopular with nine out of every ten citizens, but even those most resentful of its tactics did not blame the senior partner. He had defects and eccentricities; he was an unextravagant rich man, and therefore a miser. But he was modest, kindly, and quietly humorous, with none of the vanity and little of the ruthlessness of his partners. Men found him friendly and approachable. 'I've often crossed the street to shake hands with Mark Hopkins, and I've done the same to avoid meeting the others,' said one.

His body was later moved to Sacramento and installed in a mausoleum his widow had built for him at a cost, it was said, of \$150,000. Its walls were of rose-colored marble, so highly polished that they flashed like mirrors in the hot valley sun. There were massive bronze doors flanked by urns, and within was a frieze of acanthus leaves. Mary Hopkins returned to her unfinished mansion on Nob Hill. She had installed her husband at last in a setting proper to his station.

The telegram from Yuma announcing Hopkins's death had the indirect result of projecting the public spotlight upon his widow. Millions suddenly wanted to learn all about her. Pictures of the plump, square-faced, rather stern woman (caption: 'America's Richest Widow') appeared in newspapers all over the land. Readers of Sunday supplements were enthralled by drawings of the lonely widow, 'mistress of fifty millions,' gazing from the windows of her castle, while border-

ing text speculated on what Prince Charming would come riding to her rescue.

By such journalistic alchemy, Mary Hopkins was transformed into a celebrity. She was then close to fifty, reserved by nature, and this invasion of her privacy appalled and frightened her. While local papers discussed when she would remarry, she acquired a growing dislike for the town. Announcement of her engagement to a retired naval officer, one of many eager to relieve her of the tedium of widowhood, proved the final straw. The heiress made angry denial and left for the Atlantic seaboard. She settled at Great Barrington, Massachusetts — where her and Uncle Mark's common forbears had lived — and embarked on a building spree. McKim, Mead & White designed a château, modeled on Chambord, which eventually cost above two millions. Headstrong tendencies were already in evidence. The widow dismissed the original architects; a Boston designer followed, and lasted a month; the work was completed under a young protégé, Edward T. Searles.

The San Francisco castle stood unfinished, but before long Mrs. Hopkins returned and saw it to completion. She also acquired in rapid succession a New York house, at 60 Fifth Avenue, a summer cottage at Block Island, and yet another at Metuchen, New Jersey. During the first half-dozen years of her widowhood she was constantly building or furnishing one or another of these; often several at a time.

Other unsuspected qualities became evident. With no preparation, the power of virtually unlimited wealth had been put into her hands. Flattery speedily transformed the once subdued matron. She developed an imperious manner; employees learned that to question orders meant instant dismissal; business and social relations were often explosively terminated. Because she refused to grant interviews, the newspapers exag-

gerated her eccentricities, and recorded her activities and extravagances in terms of mild burlesque.

By degrees she became known as a frivolous woman, egotistical and self-willed. Her often-expressed dislike for California was cordially reciprocated, and her occasional visits to Nob Hill aroused no local enthusiasm. At first lonely and confused, she presently grew bitter, convinced that she was being persecuted. She suspected and quarreled with old friends, developed a contempt for the opinions of others, and eventually contracted an extraordinary marriage.

During the years intervening between Mark Hopkins's death in 1878 and that of his widow in 1891, the latter's business affairs on the Coast were in the capable hands of her adopted son, Tim. Of business she knew rather less than the average wife of the period, but, her quarter interest in the railroad being important to the surviving partners, she had no lack of advisers. Her income proved equal to her heavy expenditures, and Hopkins's death necessitated only minor changes in the financial structure of the partnership.

Timothy Hopkins was under thirty when Uncle Mark died. He was a son of Patrick Nolan, a New Englander who had arrived in San Francisco in 1862 and worked there as a dock hand while he accumulated funds to send for his wife and three children. On the day his family sailed for the West, Nolan fell into the bay and was drowned. One of his children died on the voyage; his widow arrived destitute, and found work in the Hopkins household. Uncle Mark and his wife, childless, were attracted by the boy and he came to live with them.

The boy grew up in Hopkins's Spartan household, attended Sacramento and San Francisco schools, then went to work in the railroad's general offices. When Hopkins died, Timothy was assistant treasurer, one of the bright young men of the executive staff. He was competent to step into the dead man's shoes, and did.

He became the widow's main reliance. So close were their relations that the widow took a step which had been contemplated while Uncle Mark was alive: Timothy was legally adopted. Later the bond was strengthened by the marriage of the widow's newly adopted son and her niece.

## XVI

Mrs. Hopkins returned to the Coast only for occasional brief stays. On one such visit, a young man from New York, employee of a firm of decorators, called at the Nob Hill house. Furniture was his major enthusiasm; having heard of the wonders of the new house, he was politely eager to inspect it. Their common enthusiasm for houses and furnishings was the basis of a friendship that sprang up between the widow and twenty-eight-year-old Edward T. Searles.

Tim Hopkins failed to share his foster mother's admiration for the decorator. As the widow's infatuation grew more evident, so did Timothy's alarm. When Searles left again for the East, Mrs. Hopkins accompanied him to the Oakland Pier; the enamored widow threw her arms about him, gave him a good-bye kiss, and informed friends that they were to marry. She soon followed Searles east, where their engagement was announced. Timothy bombarded her with arguments against the match — with the usual effect. These aroused her resentment at what she considered meddling. At length she wrote a curt note forbidding mention of the subject again; Timothy replied with still more arguments and the widow broke off communication entirely. There was a partial reconciliation on her last visit to the Coast before her marriage, but thereafter communications between her and Timothy were confined to matters of business.

When, on July 26, 1891, Mrs. Searles died, it was expected that Timothy would inherit only a minor share of the estate. But neither the public nor her adopted son was prepared for what her

will disclosed. The indomitable lady enlivened her exit with a final thumb-to-nose salute to her critics. To her husband she left her entire estate. There were no bequests to relatives or to charity. Friends and family servants were unmentioned, and Timothy was specifically disinherited.

This unorthodox will became big news. Reporters gathered at the town house on lower Fifth Avenue to learn from disgruntled servants interesting details of the bereft husband. While Searles may not have been a hero to his valet, he was at least a mystery. He is revealed as a man of intense but restricted enthusiasms. Unlike his spouse, he was no lover of literature; none could recall ever having seen him read a book or a newspaper. He had, however, two passions: a dislike of his wife's adopted son, and a love for furniture.

His chief pleasure was to wander from room to room in his various residences, standing absorbed before a blank wall, contemplating the draperies of a window, examining the cabinets and chairs. Servants reported that he would often spend an entire day — sometimes until late at night — in a room moving furniture about, hanging and rehanging pictures, rearranging bric-a-brac.

Would Timothy Hopkins contest the will? Within a week after his return from Japan, suit was filed. Hopkins asked for a share of his foster mother's estate, alleging that the will had been secured by undue influence and fraud, and that Mrs. Searles had been of unsound mind when it was executed.

Trial opened at Salem, Massachusetts, in September 1891. On the stand, Searles faced a tittering courtroom to reveal details of an extraordinary courtship. He testified that the widow had proposed marriage to him in 1883. At first he had refused to 'entertain the proposition.' His hesitation, he added, had lasted three years. Meantime he had accompanied her and a party of friends to Florida in 1886, and from 1885 to 1887

had superintended the completion and furnishing of the Great Barrington château.

Prodded by Hopkins's attorneys, the witness stated that he had known his bride was twenty-two years his senior and that she was a woman of large means. He denied that he had married her for her money; denied also that it had been a 'love match,' finally admitting unhappily that he had been moved by 'both love and money.' As his wife's sole heir, he had received the Hopkins share of the railroad properties, the San Francisco mansion, property at Sacramento and elsewhere in California, the Great Barrington and New York houses, an undetermined amount of cash and miscellaneous property. He fixed his current annual income at between \$500,000 and \$600,000. On advice of counsel, he refused to state what his income had been before his marriage.

The following morning spectators were disappointed to learn that an out-of-court settlement had been reached. Timothy Hopkins received a sum which the *Boston Globe* stated was 'between eight and ten millions.' In San Francisco the *Call* commented: 'Evidently Mr. Searles did n't want another day on the witness stand.'

The settlement left Searles in control of much the greater part of the Hopkins railroad securities. His agents held the balance of power between the Stanford and Huntington factions. Had Timothy come into possession of the majority of the Hopkins stock, Huntington might have been forced from the Southern Pacific presidency. Huntington had realized the danger and, because of it, had treated Searles with a benevolent friendliness. He had even commented approvingly on the way Searles had conducted himself on the stand. The bulk of the Hopkins stock continued to be voted solidly as Huntington directed, despite increasing objections from the Stanford and Crocker factions on the Coast.



## PROSPECTIVE FATHERS

**T**HOUSANDS and thousands of American mothers are going safely through childbirth each year. One reason is because more prospective fathers have learned how to anticipate and provide needed care and attention which some expectant mothers hesitate to request.

Just as soon as his wife believes she is going to have a baby, the modern husband should get in touch with a competent doctor who can give her first-class care. Then he accompanies his wife on her first visit to the doctor's office, giving her added confidence, answering many of the doctor's questions and receiving the medical information every prospective father should possess.

The more enlightened modern husbands become, the more they want to share the problems of their wives. Realizing the value of peace and serenity, they do

all within their power to maintain a happy and unworried home atmosphere.

If your wife expects a baby, be a modern husband. Remember that scientific maternity care, *from the very beginning*, is vitally important both to her and to your unborn child. Have her consult a qualified doctor at once and at regular intervals until after your baby is born.

Doctors and nurses can do a great deal to keep expectant mothers well and comfortable. They can help to give unborn babies healthier and stronger bodies and to make their arrival easier and safer.

A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Information for Expectant Mothers" which contains much additional information for both parents-to-be. Address Booklet Department 538-T.



### METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

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Rivalry between Huntington and the heirs of his partners persisted through the '90s. With them Huntington was frequently at odds, mainly because his autocratic tendencies grew with his years. 'When I was younger I sometimes had to tolerate fools,' he snapped in one of his later interviews. 'That's one place where I draw the line now.' A writer in the *Examiner* explained that there was nothing complicated about Huntington's definition of a fool: it was anyone who disagreed with or opposed him. 'If he had had his way, his partners' millions would have reverted to the Southern Pacific's treasury.'

Not being able to accomplish that, Huntington ill concealed his low opinion of the ability of the second generation. He began harping again on the failure of others to work as hard as he did. His suspicion of the descendants of his partners included Timothy Hopkins, but it is doubtful if the latter gave offense by failing to attend to business. The railroad securities forced from Searles assured Timothy's continuance as a railroad official; he remained an active and useful citizen of California until his death in 1936.

Searles retired gratefully from the public spotlight. He traveled, indulged his taste for furniture and its arrangement, and passed out of the picture — one of the most curious figures in the gallery of those thrown into prominence by Central Pacific profits.

While Uncle Mark was the first of the partners to die, his millions continued to occupy public attention long after interest in the estates of the other three had waned. Although the probate court ordered the distribution of his property in 1883, word got abroad that much of the estate was still intact. There were but two important heirs: the widow — who received by far the greater part — and Uncle Mark's picturesque brother, Moses, who had served as administrator. In the early 1900's, petitions began to be filed in California courts stating that

assets of the estate had been fraudulently concealed and asking the distribution of \$40,000,000 stated to be lying in the vaults of San Francisco and Sacramento banks. Petitions of nearly a thousand lost heirs were filed in the federal courts. The lower courts in 1927 dismissed the pleas, and two years later the Supreme Court ended the hopes of the expectant thousand by denying an appeal. New crops of heirs with new petitions continued to turn up in such number that in 1931 a San Francisco judge denounced the scheme as a country-wide swindle by which a group of attorneys were 'beating innocent and usually ignorant people out of their savings by making them think they are heirs to Mark Hopkins.'

What prudent, practical Uncle Mark would have thought of this horde of real or imagined descendants and their hope of sharing the mythical fortune must be left to conjecture. His meagre dust had lain beneath the acanthus frieze at Sacramento for half a century. The Nob Hill house had become the first home of the San Francisco Art School. Later still the post-war building boom produced a twenty-story hotel on the site, where Hollywood notables came 'to get away from it all.' It is the Mark Hopkins, most frivolous of the local hotels; 'the Mark' to the younger crowd. Perhaps it is well that Uncle Mark is safe in the little marble house his wife built for him at Sacramento. One cannot be sure that he had a sense of irony.

## XVII

For thirty years Leland Stanford had more than his share of praise and abuse. 'Had he come at an earlier era,' wrote one admirer, 'he would have been a Christ or a Confucius.' Others compared him, without irony, to Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and John Stuart Mill, to the disadvantage of all four. A California editor stated that more properly than Lorenzo he might be called 'the Magnificent.' One of



# These little SPUDS went to market



**I**T seems very simple for a woman to drop in at her grocer's and say:

"I'll have a peck of potatoes—25 pounds of flour—a pound of coffee—half a dozen oranges—a package of corn flakes—and how's your lettuce today?"

But did you ever wonder how all these things find their way to the corner grocer?

Instead of one woman, think of twenty-five million who do the buying for their families.

Instead of a peck of potatoes, think of three and a half million *tons* delivered to all the corner grocers in a year.

Think of 8,600,000 *tons* of wheat flour—1,790,000 *tons* of oranges and grapefruit—868,000 *tons* of cereal and you begin to see the amount of food moved by the railroads every year.

Coming back to the potatoes—the average

distance this humble food travels by rail, between the fields where it is raised and the counter where it is sold, is 741½ miles.

And the only thing which can make potato-raising profitable for many people is the fact that their potatoes can get to a market several hundred miles away.

If that transportation were not easy—potatoes would pile up unused in the country—while city people paid fancy prices for the few that could be hauled in.

This in a simple way demonstrates the indispensable part the railroads play in helping the man who raises food to find a market—and the consumer to enjoy the pick of the nation's food at a reasonable price.

The rate at which this service is rendered is low—no other form of transportation could handle the tonnage at close to the price if in fact it could handle it at all.

ASSOCIATION OF  
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**



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Hubert H. Bancroft's anonymous scribes thus began a biographical sketch: 'If he [the biographer] starts with the simple assertion that he [Stanford] is the greatest man in the world to-day, it may sound like senseless adulation, yet it is no more than the truth.'

On the other hand, his partner Huntington once described him as 'a damned old fool.' Alfred Cohen, on a brief vacation from the Central Pacific's legal staff, credited him with 'the ambition of an emperor and the spite of a peanut vender.' Ambrose Bierce delighted to print his name £eland \$tanford, and Arthur McEwen suggested in 1894 that the arch above the entrance to his new university should bear the legend: 'With Apologies to God.' At Stanford University's dedication eight thousand citizens stood respectfully in the hot sun while praises were sung of 'the noblest gift in the history of mankind.' But many suppressed grins when asked to join in the closing hymn: 'We Give Thee But Thine Own.'

He was a large, heavy man, deliberate in thought and motion. All his life he was a notably slow talker. Hesitant speech grew more pronounced with his years. Later interviews refer to his meditative silences between the putting of a question and its answer. This extreme deliberation of thought was regarded by many as evidence of sincerity, of a desire to weigh the merits of a question and frame his answer only after the matter had received sagacious analysis. These grave pauses impressed strangers more profoundly than those who knew him well. The latter recognized that length of pause bore no relation to the complexity of the question. 'How do you feel this morning, Governor?' required as long concentration as a query involving the safety of the Republic.

Stanford's slowness proved no handicap. It made him a success in politics. Extemporaneous speaking was beyond him; public addresses had to be written in advance. Brief remarks were memo-

rized; those of any length were read from complete manuscripts. This gave him a twofold advantage. During his entire political life he never made a statement that had not been considered in advance. This big, earnest man on the platform, stolidly reading his speech line for line, page by page, won the votes of his listeners. Here was no orator intent on swaying electors by sinister eloquence. The speaker was uninspired, therefore he must be sincere; he was dull, and hence probably profound; of course, only thoroughly honest politicians make thoroughly bad speeches.

Not long after the completion of his redwood mansion, an official of a British company called on Stanford and was invited to dinner. He wrote in his diary: 'The house I later heard spoken of as the finest in the western part of America, and in San Francisco I saw no others that rivaled it in size.' Silently and grimly, Stanford led him on a tour of the structure, a circuit of the steep grounds, and a visit to the stables. Mrs. Stanford being indisposed, the two dined alone. After a long and, except for the guest's remarks, an almost completely silent meal, Stanford led the way to the library.

'For the next half hour,' the visitor wrote, 'we talked. That is, I talked and Mr. Stanford sat silent. I do not say that he listened, for that I had no means of knowing. He merely sat, regarding me not impolitely but with a face from which all expression had been erased. He may have heard every word I uttered or he may have heard nothing. I began by feeling that I must be boring him, then by wondering if I had perhaps given him cause for grave offense. Next, it occurred to me that he might be sleepy; finally I became certain that he was ill.' When the visitor at length fled, Stanford remarked how much he had enjoyed their 'chat,' with such sincerity that the caller believed him. The Englishman lay long abed reflecting on the eccentricities of American millionaires.

Stanford was not always loath to talk.



## Patent No. 223,898

SOME 56 years ago there began in this country an industry which is without parallel in its amazing contribution to the standard of living. It sprang from laboratory experiments to practical reality when the basic patent for the incandescent lamp was granted to Thomas A. Edison.

The high quality and low cost of electric service are accepted facts of daily life. The price of electricity—25c per kilowatt hour in 1882—has been reduced in every single year except 1918 and 1925, and stands today at 4.39c (average) for residential use, 1¼c for quantity commercial use, and ¾c for transportation. Even since 1913, despite a 43% advance in the cost of living, the price of electricity has declined 47%.

Inventive genius and engineering skill are characteristic of the electric industries. The amount of coal required to produce a kilo-

watt hour has been reduced from 8 pounds to 1⅜ pounds. Filament lamps now give twenty times more illumination per watt than in the early days.

Total annual taxes paid by the industry now exceed \$300,000,000 and have increased over 50% since 1929. These taxes are equivalent to:

- 75% of the industry's payroll
- 2½ times the cost of fuel
- \$11 for every customer
- 67% of the net income available for dividends
- the interest on all funded debt

Further development of the electric power and light industry, with resultant benefits to national well being, depends largely upon its ability to attract sufficient capital to undertake needed expansion of plant and distribution facilities.

*As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.*

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He granted interviews more willingly than most prominent men, and actively enjoyed the hubbub of political campaigns. Before he had been in California two years he was serving as justice of the peace at Michigan Bluff, a cluster of canvas shacks in the Sierra foothills. He had hardly settled in Sacramento before he was a candidate for alderman, receiving 87 of 991 votes. Undeterred, he ran for state treasurer the same year and was again badly defeated. A little later he helped organize the new Republican Party in California, and was elected Governor in 1861. He served a two-year term, retired from politics for twenty years, then decided to go to the Senate.

A week after the California legislature of 1885 had elected him, a reporter for the *Examiner* asked James G. Fair, Senator from Nevada: 'Senator, how much do you suppose Stanford's seat cost him?'

The mining man shifted his toothpick: 'Well, judging from what I had to pay up at Carson, my guess is not a cent less than a hundred thousand.'

Other guesses were higher. This election was the cause of his final break with Huntington, a piece of bad luck that cost him many times a hundred thousand. But five years later he could still remark: 'I learn every year more and more to love the landscape, and this the poorest man in California can enjoy as well as the richest.'

His religion has been described as Unitarian Methodism. David Starr Jordan mentioned 'a rarely beautiful smile which illumined his otherwise impassive face.' He was currently believed to have paid the editor of a San Francisco weekly \$10,000 a year to write admiringly of his activities. In his old age he coined maxims: 'If it rained twenty-dollar gold pieces until noon every day, at night there would be some men begging for their suppers.'

One of eight children, Stanford was born on March 9, 1824 at Watervliet, New York. Josiah Stanford, a farmer-

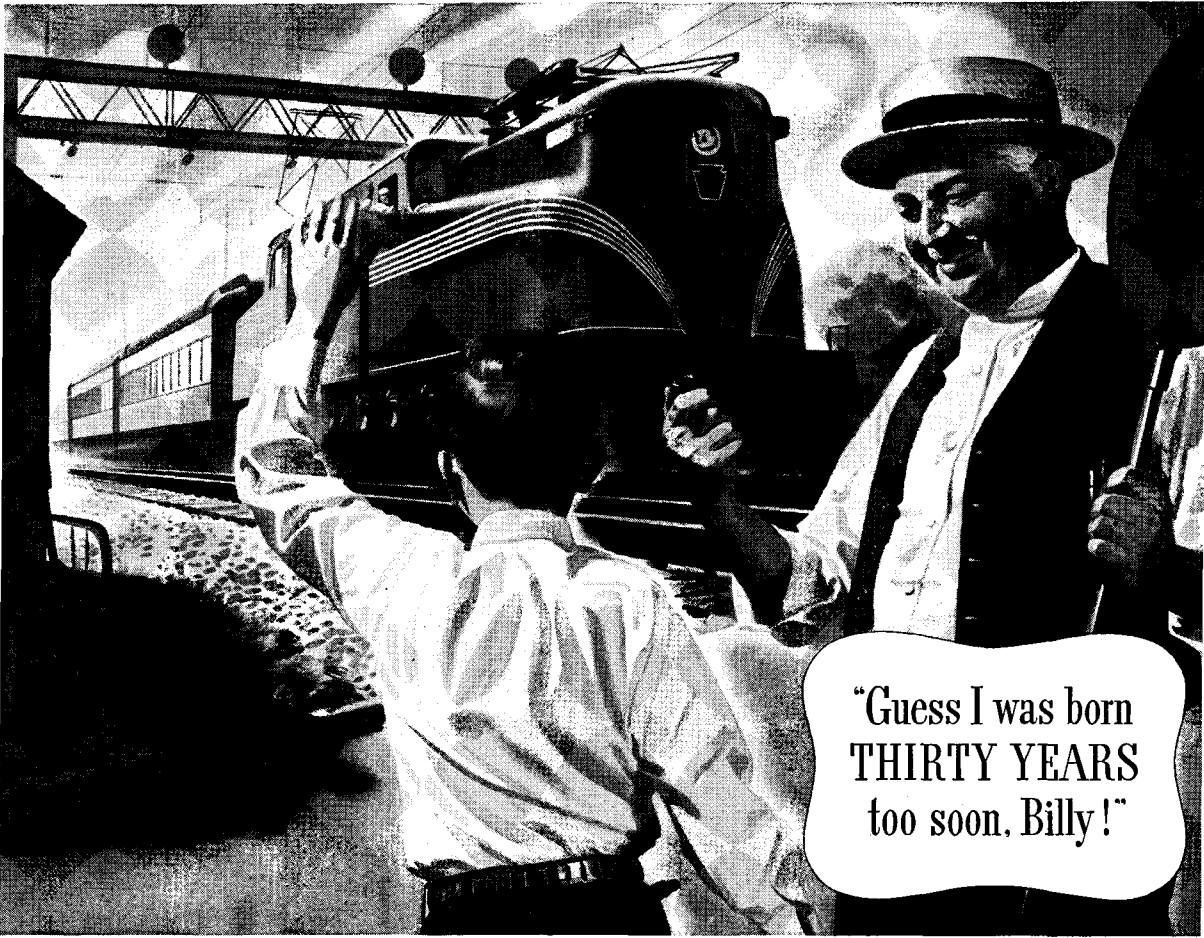
innkeeper, moved several times during the boy's childhood. One of his locations was the Elm Grove Hotel, between Albany and Schenectady, where he owned 300 acres of wooded land. As his sons grew old enough to swing an axe, they were set to chopping firewood for the Albany market. Leland kept busy throughout his sixteenth and seventeenth years on a railroad contract for 2600 cords. During that time he met the daughter of Dyer Lathrop, an Albany storekeeper. At once he formed the habit of making elaborate detours about the Lathrop house on Washington Avenue so that the girl might not encounter him in his rustic clothes, perched on top of a load of firewood.

The elder Stanford decided to give one of his sons professional training. Leland was chosen. He set off in 1841 for a school near Utica. Later he transferred to Cazenovia Seminary. There he was in intermittent attendance until 1845. Although never graduated, and apparently undistinguished in the classroom, he came to be regarded as one of the Seminary's distinguished sons. Stanford in after years made substantial gifts to the school.

Next came three years with an Albany law firm. Now he was at less pains to avoid the storekeeper's daughter. By the time he was admitted to the bar in 1848 he and Jane Lathrop were engaged. Desiring to settle in one of the new towns on the Western frontier, he married and took his bride to Port Washington, Wisconsin, a village on the lake front some miles north of Milwaukee. There he prepared to grow up with the country. Three years later it was obvious that Port Washington was not to be another Chicago. When a fire destroyed Stanford's office, his library, and the businesses of most of his debtors, he left the declining town without regret and returned to Albany.

The year was 1852. While he had been trying to begin a professional career on the shore of Lake Michigan, five of his





“Guess I was born  
THIRTY YEARS  
too soon, Billy!”

*Doing things electrically turns toilers into operators*

“WHEN I was firing on this division, we sure had to shovel between here and Middletown. It took muscle then to run an engine. Look at those fellows — just enjoying the breeze. If you want to be an engineer, you’re a lucky boy to be growing up now.”

On railroads, as in all industry, electricity is taking heavy loads from tired backs. More

traffic is handled more easily. Electric travel is faster, cleaner and quieter. The new electrified lines and Diesel-electrics are bringing back the old thrill of going places.

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less help, men produce more and earn more in fewer hours.

Westinghouse has spent its entire fifty-two years in helping to electrify America. Nearly every job in America’s industries and homes has become easier as a result. Electricity, through many Westinghouse applications, has multiplied man’s power to produce wealth — and to enjoy it.



**Westinghouse**

*It means everything in electricity*

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brothers had been drawn west by the rush to California. Their reports to the family at Elm Grove told of moderate success and brighter prospects. Within a few weeks Leland was headed west by steamer to California. His wife remained behind.

Stanford was twenty-eight when he arrived in San Francisco. The crest of the gold rush was of course well past, and with it went the myth that nuggets were to be picked up like pebbles in the streams. This Argonaut of '52 had no intention of mining; he had come to join his brothers in the grocery business. The elder Stanford, Josiah, opened a store at Mormon Island in 1850; later he established a central store at Sacramento, and as his brothers arrived he put them in charge of branches set up in various foothill camps.

Leland took his place in this primitive chain-store system. He acquired an interest in a one-room store at Cold Springs, then mostly inhabited by Chinese. But business was poor, and Stanford moved to another mushroom camp: Michigan Bluff. This settlement was still on the upgrade. For three years the store grew and its owners prospered.

The Sacramento store, managed by Josiah and another brother, Philip, also flourished. By the middle '50s, Stanford Brothers was a wholesale grocery house of standing. When Josiah and Philip moved 'down to the bay,' Leland took over sole management of the Sacramento store.

Through the store Stanford was introduced to gold mining. A chance shot proved remunerative. Among the customers of Stanford Brothers were a pair of storekeepers, Hanford and Downs, in Volcano, fifty-five miles southeast of Sacramento. They owned an interest in a quartz mine at Sutter's Creek and, like thousands of others, bankrupted themselves trying to develop it. Stanford was among their creditors; they settled their bill by turning over to him 76 of their 93 shares in the Lincoln mine. Soon the

mine began to produce. In 1872 Stanford and the other owners sold out for \$400,000. With dividends he realized over half a million by the transaction.

During this early period Stanford had no intention of living permanently on the Coast. He wanted to accumulate a fortune as quickly as possible, go back East, and settle down. This he was able to do in 1855. He returned to Albany with three major objectives: to go into the wholesale grocery business there; to rejoin his wife; and to buy a certain imposing Albany residence he had admired in his youth.

His disillusionment paralleled that of other returned Californians. After the Coast, life in older communities seemed humdrum. His desire to return to California was seconded by his wife. During his absence she had lived at her father's house, where friends and neighbors regarded her with glances of sympathy. Convinced that she was looked on as a deserted wife, Jane Stanford developed a lifelong dislike for her native town. California, to her mind, was none too remote from Albany. Stanford once remarked that Albany's gossips were indirectly responsible for making him Governor of California.

### XVIII

Then and later Stanford possessed a ponderous geniality, considerable personal vanity, and a naïve love of display. Of the Big Four, Huntington was the dominating figure, but until late in life he chose to sit in the wings while others carried out his wishes on the stage. Crocker, although physically domineering, was essentially a subordinate, while Hopkins never rose, or desired to rise, above keeper of the accounts.

There remained Stanford, who craved leadership but lacked Huntington's talent for moving straight to a desired end. Denied true leadership, he seized nominal leadership as a substitute. His failure to dominate the affairs of the Central



## *A Trust in Massachusetts*

“ALL that can be required of a trustee to invest is that he shall conduct himself faithfully, and exercise a sound discretion. He is to observe how men of prudence, discretion, and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation, but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income, as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested.”

On this opinion of the Supreme Court, given in the case of Harvard College vs. Amory, in 1843, much of the present structure of Massachusetts Trust Law is based.

The years have proved that the Massachusetts type of trust developed under the comparative freedom allowed by this decision is sound and successful.

For over 60 years we have acted as Trustee for property of residents both of Massachusetts and other states. If you desire to bring to all or a part of your property the benefits of Massachusetts Trusteeship, we invite you to communicate with our officers, or write for our booklet, “Estates and Trusts.”

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Pacific profoundly influenced his career, and his last thirty years became a struggle for self-justification. He succeeded better than most men so situated. Although he was defeated in the end and died knowing it, there were long periods when seeming success was indistinguishable from reality.

As profits from the railroad enterprises accumulated, the greater part of his share went to create a background against which he played his late-Victorian version of political sage and financial king. It was a magnificent production, put on with utter disregard for expense. The Stanfords moved from Sacramento to San Francisco in 1874, and the following year occupied the most desirable suite in the newly finished Palace Hotel. Then they rented a house on Pine Street, from the windows of which they could overlook erection of the latest of their elaborate houses.

Stanford startled San Franciscans by encircling two acres of sand on Nob Hill with a thirty-foot wall and constructing a mansion that dominated the city. From its marble steps visitors walked into a circular entrance hall, the stone floor of which was inlaid with the signs of the zodiac in black marble. Amber light filtered from a glass dome seventy feet above. A wide hall terminated in a conservatory. Sliding doors opened into high-ceiled chambers: a reception room finished in the style of the East Indies, a library which the Governor — this was his favorite title, retained long after he left office — used as his home office and in which he received callers; a communicating door led to a billiard room. On the sunny Powell-Pine corner was the downstairs sitting room, the windows of which, hung with purple and gold velvet, overlooked the entire business section of the city. There the family and guests listened to hymns and waltzes, admired birds brought in from the aviary, and radiated the elegance of Victorian domesticity.

To this prim chamber came Miss Mary

Frayne, a journalist preparing articles on 'Our Millionaires at Home.' She found the Stanfords leading a life not greatly different from that of humbler families. Neither Stanford nor his wife cared for the frivolous life. The Governor liked quiet evenings at home. His chief hobby was business; next, the breeding and training of horses.

Miss Frayne noted that Stanford had never bet a dollar on a horse. He no longer cared for travel, but considered it an elevating experience. It was the duty of rich men to have good copies made of famous paintings, so that humbler citizens might study them and develop a taste for art. Mrs. Stanford let her husband speak for both.

Soon after the completion of the railroad, his wife presented its president with a private car, the 'Stanford.' When the Governor traveled he liked to receive the attentions due him as president of the company. News of his approach was telegraphed ahead. At division points officials filed past to pay respects and inquire after the president's welfare. Section crews stood at attention while the special roared past, engines of freight trains waiting on sidings sounded long salutes, and repair crews were marshaled at points visible from Stanford's window.

When his car passed to the tracks of rival railroads, Central Pacific's president was received as an honored guest. Even in England, Stanford's pomp on arrival convinced other passengers that here was no ordinary traveler. The steamer was met in the Mersey by a tug; Stanford and his party were hurried ashore, ushered into a private car, and dispatched to London in advance of regular boat trains. There a favorite suite at the Hotel Bristol was ready, with the same servants who had attended his wants on earlier visits.

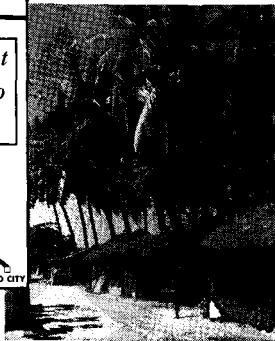
Stanford's magnificent establishments aroused interest that persisted from year to year. Texture of Stanford carpets, quality of Stanford lace curtains, the intricacy of Stanford gas-lit chandeliers,

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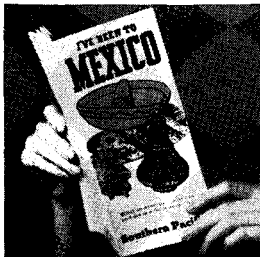
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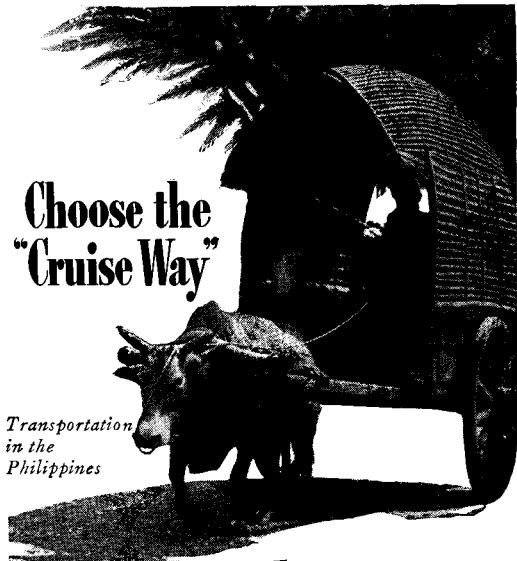


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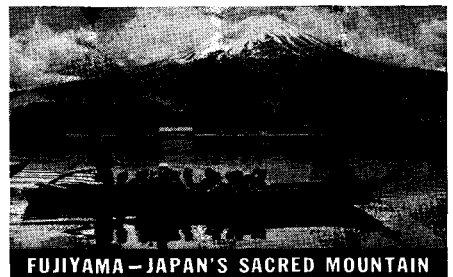
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cornices, and iron fences, were discussed in the remotest corners of the state. During his last twenty years he moved restlessly from extravagance to extravagance. Because the ascent to Nob Hill was too abrupt for convenient scaling by horse and carriage, he built the California Street Railroad. Thereafter, to the measured click of the underground cable, carloads of natives and tourists passed in day-long procession before the stone gateposts and marble steps.

Its noble isolation gone, Stanford lost interest in the Nob Hill house, to focus on a larger enterprise. The Palo Alto farm, a nine-thousand-acre block of foothills and oak-studded meadow, provided a suitable background for horse breeding. Descriptions of the wonders of Palo Alto began to appear regularly in the press. The residence — Stanford's fourth in a decade — had 'all the luxuries of a beautiful manor'; the two race tracks and the sixty-acre trotting park were 'rolled and sprinkled daily'; long lines of stables were attended by the farm's hundred and fifty employees.

Stanford's horses added new lustre to his name: 'Ten full-aged stallions, 50 young stallions, 250 brood mares, 250 colts and fillies less than three years old.' Supremacy on the track became his goal. Hour after hour, six days a week, Stanford's horses circled the flawless track; ninety colts were kept in training and each was exercised for twenty minutes daily. Near-by stables housed 'twenty selected colts in careful training for the Eastern race courses two seasons in the future.' Beyond were quarters for the stallions Shannon and Flood, and thirty brood mares sired by celebrated studs of England and America.

One of Stanford's horses was named in the news sixty years later. This was Gloster, first trotter to cover a mile in under 2:20. Gloster was trained on the Palo Alto tracks. Before the eastward journey was well begun, the horse was killed in a train wreck. In 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President-elect, retold the

story of Gloster's achievements; his father had sold the horse to Stanford.

The names and reputations of other Palo Alto horses revive memories of reverence: Piedmont, imported at a cost of \$30,000, Clay, Frolic, Electioneer, Fiddler, fastest stallion ever bred in England, Musk, Fetterlock, Ison, Macgregor, Hermit, Lowlander, Salvador, Peregrine. . . . The stocky, aging Governor, in his shining sulky, made the rounds over dustless roads, inspecting recent purchases, hastening the completion of still more stables, sitting for hours beside the track while his trainers put likely prospects through their paces.

His interest next turned to farming. For a million dollars he acquired 55,000 acres in the northern end of the Sacramento Valley. There another baronial estate was presently in the making. Grapevines to the number of 2,800,000 were planted in a single 3500-acre block, 'incomparably the largest vineyard in the world.' Wineries were built, irrigation systems installed; the town of Vina came into being. Descendants of imported French vintners to-day lend an unexpected Gallic touch to several valley communities. These, the ruined wineries, and the stumps of dead grapevines, are the only present remainders of the grandiose scheme. Soil and climate refused to coöperate.

Stanford thought less of marketing his products than of convincing the public that the enterprise had a high purpose. His intention was to make Vina brandy exclusively for medicinal purposes. Oak casks were shipped to San Francisco and stowed as ballast in the holds of the grain-carrying clipper ships, the brandy aging five years in the gentle agitation provided by the seven seas.

## XIX

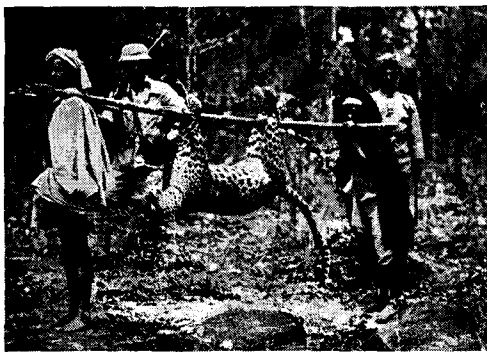
The Vina farm had hardly passed its experimental stages when Stanford's main interest again shifted, this time to the most spectacular enterprise of all.



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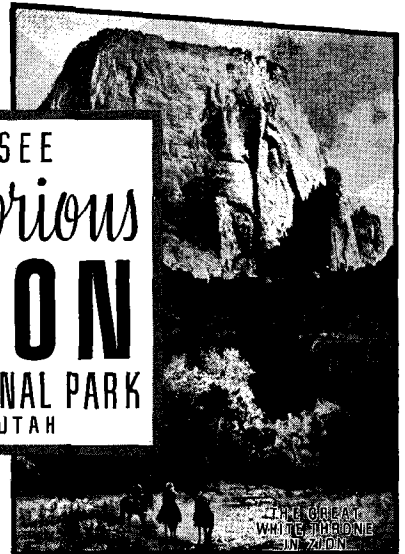
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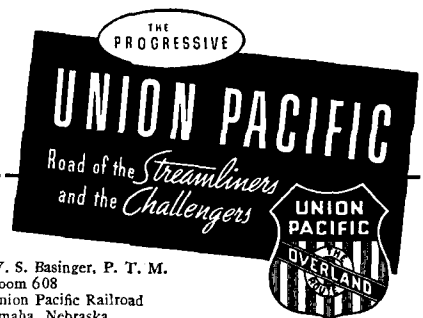
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For nearly twenty years after their marriage, the Stanfords remained childless. Leland Jr. was born at Sacramento in May 1868, and for the next fifteen years the child's welfare was a determining factor in every decision his parents made. The family moved to San Francisco in 1874 partly to avoid his growing up in the provincial atmosphere of a valley town; the Nob Hill house was planned on an elaborate scale because his father and mother expected that some day he would dispense hospitality there. Even the purchase of the Vina ranch was influenced by consideration for his health. He grew to be a normal youth, studious and quiet. He was expected to succeed his father in the management of the Stanford properties, and his training was planned with that in mind.

That his responsibilities would be heavy the father knew, for he had not found his millions an unmixed blessing. 'It is pleasant to be rich,' he told a Washington reporter. 'But the advantages of wealth are greatly exaggerated. . . . I do not clearly see that a man who can buy anything that he fancies is any better off than the man who can buy what he actually wants. He can easily gratify his whimsies, to be sure; but there are some positive disadvantages. . . . My wife and I are worried almost to death by beggars, between whom it is very difficult to discriminate. Most of them are regular "rounders," who solicit, implore, entreat, and command that there shall be given them at once certain stipulated sums of money. Of course there is no pleasure in being thus tormented. . . . A man's annoyances increase with his wealth.'

Of the elder Stanford the interviewer said: 'The life he was compelled to lead in order to accumulate wealth probably prevented that cultivation of taste for art, music, and letters which is essential to the highest enjoyment.' There had been deficiencies in Stanford's education. Despite the presence of his portrait in

the chapel at Cazenovia Seminary his grammar was never faultless. He knew no foreign languages, and discovered belatedly that his taste in art was not reliable.

Young Leland was to be spared all this; he was to be trained from childhood to be more than a 'mere business man.' Accordingly, when he was hardly out of the nursery, he was studying music, taking dancing lessons, and conjugating French verbs. When he was eight, his parents took him to Philadelphia to broaden his mind by a study of the arts and crafts at the Centennial Exposition. He carried a set of wood-carving tools back to San Francisco. Some months later his parents, delighted at this evidence of talent, exhibited his carvings at the annual Mechanics' Fair.

At eleven, Leland was deemed ready for foreign travel. From 1879 to 1881 the boy and his parents moved over England and the Continent. Stanford and his wife visited spas, gratified their whims for jewels and paintings, had their portraits done by currently fashionable artists, and followed the pattern expected of rich Americans. Leland continued his studies, visited galleries, improved his accent under 'the best teachers money could hire,' and began his celebrated 'museum.'

The boy collected antique coins, medals, and fragments of pottery and sculpture, and eagerly studied the periods that had produced them. Had he lived, it is not unlikely that the bulk of the Stanford fortune might eventually have been invested in antique art. Before Leland was fifteen, his collection filled three rooms on the top floor of the house; this, with additions made during his last trip to Europe and the Near East, eventually found its way into the Stanford University museum, where it may be seen to-day — the naïve and promising beginnings of what might have been a life enthusiasm.

Leland was being prepared for college when he returned to San Francisco in

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1882. That fall he presided for the first time as host, entertaining groups of boys and girls from San Francisco's eligible families. The parties were in the nature of a farewell, the family soon returning to New York, where Leland studied for the entrance examinations to Harvard. His parents, meantime, unwilling to be separated from him by the width of the continent during the coming four years, leased a house on Fifth Avenue, which they never occupied. Stanford's health gave concern and doctors advised a water cure in Bavaria, so early in 1883 the three crossed the Atlantic again, spent the summer in Germany and France, and in November started for Athens. There, during December and January, Leland made notable additions to his collection.

But the weather continued bad, and the boy became ill. The three sailed for Naples in February, then on to Rome. As Leland grew worse they hurried to Florence. There his persistent fever was diagnosed as typhoid. Physicians from Paris and Rome were summoned to his room in the Hotel Bristol. Blinds were drawn over the windows facing the Arno, and the street outside was covered with straw to deaden sounds of traffic. But the methods of treatment — including a periodical wrapping of the patient in sheets dipped in ice water — proved ineffectual, and on March 13, 1884 the youth died. He was not yet sixteen.

In later years Mrs. Stanford several times revisited Florence. Not until nearly two decades later did she bring herself to glance briefly at the windows behind which the losing battle had been fought. In 1907 a group of Stanford students caused a memorial plaque to be set into the wall of the hotel.

In Paris, five weeks after Leland's death, his father and mother rewrote their wills to endow a memorial to their son. For a time the Stanfords considered founding a 'museum of artistic and natural curiosities,' thereby completing what the boy had tentatively begun.

How the decision to found a university was reached is not definitely known. Mrs. Stanford in 1892 publicly repudiated the theory of supernatural guidance via spiritualism — a statement thankfully received by members of the Stanford faculty, already lecturing in the new halls.

The Stanfords then intended establishing a technical school — a decision influenced by the Governor's admiration for ingenious mechanisms. Once he spent half a day contemplating a mediæval catapult in Paris. Visits to historic castles were prolonged while he inspected the mechanism of drawbridges and studied the methods by which moats were filled and drained. When a San Francisco photographer named Muybridge proposed photographing one of Stanford's race horses with a battery of cameras Stanford financed the experiment. By financing publication of Muybridge's book, *The Horse in Motion*, his name became permanently linked with the beginnings of motion pictures. Stanford's favorite exhibit was his orchestra, a complete orchestra mechanically operated. Mechanical birds perched on potted trees sang by compressed air.

Stanford considered making his technical school part of the new state university at Berkeley. Accordingly, he had the Governor appoint him to the university's board of regents, but the state legislature unexpectedly refused to confirm the appointment. The rebuff ended all possibility of his joining forces with the Berkeley institution.

Leland Stanford Junior University, announced in the summer of 1886, was regarded as monumental folly outside of California. To take a tract of farmland in a sparsely settled state and with five million dollars convert it into a centre of learning aroused little enthusiasm in the East. The University of California had an enrollment of less than 300, evidence that there was no need for another college less than forty miles distant. One Easterner wrote: 'There is about as





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much need for a new university in California as for an asylum of decayed sea captains in Switzerland.' Less than a generation later, Stanford authorities were struggling to keep the enrollment down to manageable size, and the Berkeley institution, swollen from 300 to 18,000, was straining to absorb the increasing crowds entering its gates.

Newspaper gibes about building marble palaces on his wheatfields and buying five million dollars' worth of intellectual centre had no effect on Stanford. During the fall of 1886 his car shuttled over Eastern railroads, and in its rosewood drawing-room the founders interviewed Eastern talent. At Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University initiated them into research. Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Cornell impressed Stanford anew with the value of the applied sciences. Andrew D. White of Cornell was urged to come west as president. At Cambridge, Charles Eliot Norton bluntly informed them that a university was an expensive hobby; they must be prepared to spend every penny of the advertised five millions. 'Mrs. Stanford looked grave,' wrote Norton later.

One Saturday afternoon, the Stanford car being shunted to a sidetrack, half the population of Bloomington, Indiana, hurried to the depot to stare at its curtained windows. At five the next morning the thirty-nine-year-old president of the University of Indiana returned to Bloomington from a speechmaking trip. A breathless friend appeared to announce that the 'Governor of California' was at the village hotel and wished to see him. Stanford and his wife described the stone quadrangle taking shape on the Palo Alto meadow and announced that their joint estate, the bulk of which would go toward the university's endowment, was valued at thirty million dollars. Hesitantly the founder stated that it was to be a university of the highest order, a centre of invention and research, coeducational and interdenominational, with no tuition and free from political

control. Its president would be paid ten thousand a year. Stanford had often paid far more for a likely race horse, but the sum staggered the young educator.

David Starr Jordan hurried home for consultation with his wife, while Mrs. Stanford and her secretary set off to attend service at a local church. The chronicles of Bloomington record that she dropped five dollars in gold on the collection plate and took occasion, when the student preacher hurried up to inquire if a mistake had been made, to tell him that his vengeful Old Testament God was unlike the gentle deity of her acquaintance.

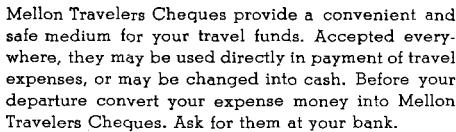
Meantime Dr. Jordan had decided 'with some enthusiasm' that he would become the first president of the new university. A year later, with an infant son and three pieces of baggage, he stepped from the train at Menlo Park. An acquaintance, waiting with Stanford in the latter's carriage, remarked that he guessed one so laden would 'stay hitched.' Jordan stayed hitched for nearly four decades.

In October 1891 the university formally opened its doors. Stanford, with Jordan holding an umbrella over his head, slowly read an address to 415 prospective students (one Herbert Hoover among them) and to a dense crowd of visitors.

The Coast's newest educational plant functioned smoothly for twenty months. Then, on June 20, 1893, Stanford died unexpectedly, and hidden weaknesses threatened to bring its brief history to a close.

## XX

Stanford's troubles extended far back to the early days of the Central Pacific. Behind the university and the race horses, vineyards, and mansions of the spacious Stanford setting was the railroad, source of dollars that made the rest possible. And behind the railroad stood the cynical Collis Huntington. Ironically, Stanford's gilded career had been



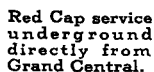
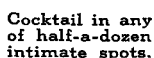
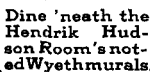
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shaped by the hand of his enemy; the cold New Englander was ever the ghost at the Governor's banquet.

Stanford's difficulties, however, were largely of his own making. His grandiose activities led him into extravagances that even his quarter share of huge railroad profits could not bear. Intervention of his partners had several times extricated him from financial tangles. A letter to Huntington from the company's financial manager, David Colton, on January 4, 1878, listed the amounts the four partners had drawn from the treasury for their personal use since August 1 of the preceding year: Huntington, \$57,000; Crocker, \$31,000; Mark Hopkins, \$800; Stanford, \$276,000.

Stanford became unnecessary in Huntington's scheme of things, and the latter proceeded to lighten ship by dropping him over the side. Reserved and unsocial, he was aroused to contempt by his partner's liking for display and applause. In the early days he had been willing to let his partner shine in public as the company's representative before the people. Stanford became president when the project was still dubious, and he held office, as a figurehead, for twenty-eight years. It was a part of company policy to keep his essential weakness from the public. As candidate for Governor in 1861, Stanford received full support from his partners. His election was an asset to the new corporation; to have its president in the Governor's chair gave the project a semi-official air.

Stanford's term covered the years from 1862 to 1864, when war fever intensified loyalties and stilled opposition. This prestige carried over until the Civil War tradition was moulded into a political weapon. Later, when the country lost faith in Civil War reputations, Stanford's political appeal faded rapidly. He hoped to regain lost prestige when he reëntered politics in 1885 and the railroad-controlled legislature sent him to the Senate. Huntington had expected his friend Aaron Sargent to be made

Senator and had obtained Stanford's promise to support Sargent's candidacy. Then he learned that Stanford was himself seeking the office. This aroused Huntington's active enmity.

The time was drawing near when the government's thirty-year bonds, lent the company to help build the road, would mature. Huntington for years had been planning to force cancellation or a drastic scaling down of the huge debt, on grounds of Central Pacific poverty. Stanford's extravagances embarrassed the 'poverty lobby' at Washington. While debt cancellation was being argued before Congress, Stanford inexpediently bought his wife a \$100,000 diamond necklace. The university — 'Stanford's circus' — seemed to Huntington another ill-timed folly, and Stanford's announcement that 'the children of California will be my children' left his partner cold.

To build his university, Stanford borrowed on short-term notes, which he expected to meet with an anticipated division of railroad profits. Shortly before the payment was due, Huntington informed his partner that no profits would be distributed; the money had been 'loaned out.' The only explanation Stanford ever received was that 'it helped the standing of the railroad to have the money out at interest.' The 'hard times' of the early '90s decreased the value and negotiability of Stanford's securities; the world's greatest vineyard, costing \$500 a day, proved a failure. Stock farm, mansions, and, above all, the university, made increasing demands on his shrunken fortune.

Stanford's last months were devoted to finding a way out of his difficulties. During that period Timothy Hopkins called at Palo Alto. Stanford announced that he wished Hopkins to witness a revised will. With Hopkins and Mrs. Stanford as audience, he read the document. After a long list of cash bequests to relatives and friends, Mrs. Stanford ventured a mild protest: —

'But, Leland, you know times have

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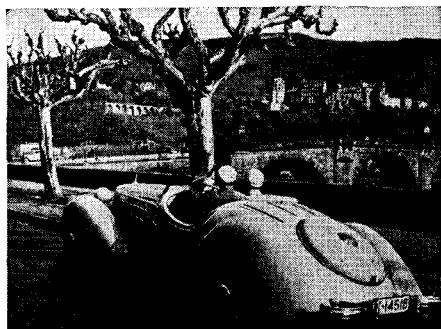
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been bad. Don't you think you are being too liberal to some of these people?'

Her husband smiled grimly. 'They won't think I'm so liberal,' he announced, 'when they come to collect.'

He staved off the crash, but the debacle came soon after his death.

Out of confusion emerged the strong-willed widow, Jane Lathrop Stanford. While her husband lived, Mrs. Stanford remained discreetly in the background, contenting herself with domestic, charitable, and religious duties. Her husband's death projected her into a trying situation. The estate was tied up by lawsuits; one filed by the government attached the assets until question of the railroad's \$57,000,000 debt was settled. Meantime, expenses went on. The university required an unexpectedly large sum. Upkeep of various other Stanford properties raised monthly expenses to impressive heights. The Palo Alto farm alone had 150 employees, and cost annually close to \$250,000.

In probate proceedings, the outstanding debts and gifts provided in the will reached a total of \$18,000,000, to be satisfied before the remainder could be distributed. The university entered upon short rations. Expenses were slashed and tuition charged. Hundreds of race horses were sold. Vina ranch was shut down, and its young vines were left to parch. In professorial contracts the stipulation as to salary was given a qualifying clause: 'or as much of this sum as may be available.'

A sympathetic probate judge provided relief by ruling that faculty members might be classified as Mrs. Stanford's personal servants, their salaries included in her household allowance. In a starvation period, President Jordan received a dole of \$1200 from the court. He carried the twenty-dollar gold pieces in a canvas sack to Palo Alto, and set out to pay fifty dollars to each of twenty-four professors. Not one had change for twenty dollars.

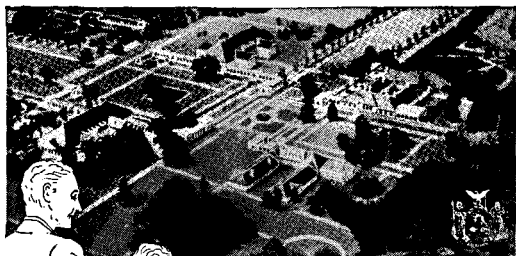
Creditors demanded that the college

shut down. Huntington said: 'Close the circus.' Disregarded, he played another card. The question of the Big Four's liability to the government must soon be decided. The Hopkins and Crocker estates had already been distributed; Stanford's remained. If litigation could be pushed at once, the Stanford estate — and not Huntington — would bear the expense of contesting. The government enjoined distribution until Stanford's share of the debt — in excess of \$14,000,000 — became due and was paid. Huntington watched the legal battle proceed through the District Court, the Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally the Supreme Court. The decision was favorable to the Stanford estate. It was both favorable and inexpensive to Huntington.

During these months of litigation the Stanford interests tightened belts. Economy became a game into which the widow entered with enthusiasm. All but two or three servants were dismissed. Work was stopped on the Palo Alto grounds, where dozens of gardeners had been engaged for years. All but absolutely essential items were lopped off from household accounts. 'My dear,' said Mrs. Stanford, to a friend, 'you *know* I can't afford a carriage.'

Soon after Stanford's death the widow closed their Washington residence, the Brady house at 17th and I streets. Early in 1894 she set off for the capital to oversee the furniture removal. She left with \$500, in her private car, paying nothing for transportation, since every railroad in the country granted her passes as long as she lived. During her stay in Washington she lived in the car, saving hotel bills, and returned triumphantly to Palo Alto with \$340. Despite such feats of personal economy it was a question whether the university could be kept open. On week-end visits to Palo Alto Mrs. Stanford gazed anxiously from the car window for a glimpse of the tall smokestack of the university's heating plant. Smoke meant that coal was hold-





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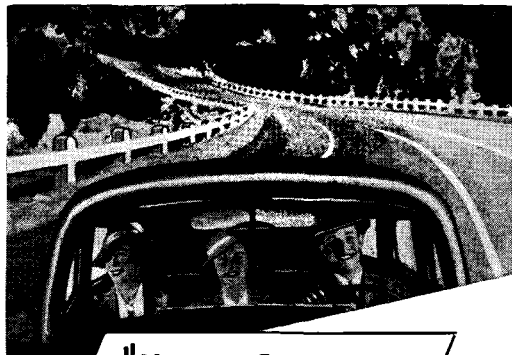
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ing out, classes were in session, the university functioning.

Mrs. Stanford's champions compared her to Queen Victoria. The indomitable young Widow of Windsor, in her rustling black silk, forcing to completion every one of Albert's projects, had her counterpart almost half a century later in this invincible daughter of an Albany merchant. Jane Stanford herself saw a similarity between her plight and that of the bereaved Queen; her letters followed Victoria's epistolary style. 'Your poor Queen's mind is constantly overtaxed' is paralleled in scores of messages from Mrs. Stanford to her personal Lord M., Dr. Jordan: 'It exhausts my ingenuity and resources to such an extent that had I not the University so close to my heart I would relieve myself from the enormous burden and take rest and recreation for the next year.' 'Gladly would I live on bread and water to do this, my part.' 'Every dollar I can rightly call mine is sacredly laid on the altar of my love for the University, and this it shall ever be.' 'I could lay down my life for the University. Not for any pride in its perpetuating the name of our dear son and ourselves, its founders, but for the sincere hope I cherish in its sending forth to the world grand men and women who will aid in developing the best there is to be found in human nature.'

Her resemblance to Victoria amply compensated for lack of beauty. A short, erect figure inclined to stoutness, a florid complexion, and large, slightly protruding eyes, like Victoria's — these are remembered characteristics. She made the old lady of Buckingham Palace her model in statesmanship and deportment, following her lead even in clothing. She had caught glimpses of the Queen on earlier visits to England, but when Victoria's Jubilee approached she determined to attend. She went not merely as a sightseer, however; she wanted to sell her jewelry in order to buy books for the university library.

So, early in 1897, the determined old

lady carried her treasures in her hand to London. Not once did she let them out of her sight. The sentimental followed the little drama with damp enthusiasm. California's brave widow descending on London in her suppliant's rôle, proffering her bag of gems to the guests at Victoria's glittering celebration, became a symbol of Western womanhood. That the assembled notables would not pay the prices she demanded did not spoil the picture.

On June 22, the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's ascent to the throne, Mrs. Stanford was up before daylight, and by seven was driving along the route the Queen herself would presently take. On Fleet Street, a second-floor room had been leased for the day. A long wait ensued, but for once the California widow was not impatient. This was Jane Stanford's opportunity to view her admired model at close range. Nor were her expectations disappointed. Congestion ahead caused those farther back to slow down, and the royal carriage halted directly opposite the Fleet Street window. Victoria lowered her parasol, looked about. Her eyes reached Mrs. Stanford; for an electric moment they rested on the eager face of the California widow. Her Majesty bowed perceptibly. Mrs. Stanford returned the salutation and in addition blew a kiss in the direction of the royal carriage.

During a visit two years later Mrs. Stanford received an invitation to one of the royal garden parties at Windsor, where she was presented to Victoria's daughter-in-law. But the aged Queen was visible only at an upper window.

## XXI

Jane Stanford enjoyed the rôle of Lady Bountiful and continued to play it as long as she lived. She would descend on relatives, many of whom she had not seen or apparently thought of for years, and rearrange their affairs after her own ideas, with utmost kindness and vigor.



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One of these pilgrimages took her to an upstate New York town to visit an aunt of whom she had not heard in years. The ancient lady was found to be living on a farm. Mrs. Stanford hurried back to the town, engaged a suite for her Aunt Marinda at the hotel, and arranged to have her meals served in her rooms and her monthly bills paid through the local bank. The rest of the afternoon was spent buying furniture and clothing for the pensioner. The next day the latter was informed of her good luck — and flatly refused to move to town. The philanthropist sent her gifts out to the farmhouse and settled a monthly pension on the rebel.

Clergymen shared her bounty. Always deeply religious, Mrs. Stanford nonetheless regarded the clergy with a sometimes critical eye. At no time did her faith include a belief in the infallibility of its interpreters. But she was an ardent churchgoer, who could be depended on to contribute liberally. She found Menlo Park's one tiny church badly equipped and in miserable disrepair, communicants few, and the pastor and his family living in cramped quarters. Immediately she undertook a cure. Paint, carpet, and a new organ lent the structure attractions that brought wandering members back. A comfortable cottage was built and furnished as a parsonage. But the pastor committed the *faux pas* of insisting on changes before he would move in. Presently it was disclosed that he went to San Francisco two days a week to advocate redistribution of the national wealth. The new parsonage soon had another tenant.

Another major disappointment occurred many years later in connection with the Memorial Chapel at the University. The building and decoration of that structure, a memorial both to her husband and to her son, had been one of the widow's chief concerns. During her travels she kept an eye on ecclesiastical architecture and decoration. In intri-

cacy of design the structure far outshone anything else in all California. A contemporary account said truly: 'No artifice known to the stonecutter, no secret of the artist who shapes bits of colored stone into rich patterns, no device of the ecclesiastical painter, but has contributed its part to this grand building, the spiritual temple of the students and their mentors.'

Mrs. Stanford undertook seriously the choosing of a shepherd for this handsomely housed flock. After examining many prospects, she gave tentative approval to Dr. Heber Newton, of advanced years and uncertain health. A variety of things caused him distress. A trunkful of favorite sermons had been lost en route. In his New England church he had been allowed the luxury of a well-trained — and well-paid — choir. The singing in the Memorial Chapel, while spirited and enthusiastic, was by students, and strictly amateur.

Never noted for her patience with complaining clergymen, the widow one afternoon stopped her carriage before the Newton cottage, listened to the Doctor's plea that he be allowed to bring out at least the soprano from his Eastern choir, then lost her temper and informed him that his services were no longer wanted. Dr. Newton's dismissal caused a stir on the campus. Faculty members signed petitions requesting that he be reinstated, asking each other meantime if their jobs too might not depend upon the whims of this strong-minded old lady. But she remained unshaken.

The University's period of short rations finally ended. As the century closed, the widow began to relax her close supervision over its affairs. In 1897 she deeded the San Francisco house to the university's board of trustees in return for the right to occupy it for life. Six years later she transferred executive control to the trustees. She was by then well known wherever she went, and much of her time was spent happily in travel. From 1894 the University had



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been sending graduates out into the world. Often alumni would appear at her hotel to pay their respects, much to the old lady's delight. Reunions with 'her boys' grew frequent. The University became internationally known; in foreign lands she was frequently received with honors as its founder. She carried a supply of books of photographs of the buildings. These she autographed and presented to those from whom she received official favors.

Her private car was then nearly thirty years old, and its rosewood and plush sitting room impressed visitors as curiously like a museum. But Mrs. Stanford found it comfortable. In it she shuttled between the two oceans or up and down the Pacific Coast. On the Southern Pacific she continued to receive the courtesies accorded her husband during his lifetime. Such attentions were known to Huntington and approved by him. That may have puzzled Mrs. Stanford, for she had long looked on Huntington not only as her husband's chief enemy but as a leader of the group that had tried to destroy the University — Satan in a black skullcap.

This view persisted until the turn of the century. Then, on one of her last visits to New York, the old lady's secretary brought Huntington news that Mrs. Stanford wished an appointment. Huntington, obviously astonished, suggested that he stop off at Mrs. Stanford's hotel on his way home that evening. Informed that Mrs. Stanford wished to call on him, he fixed an hour. The secretary, present at the meeting, saw that Huntington had had an armchair moved into his barren office for the visitor, watched the two shake hands, and observed that the old lady's face was colorless as she said: 'Mr. Huntington, I have come to make my peace with you.' The latter took both her hands, had her sit down, mopped his brow, and ejaculated: 'Well, I declare!' His visitor went on firmly. They were both old. They were the only survivors. The time had passed

when they should bear grievances or hold unkind thoughts. Huntington said, 'Of course! Of course!' and the onlooker thought she saw tears come into the eyes of these old people (both long past seventy) as they shook hands again.

In her Nob Hill house one January evening in 1905, Mrs. Stanford poured a glass of mineral water from a jar that stood on a table beside her bed. After consuming about half the liquid she thought that it had an unfamiliar taste. The next morning the residue in the jar was sent to a chemist for analysis. His report was sensational: the water contained strychnine. Soon the entire Coast was reading of the sensational 'Stanford poison plot.' Police and reporters thronged the house, while servants were questioned and the big building searched from cellar to roof for 'clues.'

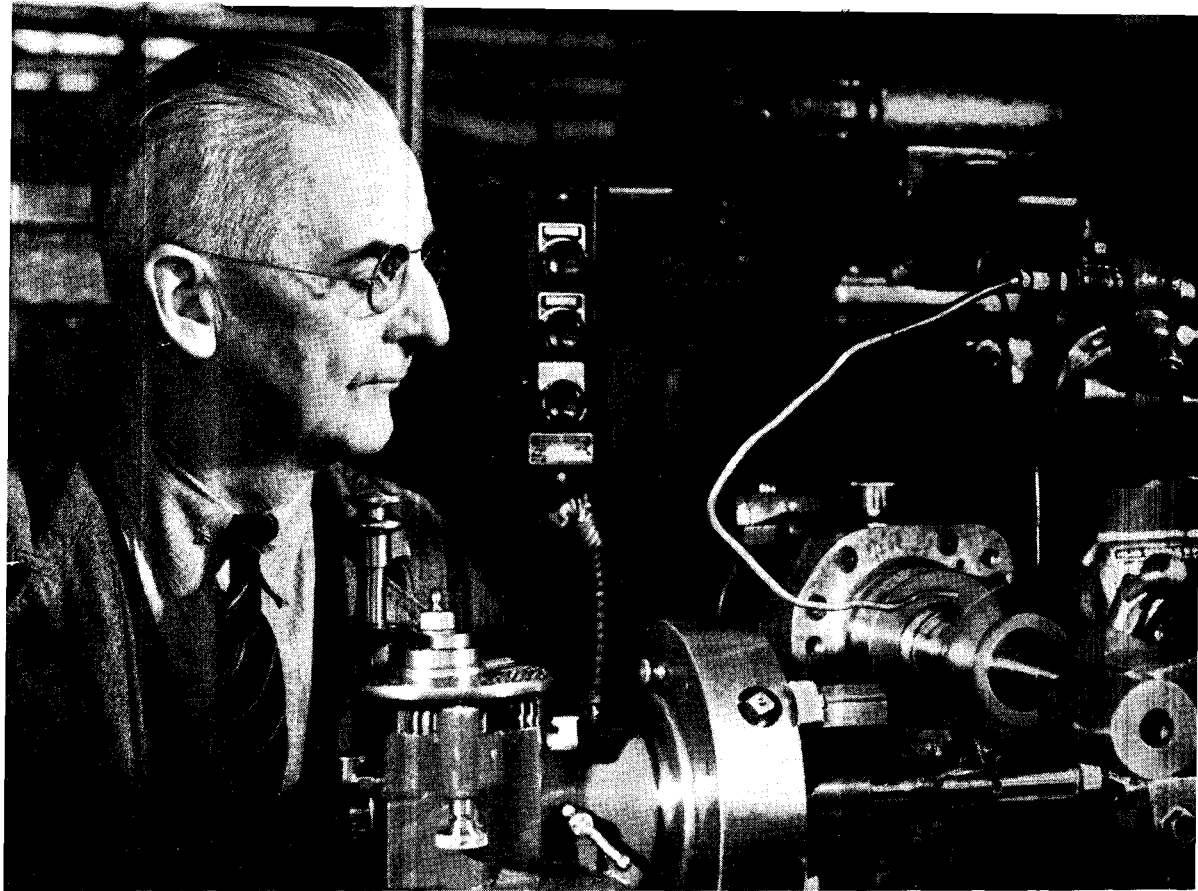
Meantime Mrs. Stanford was really ill, either from fright or from the effects of the poison. In active fear for her life, the old lady fled by the next boat to Honolulu.

Police finally found a prosaic explanation: that the jar had formerly contained cleaning fluid and had not been properly rinsed out. Newspapers turned their attention to other sensations, and the public had nearly forgotten the episode when a cablegram from Honolulu announced Mrs. Stanford's death.

The murder theory revived. A statement by physicians that death had been due to natural causes was received in San Francisco with open skepticism. Stanford University authorities appointed a group of specialists to re-examine the evidence; they reported unanimously that she had died of old age.

Mrs. Stanford had survived Queen Victoria by less than four years, her husband by thirteen, her son by twenty-one. Her body was buried in the mausoleum on the Stanford campus. To-day students glance with unconcern at its high bronze doors. They speak of the sleeping three within as the Holy Family; this is tradition, however, not irreverence.

*(To be continued)*



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# The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

After standing at the steering wheel of the *Atlantic* for thirty years, a term of service thrice as long as has been enjoyed — or suffered — by any of his predecessors, the Editor relinquishes his duties. His decision, made more than twelve months ago, has until the actual completion of his term been kept an office secret. From 1908 to 1938! It has been a long voyage, and on the whole a fair one. There have been gales, as there will always be when duty and conviction are involved, but the sun is warmer than it used to be and the sky bluer. After all, our readers are the weather gauge, and their number, eight times what it was three decades ago, seems to show that the *Atlantic's* barometer is still rising.

The Mate is now Master, and the ship is away on a true course.

1 1 1

Like his friends Henry James and George Santayana, **Logan Pearsall Smith** (p. 731) is an American author who has done the major part of his writing abroad. Acknowledged to-day as one of the great stylists of our time, the author of those books of enduring interest, *Trivia*, *On Reading Shakespeare*, and *The English Language*, Mr. Smith has found in England the congenial climate for a man of letters. There he has done his writing and indulged his lifelong hobby of hunting for old and valuable manuscripts.

A native of Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith was educated in the approved style at Haverford and Harvard. After the Grand Tour, business beckoned, but his cousin, Miss M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr, shook him loose from this compulsion by urging him to write. In 1888 he crossed to England and went up to Oxford, where at Balliol College under Benjamin Jowett he 'shared in that Oxford life which, in its setting of old colleges and gardens and little rivers, is surely the happiest and most enchanting life that is possible to young mortals.'

It was his book and play *Of Mice and Men* which first thrust **John Steinbeck** (p. 741) into the limelight, although readers who pride themselves on discovering had long before begun to praise *Tortilla Flat* and *In Dubious Battle*. Still in his early thirties, he has been, we understand, a newspaper man, ranch hand, carpenter's helper, painter's apprentice, chemist, and Jack-of-all-trades. That he knows migratory labor, its humors, loyalty, and pathos, is abundantly clear from his writing.



JOHN STEINBECK

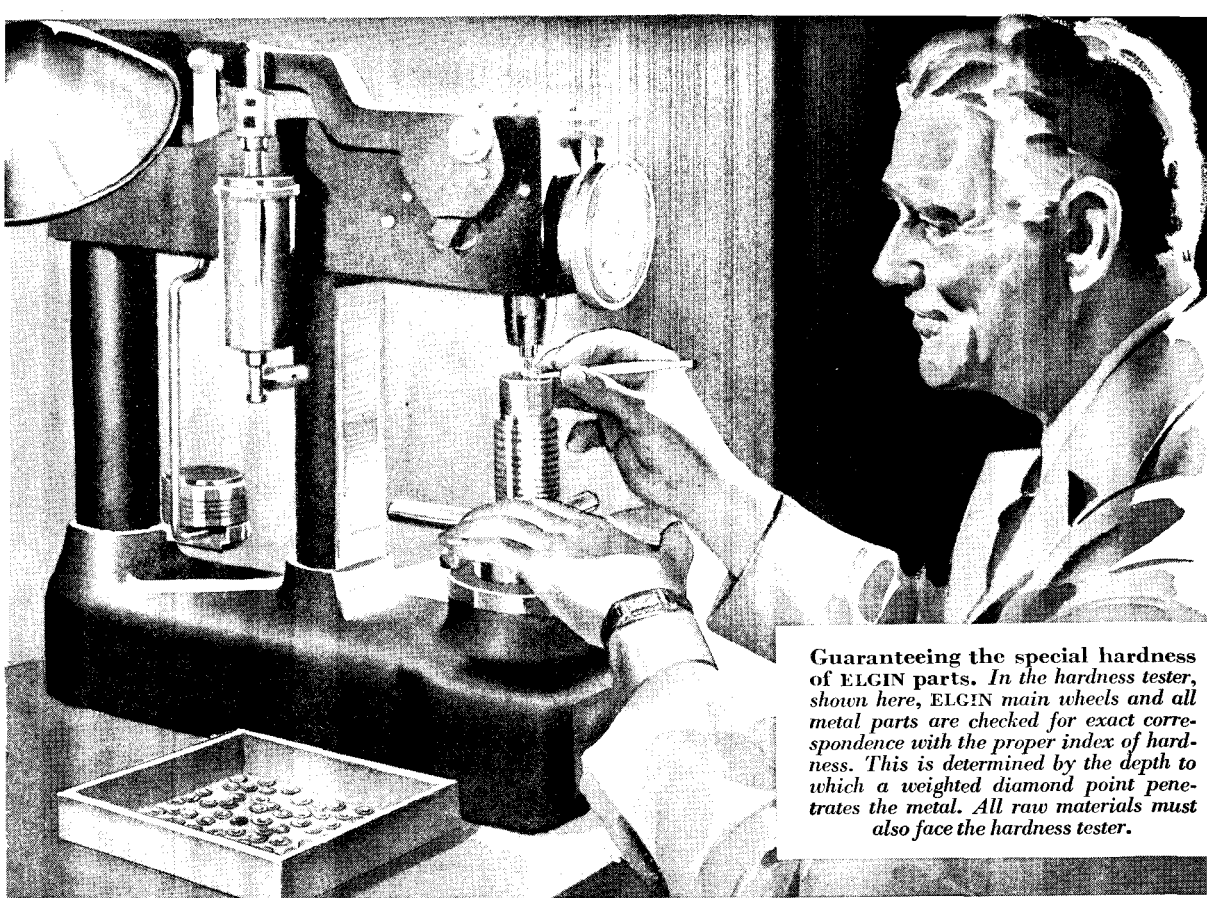
In the *Atlantic* for May we began the publication of a new essay in which **Virginia Woolf** (p. 750) urges that 'the daughters of educated men' unite in concerted opposition to man-made war. She has a definite and trenchant programme, elaborated in her book, *Three Guineas*, which is to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, and from which our essay has been extracted.

The daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen and the wife of Leonard Woolf, a London economist and man of letters, Mrs. Woolf is the moving spirit of 'the Bloomsbury Group.' For years the Woolfs' home in Bloomsbury has been a literary centre; here were to be met John Maynard Keynes and his Russian wife Lydia Lopokova, Lytton Strachey, Desmond MacCarthy, E. M. Forster, Arthur Waley, V. Sackville-West, Raymond Mortimer, and Lord Berners. Mrs. Woolf's novels, *The Voyage Out*, *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, and *Flush*, and her essays, *The Common Reader* and *A Room of One's Own*, have earned her high rank in contemporary letters.

**Wellesley Atkinson** (p. 760) was graduated from Leland Stanford in 1928. He was first employed as bookkeeper, then as purchasing agent for a large dairy. When the inevitable layoff occurred after the depression, Mr. Atkinson decided that gold is where you find it.

**Sir Herbert Gepp** (p. 770) is a distinguished Australian with long experience in the business and economy of his own dominion. While on a recent visit to the United States it occurred to him to attempt a modest comparison of Australia's recovery from depression with our own. He is a firm believer in democracy and he has seen his own people work off a burden which now weighs on us.





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# The COLUMN

American poet and prize novelist (*The Seven Who Fled*), **Frederic Prokosch** (p. 776) is at present at King's College, Cambridge, a place most conducive to intellectual stimulus.

It was while lunching with General Queipo de Llano in Seville that **Ellery Sedgwick** (p. 777) first heard the inside story of Queipo's almost single-handed capture of that city. The facts have been substantiated from many contemporary accounts and from first-hand conversations with other actors in the drama.



CONSTANCE WARREN

*Française* and other periodicals, and incidentally a close friend of Martin du Gard, about whom he has been lecturing in this country.

A graduate of Vassar with degrees from Columbia, New York State Teachers College, and Russell Sage College, **Constance Warren** (p. 788) is an educator who has led the way as President of Sarah Lawrence College since 1929.

When the editor asked **Wilson Follett** (p. 792) if he was a Thomas Mann enthusiast, this was the reply that came back by return mail from Bradford, Vermont: 'Of course, I am not only a Thomas Mannite, but the original American Mannite. Thomas Mann, back in the period when he sent me large paper copy No. 1 of *Unordnung und frühes Leid*, inscribed as I should blush to quote, would have told you that I was the No. 1 Mannite in these parts.'

'The shrinkage of classical studies during the last fifty years in the field of education is comparable to the disappearance of the buffalo from the prairies in the earlier days.'

So writes **Emily James Putman** (p. 795). She learned her Latin and Greek under Professor Paul Shorey at Bryn Mawr, and as she recalls the inspiration of his teaching, and the classical studies which he



WILSON FOLLETT

defended with every breath, we see emerge the portrait of one of the greatest teachers in American ed-

ucation. Mrs. Putnam carried the torch herself at Barnard College, where for fifteen years she was lecturer in Greek literature and history. Loyal readers will remember the short stories of brilliance — 'Helen in Egypt,' 'Hippocrides Does n't Care,' and 'Candaules' Wife' — which in 1926 she contributed to the *Atlantic*.

Mrs. Putnam and other members of Bryn Mawr's first class, the class of '89, hope to announce on their Fiftieth Anniversary the foundation of a Paul Shorey Memorial Chair.

Clear-cut as cameos, yet evocative in their feeling, are the essays in which **Agnes Repplier** (p. 805) recalls the tragedies of one's First Decade.

'By and large,' says **John Crosby Brown** (p. 813), 'our American private philanthropies have been on a starvation diet for the past six years. The question is, can they survive another era of exacting struggle?' That question he analyzes in some detail, for, as the president of Tambllyn and Brown, he has had considerable experience with those colleges and philanthropies in need of funds.

Within recent months the *Atlantic* has published two short stories by **William Saroyan** (p. 819) — 'The Pomegranate Trees' in the February number and 'The Journey to Hanford' in April. When the cupboard was bare, the editor wrote the author asking if there might not be a new manuscript on hand. Back from San Francisco came a friendly note with these closing lines: 'I am sending along the story I wrote yesterday. Many thanks for your letter; except for it I dare say I should not have written "The Fifty-Yard Dash," being naturally very lazy.'



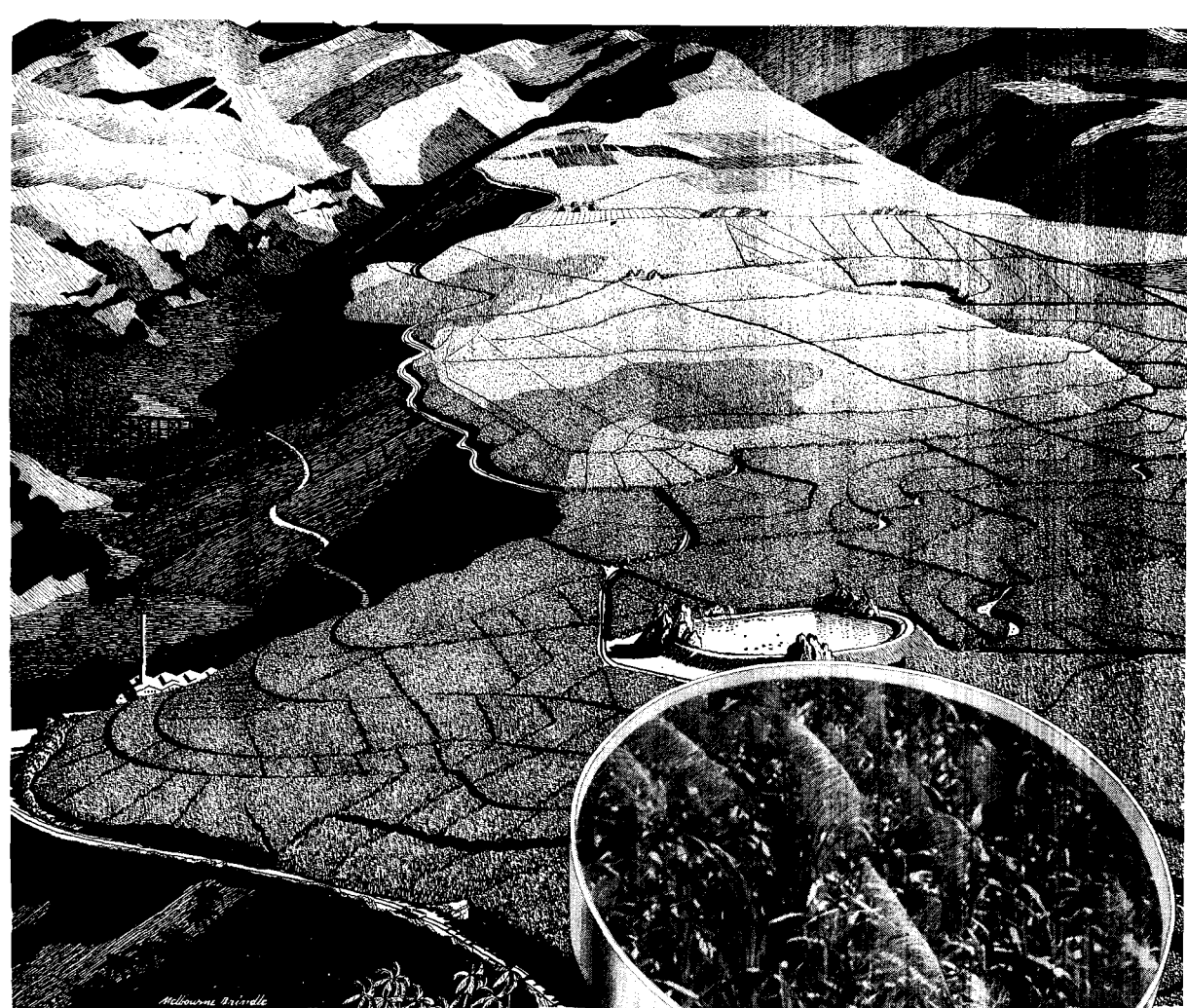
HARTLEY W. BARCLAY

A graduate of Princeton with an A.M. from Columbia, **Arthur C. Holden** (p. 823) is a New York architect who, in addition to private practice, has served on a number of commissions relating to city planning and housing. To the editor he wrote: 'We have not been able to finance housing on a large scale because we have no philosophy of finance. We need a better mental attitude more than anything else. I authorize you to write this phrase right into the article if you feel I have not made that point clear.'

Poet and teacher, **Edward A. Richards** (p. 833) received his Ph.D. at Columbia and is at present in charge of the Columbia Home Study Department. His poem 'The Intercession' appeared in the *Atlantic* for November 1937.

**Hartley W. Barclay** (p. 834) has been editor of *Mill and Factory* for the past seven years. In





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# The COLUMN

January 1936 he created a sensation in the industrial world by devoting an entire issue to the Ford production methods, a detailed analysis eventually published in book form by Harper and Brothers. His story of Weirton attracted considerable attention this past winter. Recently Mr. Barclay and his staff of experts have made a case study of General Motors. A book comprising their research charts, statistics, and conclusions will be published in July by the Atlantic Monthly Company under the title, *The American Economy: A Case Study in the Production of Value*.

The *Atlantic* undertakes a new departure in setting aside space for letters from young people *Under Thirty*. In this opening discussion, **William P. Bundy** (p. 840), a native of Boston and a member of the class of 1939 at Yale, speaks his mind clearly and vigorously about the Rift between the Generations; **Elizabeth** — (p. 841) gives an admirably candid account of her predicament in dealing with her father, her husband, and her son; and **Robert James** (p. 842), a twenty-year-old Californian, makes a personal appeal for a reconciliation between Dictatorships and Democracies.



WILLIAM P. BUNDY

As secretary for the Book Club of California, an association of book collectors which publishes limited editions on California history and literature, **Oscar Lewis** (p. 849) has had time and incentive to know as much as can be known about his native state. His first three books reflect the loyalty of a native son — *Hearn and His Biographers* (1930), *The Origin of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* (1931), and *A History of San Francisco* (1932). Thereafter he had intended to write a novel about San Francisco in the '70s and '80s, but his research led to the fascinating and factual story of California's Big Four — a story of how Charlie Crocker, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and Collis P. Huntington built up the Central Pacific, and incidentally their own fortunes.

‘ ‘ ‘

In the name of justice.

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished reading, for the third time, the article entitled 'Memory Train' in the Contributors' Club of the February number of your magazine. And it has forced me to write for the sake of justice to some who are misunderstood.

I too was in England — in London — during the Great War. I too was awakened at night by the droning of enemy craft. I too saw a Zep brought down in flames. I remember a bomb that landed on a house in the next block, and when the occupants returned from the City all they found was debris and their baby's bootee with the foot still in it. I know all that. And, while I have no baby brother, I have Chinese friends. I also have Japanese ones — one gains many during fifteen years in their country. And it is on their behalf that I speak.

For the War Lords who send fleets of planes to bomb defenseless towns, for the Generals who order the wholesale destruction of prisoners, I hold no brief. No one not a devil could. But they are not the common people. And the common people do not know. Much they cannot imagine, it is so far beyond their experience. Still more they are in total ignorance of. I was talking to a country innkeeper a few months ago, and he was telling me how his little town had been robbed of nearly all its young men. I murmured vaguely, 'How terrible,' whereat he looked at me with the gravely bewildered eyes of a child and remarked, 'It is very puzzling. I wonder what it is all about? Can you tell me?'

An old woman came to visit me a week or so ago, full of what she had heard from a young friend. This girl, after not having heard from her twenty-year-old brother 'somewhere in China' since September, received eight letters all at once. One of them was written from a heart sick with horror at an order that had just come from the High Command — an order to kill every young Chinese they saw. (How that letter passed the censor I cannot imagine.) The old woman's face was horror incarnate as she told me. 'Sensei (Teacher), our boys don't *really* do that, do they?' And when I sadly said, 'Yes,' the tears came into her eyes for the brutality, the inhumanity of it.

I have not once — and I have talked, in their own tongue, with all ranks from taxi drivers to retired colonels — heard expressed any hatred for China; merely among the common people an ingenuous wonder as to what it is all about, and a pity for the Chinese, who 'seem such a nice, gentle, pleasant people' — if only they would realize how wrong Communism is.

There are stories, of course, — unfortunately true, — of Japanese atrocities in China. But are our own nations so free from war-inspired hate that we condemn with so righteous an indignation? In Kobe, five years after the war, one of my English friends refused to know the German musician who had taught her until 1914. I tried to enter America in 1931 and the immigration officer was so offensively rude that, had I not been under contract with an American firm, I would have given up the attempt. I found he was of German extraction. What, then, must be the war hate of the soldiers in the heat of fighting?

I know there are those who are of the opinion that if no more Japanese goods are bought the people, deprived of a living and understanding why, will force the War Lords to halt the operations in China. But that is impossible.

In the first place, they will never know why. We, of course, in touch with the Western world, know from magazines, from newspapers, from personal acquaintance with war correspondents of other nations, what is going on in China. But the Japanese people



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— the everyday 'man in the street' and not in the inner councils of the War Office — do not. It is because of the way things are presented to them. Even the sinking of the *Panay* and the attack on United States Consul Allison are known in a very different way in Japan from what they are elsewhere. The news movies, the war posters, the tracts and pamphlets, show the man in the street pictures of Japanese soldiers nursing Chinese children, of Japanese soldiers giving refugees five-yen notes, of Japanese soldiers feeding Chinese prisoners, and of Chinese greeting the Japanese occupation of their city by a glad waving of Rising Sun flags. And to 999,999 out of 1,000,000 that is the truth, and the whole truth. How shall they know unless they hear? And 'how shall they hear without a preacher?'

Perhaps those at home will wonder why there are no preachers. There are — but they are in prison. Early this year there was a roundup of nearly 400 'Reds and Dangerous-thoughtists' whose crime was mainly that of saying that war is unrighteous. A few days later one issue of a certain magazine was withdrawn because the word 'peace' appeared too often on its pages. At the beginning of this month a magazine called *Jiyu* (Freedom), published by a count, was discontinued in face of the police campaign against radical and progressive writers, although professedly it aimed only at the popularizing of the five avowals of the Emperor Meiji, the avowals that form the Japanese Constitution. On February 2, the Metropolitan Police of Tokyo arrested sixteen 'alleged' radicals, mostly university professors. And the 'radicalism' for which men are imprisoned and honored professors dismissed would be considered on the conservative side of liberal in the United States. Wherefore the thinkers must choose between thinking and not saying, or saying once and being put where they can do so no more, except to reveal the names of 'accomplices' under the torture of the thumbscrew or the branding iron, and other things that make one sicken even to imagine. And that is my second reason.

How, then, can the people — the 'little people' who work in factories and shops and offices, or in their homes in city or country — bring pressure to bear? They cannot. And can we blame them?

I have written all this to you because I know your magazine as one that is fair and just and broad-minded. And if it could be printed I should be grateful for the sake of those for whom I write. I am not blind. I see their faults, which are many and sometimes peculiar, but I feel I must be fair.

But if it should be printed, could it be kept anonymous? The *Atlantic* has a large circulation in Japan, and I have said things here that might make it uncomfortable for me if they came to the ears of the authorities.

Yours truly,

A TEACHER

Cheers for 'The Judas Goose.'

Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Atlantic, —

My compliments to you and to Winifred Van Etten for 'The Judas Goose,' in the February number. That story comes very close to being a modern parable, for it epitomizes the tragedy of all wild life on the

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North American continent. Furthermore, behind that simple tragedy lies a foreboding symbol of far deeper significance.

When they drained the marshes and stripped away the vegetation and coves which sustained the wild things they started the slow but sure disintegration of the sustaining resources of nature necessary for man's existence. Thinning soil and falling water tables are the direct descendants of drainage and stripped vegetation and the antecedents of 'dust bowls.' Enter dust bowls, exit man. Curtain.

What a lot of 'Judas Geese' we have bred within our own species!

JAY N. DARLING

### Concerning the stories in the March Atlantic.

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Atlantic, —

Your 'departure from tradition' in publishing four very short stories in your March issue has been most enjoyable in our family. I don't know which is the best. They are all good. But that 'Mole-Bane' is a little jewel. Keep up that departure.

Yes; and that very long story, too. I refer to Peattie's 'Prairie Grove.' Such things are done only once in a great while. It is powerful. Such pictures of the forces of nature at work — the priests, the sod, the Indians, breaking of the prairie land, the birds and buffaloes, Rhoda looking with 'blind eyes' at the pigeons flying by when her father had told her about Delia running away with Chance. And such language! Right along with Shakespeare's metaphors, I have stored in my memory that personification when Peattie speaks of the prairie chickens and the squirrels invading Goodner's cornfield: 'In its grand impartial bounty, this America, this continent, put her man child and her wilderness offspring each to a flowing breast.' Such creative power must have made all the gods stand up and applaud! Let some great sculptor take that sentence for his theme. And yet the cold marble could n't express it with the force that Peattie has given it. The whole story of the Grove is the background for it, the setting of it.

S. ENGELKING

### Questioning Mr. Holden.

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Holden's article in the March number, 'No Santa Claus in Housing,' is one of the best discussions on housing that I have seen. It brings out many pertinent questions that have been given too little consideration by the advocates of public housing. I think he strikes the keynote of the fallacy of our subsidized housing programme when he says, 'For a nation that almost invariably dodges its problems instead of solving them, these partial remedies of a bad mortgage-financing system represent real progress, though nowhere near enough.'

I should like to mention, however, what seems to be a misinterpretation of the United States Housing Act of 1937. Mr. Holden states that this Act 'makes a rent subsidy system possible and likely to be tried out.' The annual deficit subsidy provided by the United States Housing Act is not a bona fide rent subsidy. Quoting from the Act, 'The United States



Reading, Vt. — Mrs. Johnson, captured by Indians, was delivered of a daughter at their first night's encampment, August 31, 1754, Elizabeth Captive Johnson was the third white child to be born on what is now Vermont soil.

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Housing Authority may make annual contributions to public housing agencies to assist in achieving and maintaining the low-rent character of their housing projects.' The annual contributions will be applied to the financial structure of a project to make up the annual difference between the operating costs and the income from the rents charged. The rents charged will not be an economic rent as Mr. Holden states. A bona fide rent subsidy involves giving direct grants-in-aid to indigent families so that they may pay an economic rent. This is the system advocated by the New York Committee on Economic Recovery of which Allie Freed was chairman, and is an extension of the system used by the Overseers of Public Welfare in granting rent relief.

I question the accuracy of Mr. Holden's figures relative to the time and cost of the mortgage foreclosure process. I note in the November issue of the *Home Loan Bank Review* that the time and cost of foreclosures completed by the Home Owners Loan Corporation in the forty-eight states are given. The cost varies from \$5.18 in Texas to \$354.30 in Illinois, as compared to Mr. Holden's average figure of \$400 to \$500. The time for HOLC foreclosures ranges from twenty-two days to twenty-five months. Mr. Holden's average figure for time may be correct.

CALVIN H. YUILL

*Executive Director, Housing Association  
of Metropolitan Boston, Inc.*

**Voters are still registering their opinion of the Atlantic's cover, this time largely in approval.**

*Redlands, California*

Dear Atlantic, —

I notice you ask for opinions on the cover — whether it 'clashes.' Indeed it does — with almost everything in my room.

I dislike the glaring color; it ruins the appearance of my library table. It is not even pleasant on the porch — too glaring when the sun strikes it. I long for the old-fashioned cover the *Atlantic* used to wear.

You brought this upon yourself. I have no criticism — only praise — for the interior of the *Atlantic*.

JANNETTE L. STURGES

*Warwick, New York*

Dear Atlantic, —

For my part I do not need to be reminded that my old friend is waiting to be read by having it clothed in a color that screams at me when I enter the room.

How about a pastel shade of green that would be welcome anywhere?

HELEN C. BEATTIE

*Lansing, Michigan*

Dear Atlantic, —

I love your orange-vermilion cover. It's just the touch that every living room or library needs. How tiresome all those weak pastel tablecloths and slip covers without an accent of strong color such as you furnish! Please never change the color.

HAZEL BRODY BURHANS

*New York City*

Dear Atlantic, —

As to the color of your cover, I want to place myself squarely on the side of the angels, which would

leave it *in statu quo*. Don't be afraid to nail the *drapeau* to the masthead and brighten up the world, which is drab enough certainly, and does not seem to be getting any better. I hope to see the same bright reflection month after month and to feel better for it.

U. S. GRANT

Albany, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

Would you mind letting the elephant waggle the little ribbon on his tail once more?

I refer to the dear lady with the hooked rug and the bathroom who found that the *Atlantic* (as is) clashes. For I too have a bathroom, a small bathroom with a bright, sunny window at the end away from the bathtub; and there I often sit reading the *Atlantic*. It is so peaceful to sit in a sunny window and to read about Japan and Conscience and Decay and Things: I just love it.

And I too have a rug, a very expensive Bokar, smooth and shiny and slippery when wet. It is of a deep Woolworth ultramarine and I frequently drop the *Atlantic* on it.

I desire to let you know that the color combination is adorable (with the brilliant sunshine and all); and I do hope that Miss Hemphill's letter in the March issue will not induce you to return to the old fulvous cover. Let the dear lady get rid of the offending rug.

JOHN H. COOK

How shall we refer to England — or Germany — or our own country?

Washington, D. C.

Dear Atlantic, —

If Britannia rules the water waves and is presented to us as an ample matriarch, why is England also constantly pictured and referred to as John Bull? Although Britannia holds sway over the waterways of the globe, it must be John who mans the battleships of the British Navy! Perhaps Britannia and John are joint rulers — truly a vigorous, well-fed, and full-blooded couple for these days of lean budgets.

Over on the Continent, at Bingen, the abundant maternal figure of Germania dominates the Rhine and the steep fertile vineyards. She apparently is content to rule merely an inland waterway. But she, too, must be merely a joint ruler, for her country is called the Fatherland. And since this is true, why is the belligerent-looking John Bull content to let England be called the Mother Country?

And why are these and other virile and often warlike nations so willing to be referred to year after year by the feminine pronouns? Armed to their eyebrows and at times engaged in experiments of the boldest, why is each one 'she' and 'her' to all who would write of them? We can understand why the Sister States of our Union might be fitting antecedents for these female for-words, but scarcely why their wiry, active, and much-governing Uncle Sam should be tagged with them — and much less those certain aggressive neighbors across the sea.

Perhaps it would be too great a wrench to attempt to change to the use of the masculine pronoun, appropriate as that would be to John Bull, John Chinaman, Uncle Sam, and the Fatherland. But why not use that once-innocent little word — *it*?

CAROLINE SHERMAN

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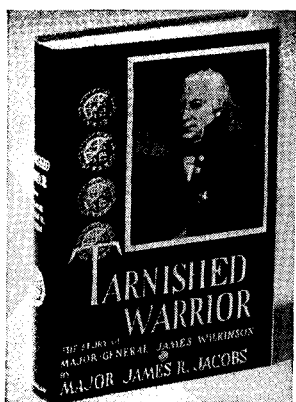
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# The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



## A Guide to Good Books

EDUCATED at the University of Wisconsin, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings studied under William Ellery Leonard and was successfully inoculated with *cacoëthes scribendi*. Following her graduation in 1918, she wrote short stories and a good deal of poetry, both of which took the hard road and eventually came home. But her first short novel, *Jacob's Ladder*, had in it qualities which were recognized by the editors of Scribner's, and then in March 1933 came *South Moon Under*, an immediate choice by the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. In the same year her short story, 'Gal Young Un,' was awarded the O. Henry prize.

---

### THE YEARLING by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

[Scribners, \$2.50]

WRITING fiction for adults about a child in a child's world is a delicately difficult literary undertaking. Too many writers attempt it. Most of them fail. Perhaps a major reason for the failures is that most such stories either are frankly autobiographical or become so despite the author's desperate struggles. Leaning wistfully back into the mind and person of the child he thinks he was, the writer produces a character made up of his own hurts and nostalgias, of impossibly mature and knowing afterthoughts, of his sad desire to think that, had not life so strangely buffeted him, he would have been all the great and beautiful things his infant self must surely have contained. The results are usually garbled amateur psychiatric tracts, and very rarely literature.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings has succeeded where so many have failed, and *The Yearling* is a distinguished book. Her Jody Baxter lives, a person in himself, within the boundaries of his own years and his own world. One-third intuition, one-

third knowledge, one-third perception, the boy moves through the Florida river country, and the chronicle of his year is unforgettably written. The Baxters scratch subsistence from an 'island' clearing in the swamps. Jody sees those swamps, the animals that live in them, the dry weather and the flood weeks, the flicker in the grass which is a snake and the rustle in the woods which is a bear, without self-consciousness, naked of legend.

Even a Thoreau cannot report on the world outdoors as a child might. The naturalist sees only those things which concern his informed eye. To a child the barn and the woodshed are as much a part of the natural workable landscape as the lizard under the log. Mrs. Rawlings has done a small miracle in that she knows this, never stops to interpret, never once steps outside Jody's perceptions, never mars her great skill by pausing to explain. She has captured a child's time sense, in which everything lasts forever and the change of season takes him always unawares.

The year of Jody's life which *The Yearling* gives us is the one during which the boy passes from childhood to adolescence. One spring, when the book opens, he builds himself a fluttermill, which is a wonder and a secret delight. The next spring, when the book closes, he builds himself a flutter-



MARJORIE RAWLINGS

mill, and sees it only as a foolish 'play-dolly' from which he can draw no comfort for his growing pains. During that year he has owned the pet his loneliness craved for, has adored and sheltered it, and seen it killed by the just and inexorable law of the poor, who dare not harbor any luxury which threatens their slender food supply. The boy's feeling for his fawn is as superbly understood a piece of writing as any animal-human relationship in literature.

*The Yearling* is never sentimental, never mawkish. Set in a period shortly after the Civil War, in a little-known part of the United States, it gets its effects without documentation or quaintness. The sort of Americans with whom the book deals would be as easy in the presence of Boone, Lincoln, or Mark Twain as they would be abashed by William Faulkner's tortured characters. Jody's parents and their neighbors are realists. Food is where you grow and hunt it, water where you dig it, God in individual behavior. The book smells of sweat and wind, rain and parching corn, wood fires and herb brews, courage and clean despair. It is as American as the Mississippi. And it is emphatically not this month's 'great American novel.' It is a fine and quiet book, to be read and read again, standing for unhysterical judgment on its own earth-planted feet.

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# The BOOKSHELF

## WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES

by Robert R. R. Brooks

[Yale University Press, \$3.00]

In addition to providing an able exposition of the problems and tactics of labor unions in the United States, *When Labor Organizes* is characterized by a thorough understanding of the driving forces behind the labor movement. A highly realistic presentation has been achieved. This result is in marked contrast to those studies in which labor is conceived as 'an abstract mass in the grip of an abstract force,' or to others based primarily upon documentary evidence.

A clarity of analysis typifies the book. This may be illustrated by reference to the differentiation that is made between the wage policies adopted by unions in highly competitive as compared with monopolistic industries. Failure to distinguish between these situations has frequently resulted in unwarranted generalizations. Since 'the worker in competitive industry is the final absorbent of all the shocks of competition,' his union seeks a minimum wage and a plan of industry stabilization. Under monopoly conditions, 'labor's primary policy . . . has been an effort to recapture monopoly profits by driving wages up.' In either case, it is pointed out, the road charted by labor leads to political action. Minimum wage laws are sought in the first instance because complete organization of a competitive area has ordinarily been difficult or impossible. Government price regulation becomes essential in monopolistic industries if wage increases are to result in an improvement in real wages.

Although Professor Brooks thus provides an essential background for understanding the broadening objectives of the labor movement, primary attention is given to the techniques used in organizing and in operating a union. One may therefore question why there has been such an inadequate consideration of the practice and results of collective bargaining. Since the negotiation of agreements is the most important task of the established union, this process deserves a more complete treatment than it has received. Are the internal politics of the union of paramount importance in negotiation? Are wages and conditions established by collective bargaining generally satisfactory to employees? What is the place of arbitration in making agreements, and of impartial chairmanship in administering them? Answers to such questions about how collective bargaining works are a prime requisite to a complete understanding of the objectives of labor.

The author accepts as inevitable the fact that trade-unions will adopt those practices that will sustain and improve their position. These policies

are explained, rather than evaluated in terms of whether they are good or bad. 'Most ordinary human beings refuse to regard the society in which they live as a congeries of conflicting groups each of which is right if it wins and wrong if it loses.' There is much to commend the wider adoption of this point of view in appraising the significance of our social institutions, and especially of the labor movement.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR

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## PITY FOR WOMEN

by Henri de Montherlant

[Knopf, \$2.75]

IN Paris I heard but one criticism of Henri de Montherlant, and that was from a Communist who wrote fairy tales for *Paris-soir*. 'Yes,' he said, 'De Montherlant is one of the best writers we have; unfortunately he is unable to forget that he is an aristocrat and a bullfighter.' Now by that he meant that De Montherlant, in allowing his lucid and brilliant talent to play over experience, sampled aspects of life for his amusement instead of interpreting them as a serious writer. His treatment seemed to be precious rather than profound.

In the present work that opinion is refuted. Here is a novel in the great tradition of nineteenth-century French letters, reinforced by the experience of the war and the new ways of the twentieth century, undoubtedly one of the clearest expressions of modern French thought yet published in



HENRI DE MONTERLANT

this country. The relations of the great novelist, Pierre Costals, and the three women who love him make a marvelously complicated pattern which is explored with absolute intellectual integrity. Costals is that rare participant whose analysis of an emotional situation retains the steel-like quality of the French mind, quite without pity for self. I believe this quality, which at bottom is again honesty, is responsible for the excitement in the reader, and the anger, terror, and pleasure so engendered. It is a book which will make many women furious, for it is ruthless, but to other readers it will communicate a sense of uneasiness and admiration.

Technically it is brilliant, unhampered by the letter form that builds the relationships. The basis of study, man's pity for the women he cannot do without, is pursued in accordance with the definition that pity is decadence. Costals is a strong man, yet he cannot strangle that pity in himself. There is a profound significance in the final letter to his bastard son where Costals tells him frankly that he expects much of him, for it is just such demands in the women who love him

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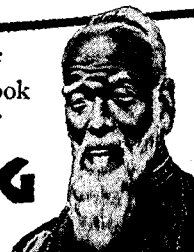
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# The BOOKSHELF

that change the novelist's pity to deliberate cruelty — like the letters of Andrée Hacquebaut, for instance, those terrible appeals of an unmarried provincial intellectual that, for the most part unanswered, grow increasingly more painful, ridiculous, and naked, and lose their 'literary' quality.

JOHN WALCOTT

---

## THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY

by Harry Scherman

[Random House, \$3.00]

'How,' Mr. Scherman asks, 'can a tariff on bread ever be acquiesced in, as it has been, by those who have to pay the extra price of it? The answer is obvious. Those most concerned do not know what is happening. They are totally unaware of the injury being done them, or of the greater benefit to be obtained by a different course of action.' To do his part in altering this condition, to destroy ignorance and give light, he has written this book, 'a new approach to economics.' The approach is new because Mr. Scherman does not attempt so much to give clear definition to the terms of the economist as to define the actualities hidden in the terms. It is a difficult job, and well done.

I am so sympathetic to the conclusion quoted above, and to many others in this book, that I hesitate to record my dissent, which is with his premise: Mr. Scherman strips away layer after layer of words and discovers that the central

relationship between human beings, as citizens, is a promise. A dairy delivers several quarts of milk to my house each day because it has my (unwritten) promise to pay at the end of the month. The man digging in my garden gives me his labor in exchange for my promise, also.

In all types of promises an exchange is essential, and by tracing this exchange through our lives Mr. Scherman comes to the conclusion that production is based on the possibility of exchange, that profit comes from exchange (not from 'price'), and that whatever blocks exchange is socially undesirable.

And what does block exchange? A government may do it by a prohibitive tariff; a monopoly may do it by a prohibitive price. In both cases the general welfare is sacrificed for a partial advantage, a short-term benefit or a gain to a small group. But there are other blocks. If I fail to pay my milk bill for two months, I shall get no milk; if a government refuses to pay its debts, it will have a hard time getting credit. And governments

are notoriously dishonest. They 'can invent words . . . like "devaluation" . . . [but] the stark fact is that every important sovereign government . . . since 1929 wiped out a good part of its promises by this device. . . . Our own nation, let it stand forever to our shame, was among these respectable pocket-pickers.'

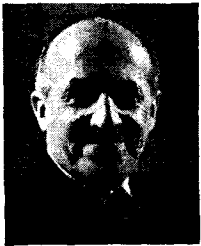
I have been called, at worst, only a 'mild inflationist,' so this conclusion of Mr. Scherman does not anger me. Yet I find that my quarrel with his first pages makes me unsympathetic to his attack upon defaulting governments. The quarrel is simply that I do not believe that promises are the things men live by. They are an essential in the way we live, but we have to analyze them. As a consumer, a laborer, and an employer, I enter into three sets of promises, true; but the promise I make my gardener is totally different from the one I make my employer; for I can engage one of fifty gardeners, and am free in that negotiation, but I cannot, except in theory, engage myself to one of fifty employers, and am therefore *compelled*. Mr. Scherman has driven off the 'economic man' of the theorists; his promise is a human relationship; but abstraction has betrayed him. Every man who has to have a job in order to live knows that he is not exchanging promises with his employer; he is accepting terms.

Mr. Scherman says that, to our shame, we devalued; but in another place he says 'governments always represent — they are, indeed, *nothing but* — predominating groups within the population.' Now predominating groups have always altered the value of money to suit themselves or taken advantage of alterations caused by others. Deflation, like inflation, is a change in value, and refusing to inflate may make me pay a thousand bushels of wheat or a thousand days' labor when I had contracted to pay but five hundred, although the 'value' of currency remains untouched. There is something noble about 'resumption of specie payment,' but to the man with a handful of greenbacks it is 'tampering' of the worst sort. The kind of tampering we are afraid of is, of course, the kind which lowers the value of what we possess and of what is owed to us, and I suspect that morality has been dragged into the subject because devaluation has hurt the moralists.

There my quarrel with Mr. Scherman ends. It is serious. But it does not affect my admiration for the passion and clarity of his analysis, nor does it diminish my enthusiasm for his major conclusion. For Mr. Scherman does not want to see liberty destroyed, and he does see the connection between prosperity and freedom. I think he suspects government more than I do; I know that



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when he says our 'immediate enemies remain, as they have always been,' our rulers, he is thinking of Washington and not of the 'predominating groups' which government always represents. But he is against tyranny and he is for distribution, of knowledge and of the satisfactions of life, so substantially he must let me agree with him, even if he does not agree with me.

GILBERT SELDES

## PAGES FROM AN OXFORD DIARY

by Paul Elmer More

[Princeton University Press, \$1.50]

A DOZEN years ago while playing the recluse if not the hermit during a sojourn at Oxford, the late Paul Elmer More set down his meditations on religion. His intention had been to let these appear as the diary of an actual Oxford don. There are brief but happy glimpses of the town, the meadows, the study, and the common room. They are now acknowledged as a transcript of his own experience. A man who has read so much and thought so much is entitled, when he makes public his self-communings, to a respectful hearing — whether a reverent one must depend upon the reader's sympathies and no doubt, too, on his powers of comprehension. Many of the permanent puzzles of man's relationship to the unseen world are here worded in lucid language and confronted with candor, and it is possible that like-minded persons can draw solace or even sustenance from these pages, pages so few that the publishers have not seen fit to number them except in XXXIV sections.

Unless a religious thinker, in wrestling for his own soul, is also wrestling for the souls of all mankind, unless he is such an athlete of the spirit as a Saint Augustine, a Pascal, or a John Bunyan, his meditations run the risk of falling into the category of the reviewer of music who offers us his explicit visualization of the landscapes, faces, or experience conjured up by its sound. To the uninitiate such discourse is misleading; to a compeer it is, to say the least, superfluous. Once arrived at such a level of understanding, each listener, to music or to the inner voice, prefers his own hearing. There remains, of course, the profit of comparing experience. Such profit is not denied Mr. More's pages.

In a world so torn as ours has been for the past quarter of a century, a world where every able-brained thinker is wanted in the front-line trenches, the meditations of an army chaplain may conceivably be of more avail than the efforts of the workers and soldiers, but one reads these pages with a singular sense of their remoteness from any world save the personal one of the man who wrote them.

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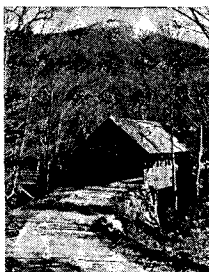
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k a more exact subtitle than this: 'The Middle Classes.' Mr. Seldes America is a middle-class nation, the middle classes overwhelmingly dominate the middle classes control its thought, its way of life; and

finally Mr. Seldes has written his book presuming that the middle classes establish and maintain, largely for themselves, the political institutions of our country. He does not reveal any notion that the middle classes are vulgar, opinionated, selfish, class-conscious, and socially wicked.

His book is devoted to the political thesis that if the middle classes retain those liberties guaranteed by the Constitution — free speech, free press, the right to assemblage and trial by jury, free conscience, and the writ of habeas corpus — they can survive any economic cataclysm which may be visited upon them. Apparently he thinks that if they can devise some scheme of economic distribution of the income and wealth of the country that will permit stable wages at reasonable hours for everyone, on an annual wage-sufficiency basis, we may move our industries into mass production. Then we may make low prices for manufactured commodities, which, first, will keep the buyer digging into his pocket, and, second, will make consumers out of wage earners, at the same time giving the farmer a market for his products. So, by the magical twist of the economic wrist, we may in turn elevate the standard of living and also produce tempting profits for the manufacturer and secure decently attractive interest rates for the capitalist. Certainly this is a big order, but a not impossible Utopia.

Nothing in the book indicates that the author wishes to abolish property, to wipe out private capital, to curtail reasonable, even generous profits, to reduce wages, to hamper leadership of labor, or to strangle the enterprise of the financier. Mr. Seldes would not de-claw the capitalist system or extract the teeth of property owners and profit makers at one fell swoop. He would pare and manicure their claws and file the teeth a bit of the too-predatory instincts now menacing the stability of the social-order instincts which maintain the middle class in its supremacy.

The infection of poverty, Mr. Seldes feels, is the most immediate social menace, and he proclaims his feeling, by telling rhetorical repetition in many ways, that the first job in the reconstruction of our society to save its ancient foundations in private property and the profit system is to devise some way to keep men at work under better than living wages, not for the moral uplift that one gets by doing a boy scout good act, not for social justice primarily, but because universal

# Irving Bacheller

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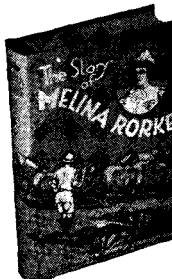
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WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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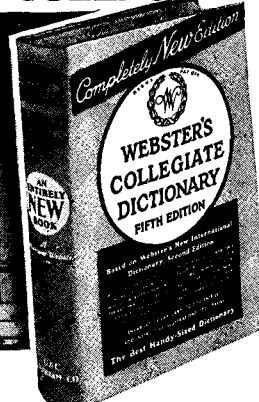
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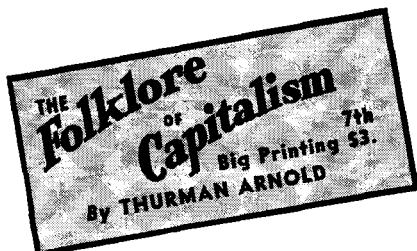
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The letters are written in an easy, rambling style. They contain personal comments, Indian turns of speech, and occasional white man's slang to spice the unusual dish. No one interested in the folklore of primitive peoples, their philosophy, customs, or psychology, should neglect *Legends of the Longhouse*. Those without anthropological leanings will equally enjoy Jesse Cornplanter's versions of stories which were old before the white man came. Mrs. Henricks is to be thanked for passing them on just as they arrived from the Seneca reservation, without attempting to formalize their quaint oddities.

ARTHUR POUND

WRITERS and artists will have a special latch-key to it, but I should advise a good many other people — people who value candid autobiography and smooth, sensitive prose — to seek solace in *The Summing Up*, by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). This is a particularly good book for a time of anxiety. It is a restful book, with a calm, clear, and delightful view of literature as it flows into life.

At the age of sixty-three, Mr. Maugham looks back over his versatile career as a novelist and playwright; he indicates, but without self-pity, the loneliness of his boyhood; he mentions the special circumstances under which he began to write, tells of what he learned of human nature as an interne at St. Thomas's Hospital, tells of the physical and mental handicaps ('I am,' he says, 'a made writer. I have had small power of imagination') which he learned to cope with, and of the books, the travel, and the individuals who helped — or hindered — him through ten years of apprenticeship. With the same keen power of observation he goes on to relate his service in the British Intelligence, his curious travels in search of source material and new characters, his battle against tuberculosis, and his unflagging invention of books and plays.

His evaluation of success is neither cynical nor pretentious. He sees his life as a kind of pattern, judges himself ironically and always honestly, and in summing up his philosophy he expresses the inward truths in an effortless and beautifully articulate English. All this without ever the necessity of taking you into his private life.

If the Pulitzer Prizes are any evidence, New England is still fertile ground for literature. I instance John Marquand, novelist, who lives in Newburyport; Paul H. Buck, historian, who teaches at Harvard; Odell Shepard, biographer, who teaches at Trinity. And Vermont is the scene of Thornton Wilder's prize play. There's life in the old girl yet.

Edward Weeks